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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

Collected and Edited by
KURT SCHINDLER

◆

The English versions by George Harris, Jr., Deems Taylor, Sigmund Spaeth and Kurt Schindler

◆

Vol. I. Twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky
Vol. II. Twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Rimsky-Kórsakoff, Borodíne, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff.

THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY

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PREFACE

"Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Russian song!
Song of happy tidings, conquering and plentiful!
Song of cities great, of villages and rolling fields!
Song, slow nurtured in the stress of storm and misery!
Russian song, in red blood and tears baptized art thou
And washed clean!"

These opening words of Balákireff's first song in this book might well serve as the motto of the collection. Great, gigantic has been the development, the forward stride of Russian song in the last century; all the dormant powers of the soul, all the pent-up energies of a long-enslaved, highly-gifted people, have been released from bondage and found their outlet in music—music of such throbbing intensity, that it thrilled a listening and attentive world and awakened its hope, its confidence in the future destinies of the Russian people as the bearer of such new messages.

Russian music—preceded in its onward sweep only by Russian literature—has come to hold the centre of attention in the last decade, and the prophecy it bore for receptive and impressionable listeners has been fulfilled in the unprecedented happenings of this year 1917, when the fetters of bondage fell by the supreme will of the people and Russia emerged with a lofty proclamation of idealism, which—even against new obstacles—must lead her to towering heights.

"Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Russian song!
Not alone hast thou matured and become thy glorious self:
Brought from desert places, thou art white with snow and rain,
Thou art risen from the ashes of our burning homes,
Thou art risen up from our dark graves
In whirls of snow!"

How much suffering, what misery and agony of centuries, have gone into the making of Russian song! Oppression has moulded Russian hearts and penetrated to their deepest sources, their very core! The narrow horizon of what amounted to slavery had driven the people together into a closer human relationship, had developed the mystic powers of

their soul; and thus, under the yoke of tyranny, grew in their hearts a garden of folk-song, whose wealth it is impossible to measure. Thus soulfulness and profound sincerity have come to be the main characteristics of the true Russians.

Their composers have often, and very happily, had recourse to the folk-song treasures of Russia; in fact, the work of Balákireff, Moussórgsky and Rimsky-Kórsakoff is, to a large extent, founded upon a systematic adaptation of folk-melody. There is enough of this in the works of Glinka, Dargomyzhsky and Tchaïkovsky to command attention; and again, among present-day composers, Gretchanínoff and Stravínsky have shown a leaning towards it, although in very different ways. It is necessary to understand this in order to appreciate the homogeneity of Russian music in the last century; these composers were fortunate enough to build their work as on a rock, because they were united by the high ideal of creating a *national* art, close to the beloved idiom of their people.

This development is apparently well-nigh closed: the towering figures of recent Russian music, the fanciful and fantastic Scryábin (d. 1916) and the highly individual Rachmáninoff are already pursuing new paths, and the creative musicians of Moscow and Petrograd are split into many factions and schools, some following the lead of neo-French, some of neo-German methods, but without evolving any definite style as yet.

In view of the necessarily limited space of this little book it was not thought expedient to include certain of these latest protagonists of Russian music, although it would have been easy to cull interesting specimens from the works of Medtner, Vassilénko, Tanéieff (d. 1915), Glière, Gnyésin and Stravínsky. The very numerous songs of Aryénsky and Bleichmann have likewise been omitted, because—be it frankly stated—being mostly shallow and sugary, and smacking of "parlor-music," they hardly deserve a place beside the lofty creations of Russia's greatest. And Glazounóff, the accomplished director of the Petrograd Conservatory, has written comparatively few songs, which do not rank among his most representative work.

Thus the contributions by living composers were restricted to the two acknowledged modern masters of song, Rachmáninoff and Gretchanínoff, whose works enjoy the widest popularity in Russia, and whose names already loom large on American concert-programs.

The major portion of our book is given to the songs of Rimsky-Kórsakoff, with their wealth and charm of melody. To choose among his well-nigh 200 songs seemed at first a formidable task and responsibility. But frequent playing and scanning revealed this outstanding fact—that the finest, the most direct and characteristic songs of his Muse are contained in his early publications, Op. 2, 3, 4 and 7 (written 1866-1867). In later years all his best creative ability went into the making of his operatic works, while the songs took on more and more a superficial aspect, as if written only for parlor purposes and noth-

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ing else. What marvellous creations of song, however, are contained in his operatic scores! The examples here quoted from "Sadko," "The Tsar's Bride," "Christmas Night" and "The Golden Cockerel," will demonstrate this fact convincingly to the readers of this album, just as the songs of Lel from his "Snyegoúrotchka" (Little Snowflake) captivated the hearts of the public when they came out in our first collection, "A Century of Russian Song" (G. Schirmer, 1911).

Two songs of Balákireff, which open the present volume, will draw attention to this purposeful and sagacious man, the inspiring and fostering spirit of the great musical movement of Russia in the 'sixties. He was the central figure in the constellation of The Five, which comprised Moussórgsky, Borodíne, Cui and Rimsky-Kórsakoff, and though his legacy be less voluminous and may (to some extent) lack the persuasive genius of some of his disciples, we have to acknowledge a superior personality which could thus influence the trend and thought of the best of his time. One song by Borodíne, full of the sweet essences of Asia, which give a special fragrance to this Caucasian's work, is included; while the name of César Cui is missing, as the least characteristic and most antiquated of the group.—The songs of Moussórgsky are given in a separate volume, together with an æsthetic appreciation of their value.

A special word of explanation and apology seems needed about the choice of the two —and only two—Tchaïkovsky numbers. The fact is, that almost all the finest songs by Tchaïkovsky have become fairly familiar to the American public, as well as to other English-speaking countries, and that they are available in appropriate translations. To the few songs which heretofore had been undeservedly neglected, because not as yet translated, belongs his "By the Window," with its charming, subtle fragrance and noble, enthusiastic swing. The Duo from "Romeo and Juliet" contains the melodic substance of Tchaïkovsky's like-named symphonic poem, whose tender, impassioned middle section (as I have reason to believe) has countless admirers among music-lovers. This duet, then, which is as yet completely unknown in America, will give to many the longed-for opportunity to sing these adorable strains, and I venture to predict that it will become a favorite for music-festivals, wherever a fine soprano and tenor are available at the same time.

In order that the musical public should have a correct evaluation and the right sense of chronological distance toward all the Russian music now holding sway in our concert-halls, a few facts must be borne in mind, which may be mentioned here. The first great composers of the nineteenth century, Glinka and Dargomyshsky, antedated by a score of years the above-mentioned "Five," and their main activity fell in the years from 1835 to 1850 (that is, in the time of Chopin and Schumann). During the following ten years

Anton Rubinstein sallied forth on his international career and Tchaïkovsky began to lay the foundation for his popularity. Between 1860 and 1880 the five composers of Balákireff's circle came to the fore in rapid succession, realizing their gigantic dream of the founding of a truly national Russian music. Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balákireff, both living to an advanced age, continued their work, with unflagging zeal and inspiration, after the death of the others, until well into the twentieth century (Rimsky died in 1908, Balákireff in 1910). Around these two central figures a host of highly talented younger composers grew up (many of whom were personal pupils of Rimsky), and among these the two most gifted in the domain of song are still living and creating: Rachmáninoff (born 1873) and Gretchanínoff (born 1864).

The former, also well known as one of the world's leading pianists, comes of an old aristocratic family; and a spirit of noble plasticity, of earnest pathos and a singular high-minded aloofness give the stamp to his work. He is closer to Tchaïkovsky than any other modern Russian, and holds the work of the older master in almost fanatical reverence. From the pages of his lyrics speaks a deep love for the nature of the Russian countryside, a descriptive power derived from the mystic forces of the soil, and a tenderness and delicacy of detail which may stand side by side with Turgénieff's delineations of Russian landscape. Considering, further, his impeccable accuracy of drawing, and an uncommon gift for colorful instrumentation, Rachmáninoff indeed seems entitled to rank among the most accomplished composers of our time, as in fact—in whatever concerns nobility of feeling and aversion to compromise—he most nearly approaches the classical ideal of what a composer ought to be!

Gretchanínoff's fame is based on comparatively few compositions, although he has written much. His songs from opus 1 and opus 5 have met with overwhelming approval in and outside of Russia; no lyrics that he has written since have as yet found a similar echo. However, the power of Gretchanínoff to find simple, noble strains that reach the heart, is not vanishing, a fact attested by his inspired choral creations for the Russian liturgical service. Gretchanínoff comes of humble parentage; the traditions of folk-song and of the music of the Orthodox Church live strong in him, and his power is greatest when he can speak simply and directly, out of that rarest of possessions, a golden heart.

In these twenty-five songs a great many of the chief characteristics of Russian music are revealed: the folk-song element, the deep sense for nature, the wild strains of melancholy and the subtle, soothing dreams of Asia and the Orient.

The long-drawn-out phrases of northern Russian folk-song find artistic rebirth in Rimsky's song from the "Tsar's Bride," in Balákireff's "Invocation," in Rachmáninoff's song of the soldier's wife, and in Gretchanínoff's cradle-song, which last is a very free

development of an old folk-melody. Little-Russian rhythms—affiliated with the Polish Mazurka—pervade the "Love-Song of Oxána," the village beauty of the Ukraine. Wild strains, and the boundless longing of the Russian for the "shirókoye razdólie" (the wide expanse of nature) of the Volga Ballads speak from Gretchanínoff's "My Native Land;" while the glowing treasures of the imaginative Russian fairy tale are displayed in such songs as Rimsky's "The Maid and the Sun," Rachmáninoff's "Enchanted Isle," and Sadko's praise of the realm of the Ocean-King. Here all is a-glitter with the crystalline colors of pearls, sapphires, rubies and emeralds; all the dream-world of a rich, naïve imagination is opened up.—But Russia is so vast, she does not need only to dream of the treasures of the Orient; she owns within her Asiatic borders much that is among the world's most picturesque and exotic treasures. The strains of the mountain-folk of the Caucasus, the Grusenians and Armenians, the chants of the conglomerate races of Turkestan, the miniature imagery of Persia, all these are within easy reach of the Muscovite composers, in many of whose veins runs a strain of Asiatic blood. And so in many songs of Russia the whole splendor of the Orient discloses itself, like a living, fragrant flower, not as a strange, exotic product, as in much of the music of modern France. Rimsky's "Eastern Romance" and his song of the "Serenely Smiling Sky," Rachmáninoff's description of a fair Georgian belle (with its characteristic contrast between the imperturbably placid major key of the accompaniment and the minor strains of the chant), and the same composer's "Songs of Grusia"—these four songs transplant the listener vividly under the blue sky of the Caucasus with its placid, translucent nights and its perfume-laden air. Borodíne's "Arabian Melody," so passionate in its tender throbbing, takes us further into the realm of the "Arabian Nights" (note the small compass of the melody, a characteristic of Arabian song!); and Rimsky's Air of the Fairy Queen, from his grotesque exotic opera "The Golden Cockerel" (after Púshkin), leads us to the extreme confines of Russia, to the borders of China.

Russian composers have a splendid asset in the rich store of Russian poetry: Púshkin, Lérmontoff, Koltsóff, Mey, Nikítin, Tyútcheff, Bálmont, Mereshkóvsky, Alexis Tolstóï, all these are represented by one or more lyrics in the present book, and special emphasis must be laid on such poetic conceptions as Lérmontoff's "The Cloud and the Mountain," and A. Tolstóï's "Wounded Birch."

Much of the charm of these songs is intimately interwoven with an understanding of their poetry, and in this conviction no effort has been spared on the part of my collaborators, Messrs. George Harris, Jr., Deems Taylor, and Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, and myself, to translate the meaning of them as nearly adequately as possible, and to give them in rhyme and general form a corresponding character. Dr. Spaeth's contribution, made as

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long as three years ago, is an attempt at the complex task of saving as much as possible of the Shakespearian original in the adaptation. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Harris have given their work, either independently or "in general council," with a patience and self-denial which—as long as the public would otherwise not even surmise it—I desire herewith to acknowledge with my profoundest thanks. The growth of this book has been slow; it was planned as long as four years ago, after the success of "A Century of Russian Song;" was almost finished and translated in the Spring of 1914—only to be recast and retranslated to a great extent after my trip to Moscow in 1914, where a thorough investigation at the source of all the published Russian songs impressed me with the necessity of altering certain selections.

Most of the songs will be new to the general public; a few have already become known by being sung in French—for which there is really no excuse before an English-speaking audience. Only Mr. George Harris, Jr., the established pioneer for Russian music among American singers, has presented some of these lyrics from time to time at his recitals, as he did likewise in a lecture on Russian Music at the National Arts Club of New York, Dec. 28, 1914, at which the editor of this book addressed a very numerous audience on the main characteristics of the Russian art-song—as outlined in this preface.

One feature of that evening was the deep impression produced by Rachmáninoff-Mereshkóvsky's lyric, "The Lord is Risen," which, under the pall of the world-war just beginning, seemed to preach such a remarkable sermon. Almost three years have elapsed since then, and the fervent outcry speaks even louder and more penetratingly, with its Russian Easter-greeting:

"The Lord is risen!" His praise is ringing,
But in my soul is naught but shame.
Blood fills the world and tear-drops stinging,
And at the altar this loud singing
Seems like an insult to His name.
And should He choose the worthy from us
Who should eternal light attain,
He would but find: Hate has o'ercome us
And brothers wrangle, to His pain;
And should He come to where is ringing
"The Lord is risen" from one and all,
Before the host what tear-drops stinging
Would fill His sad eyes, at our fall!

New York City,
August 31, 1917.

KURT SCHINDLER.

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MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

BALĂKIRĔFF, TCHAÏKOVSKY, RIMSKY-KŌRSAKOFF,
BORODÍNE, GRETCHANÍNOFF AND RACHMÁNINOFF.

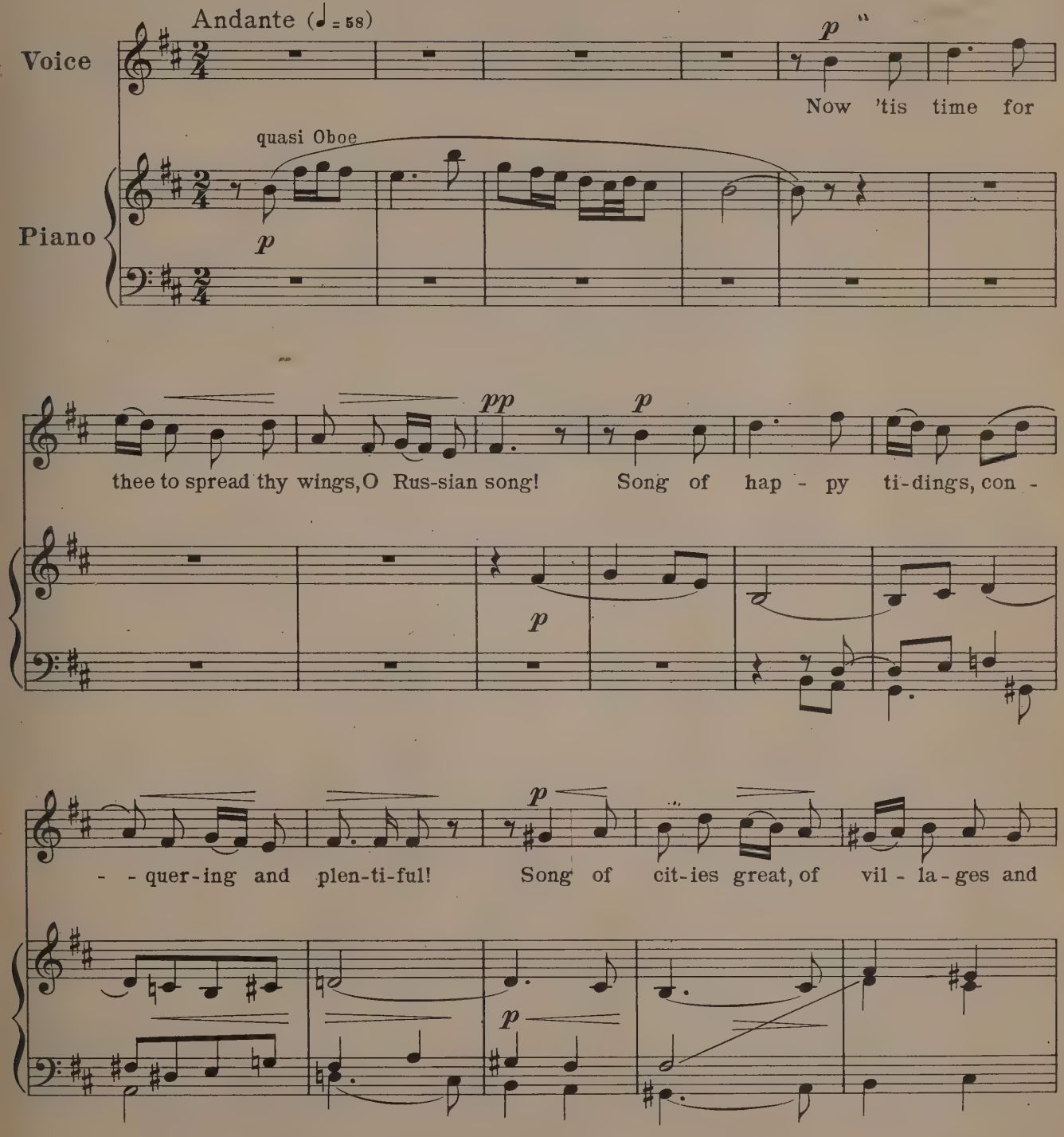
INVOCATION

To Russia

(Zapyévka)

Poem by L. Mey
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Mili Balákireff



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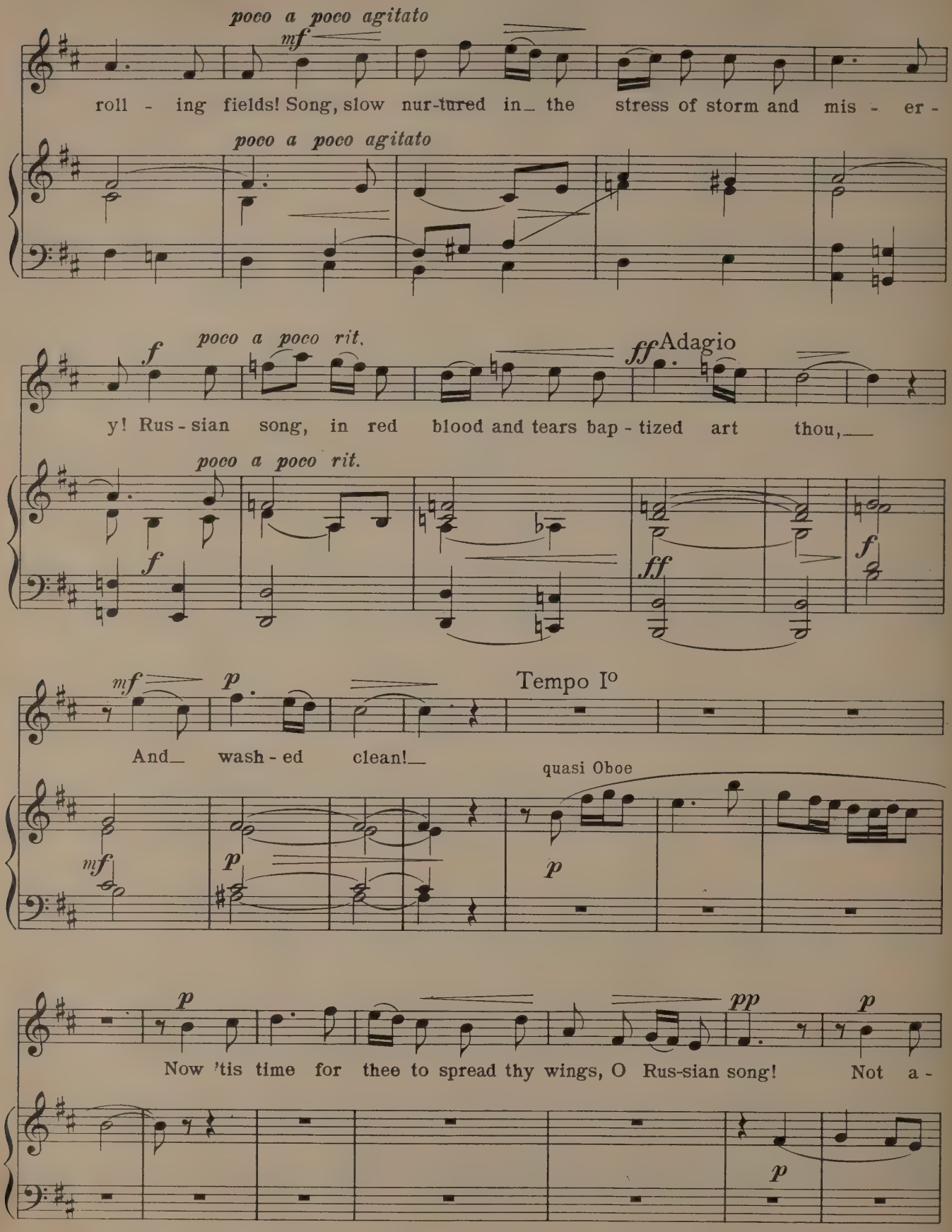
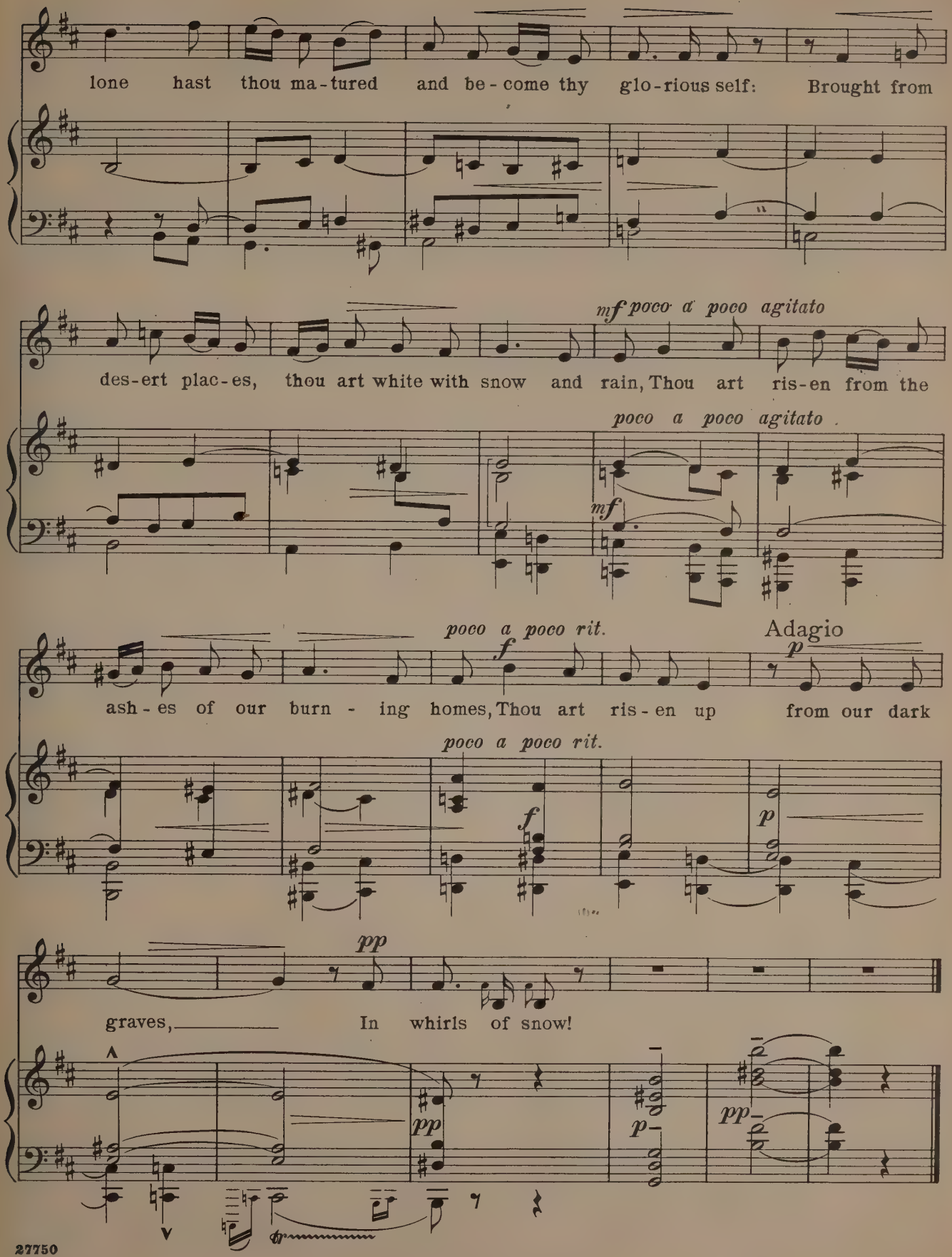

poco a poco agitato
mf
roll - ing fields! Song, slow nur-tured in_ the stress of storm and mis - er -
poco a poco agitato
f
poco a poco rit.
ff Adagio
y! Rus - sian song, in red blood and tears bap - tized art thou,_
poco a poco rit.
f
ff
f
mf
p
Tempo Io
And_ wash - ed clean!_
quasi Oboe
mf
p
p
p
pp
p
Now 'tis time for thee to spread thy wings, O Rus-sian song! Not a -
p

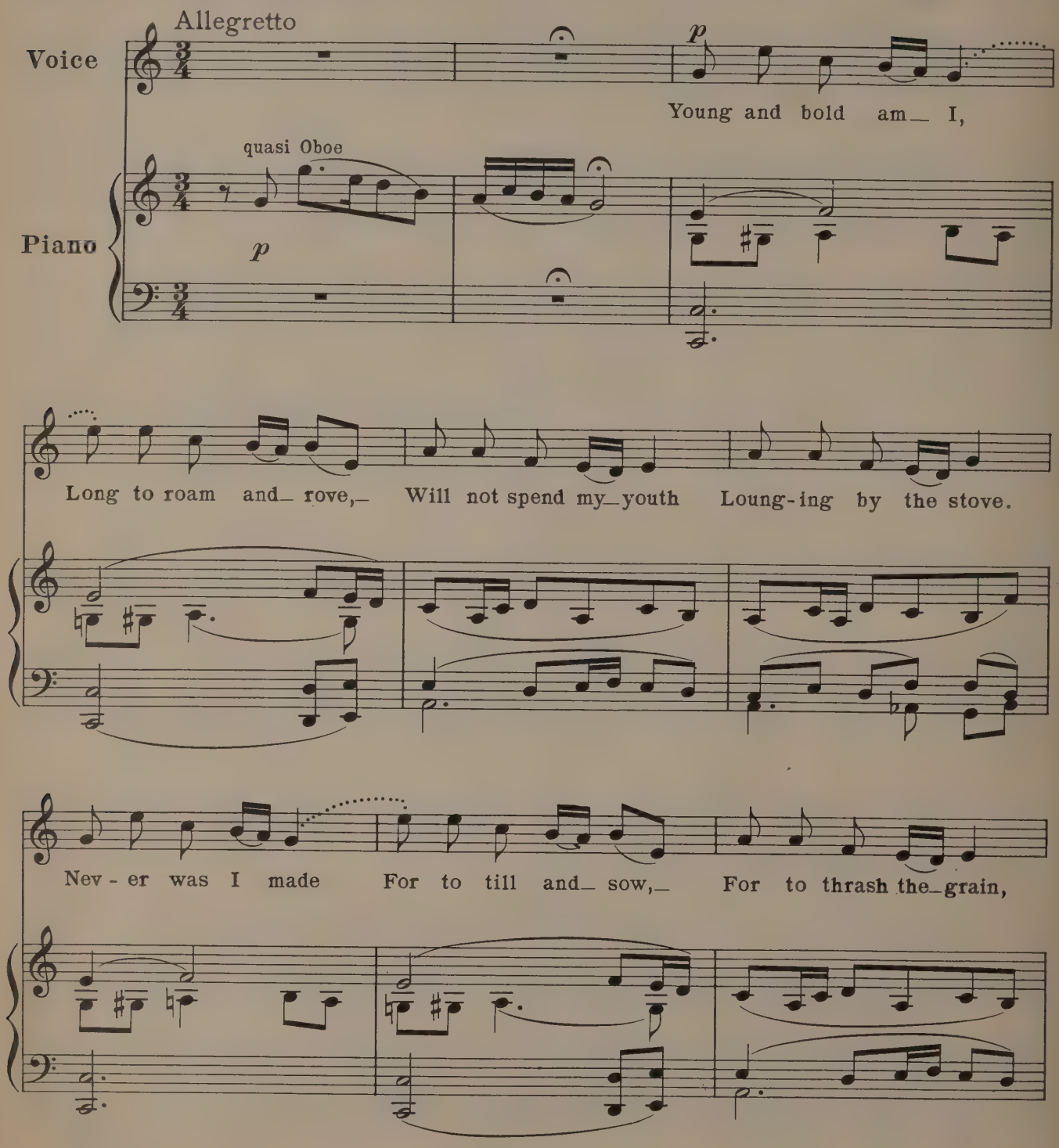

lone hast thou ma-tured and be-come thy glo-rious self: Brought from
mf poco a poco agitato
des-ert plac-es, thou art white with snow and rain, Thou art ris-en from the
poco a poco agitato
mf
poco a poco rit.
Adagio
f
p
ash-es of our burn-ing homes, Thou art ris-en up from our dark
poco a poco rit.
f
p
pp
graves, In whirls of snow!
pp
p
pp

The Call of Freedom

(«Mnye li molodsú razoodálomu»)

Poem by Koltsóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Mili Balákireff


Allegretto
Voice
Piano
quasi Oboe
p
Young and bold am_ I,
Long to roam and_ rove,_ Will not spend my_youth Loung-ing by the stove.
Nev-er was I made For to till and_ sow,_ For to thrash the_grain,

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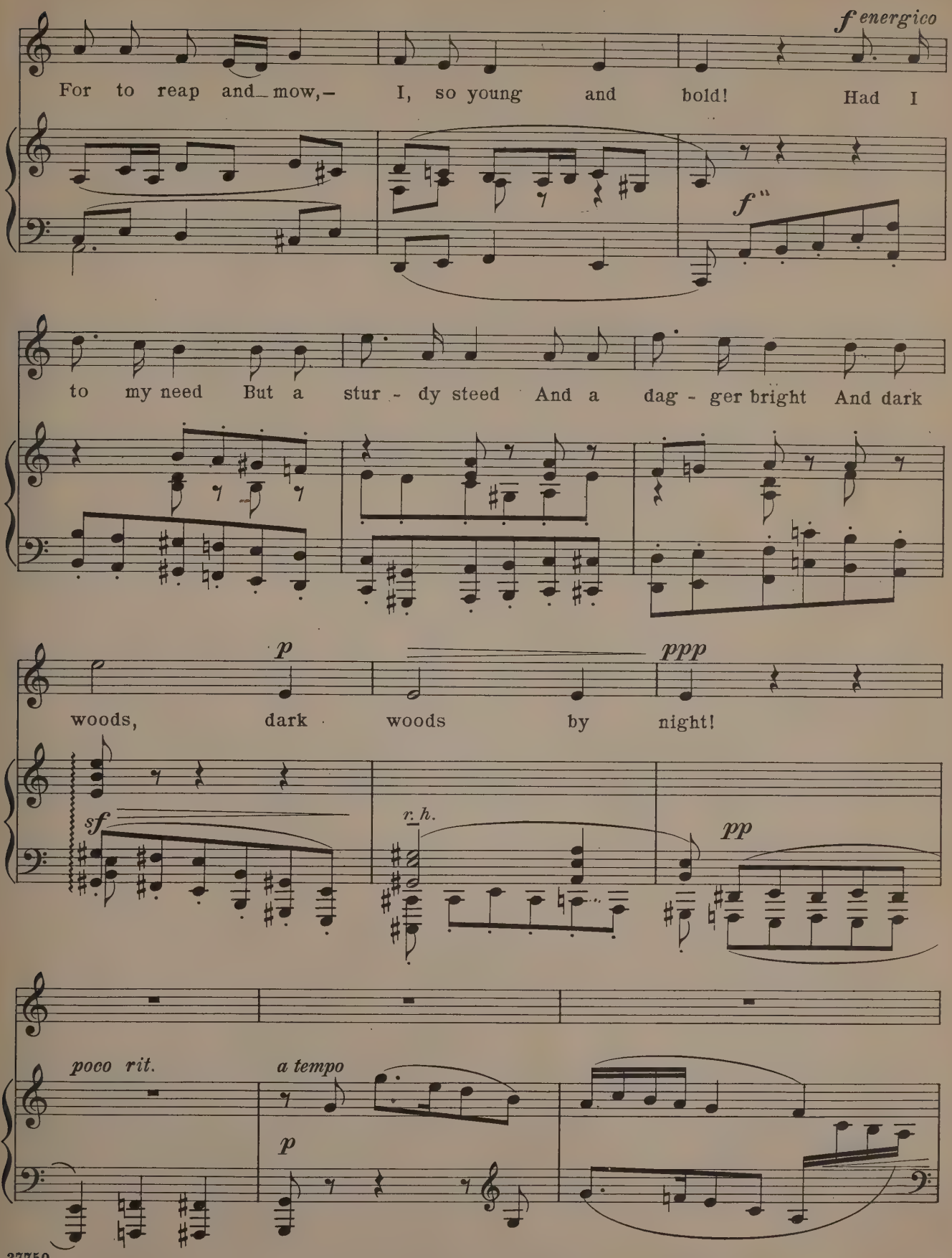
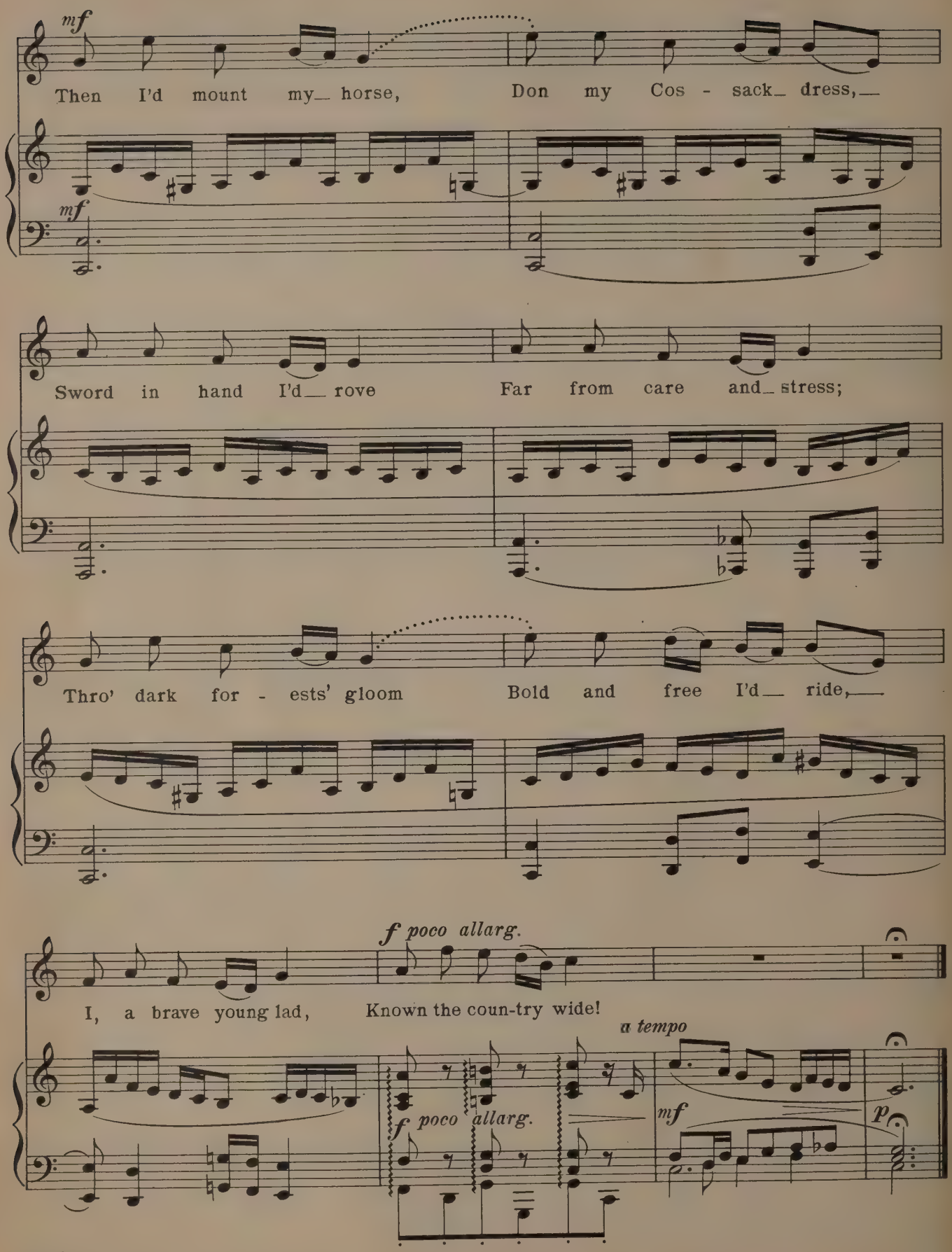

f energico
For to reap and mow,– I, so young and bold! Had I
f"
to my need But a stur - dy steed And a dag - ger bright And dark
p
ppp
woods, dark woods by night!
sf
r. h.
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
p

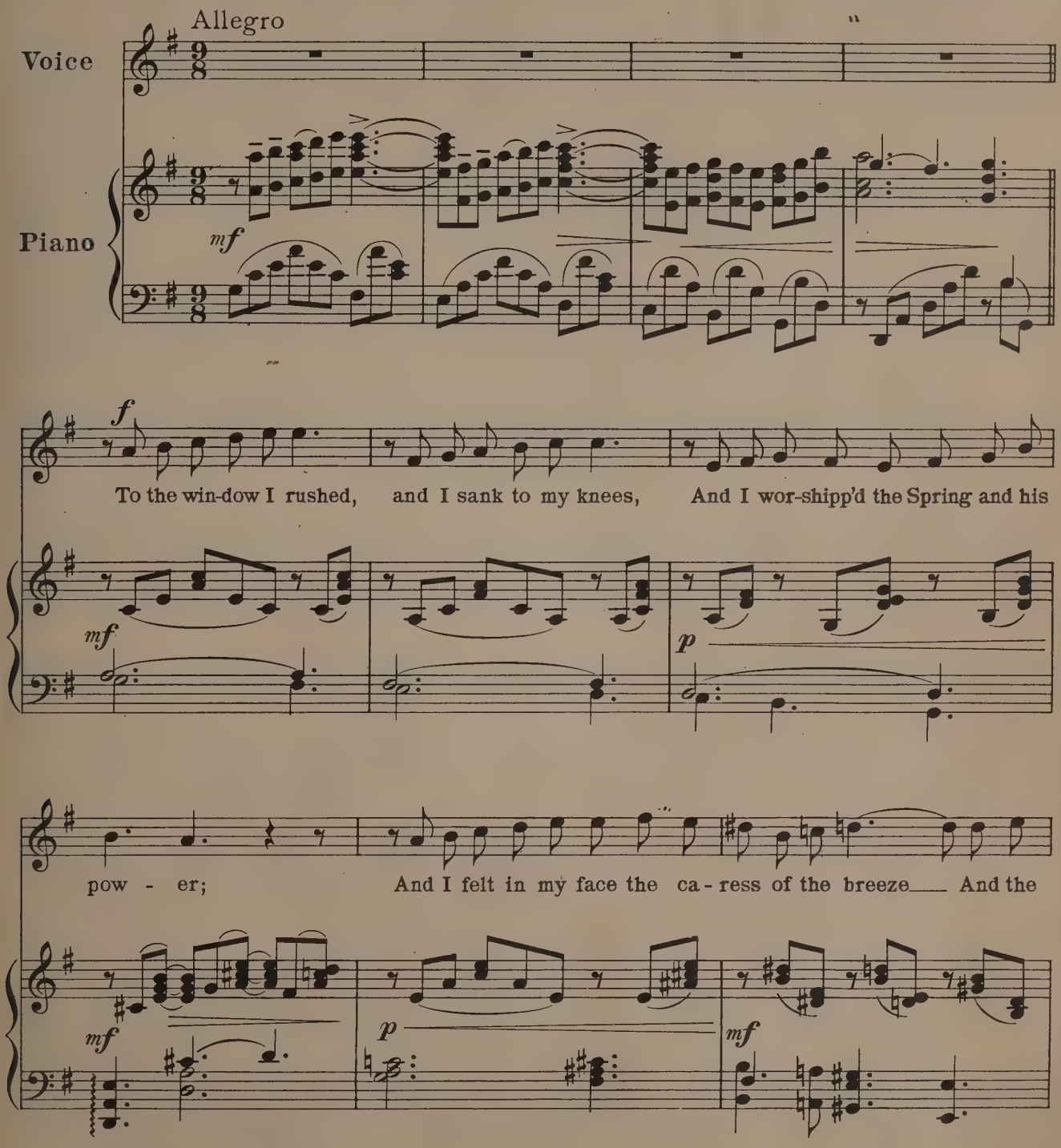

mf
Then I'd mount my horse, Don my Cos - sack dress,
mf
Sword in hand I'd rove Far from care and stress;
Thro' dark for - ests' gloom Bold and free I'd ride,
f poco allarg.
I, a brave young lad, Known the coun-try wide!
a tempo
f poco allarg.
mf
p

By the Window

(«Rastvoríl ya oknó»)

Poem by K. R.
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Piotr Ilyítch Tchaïkovsky
Op. 63, No. 2



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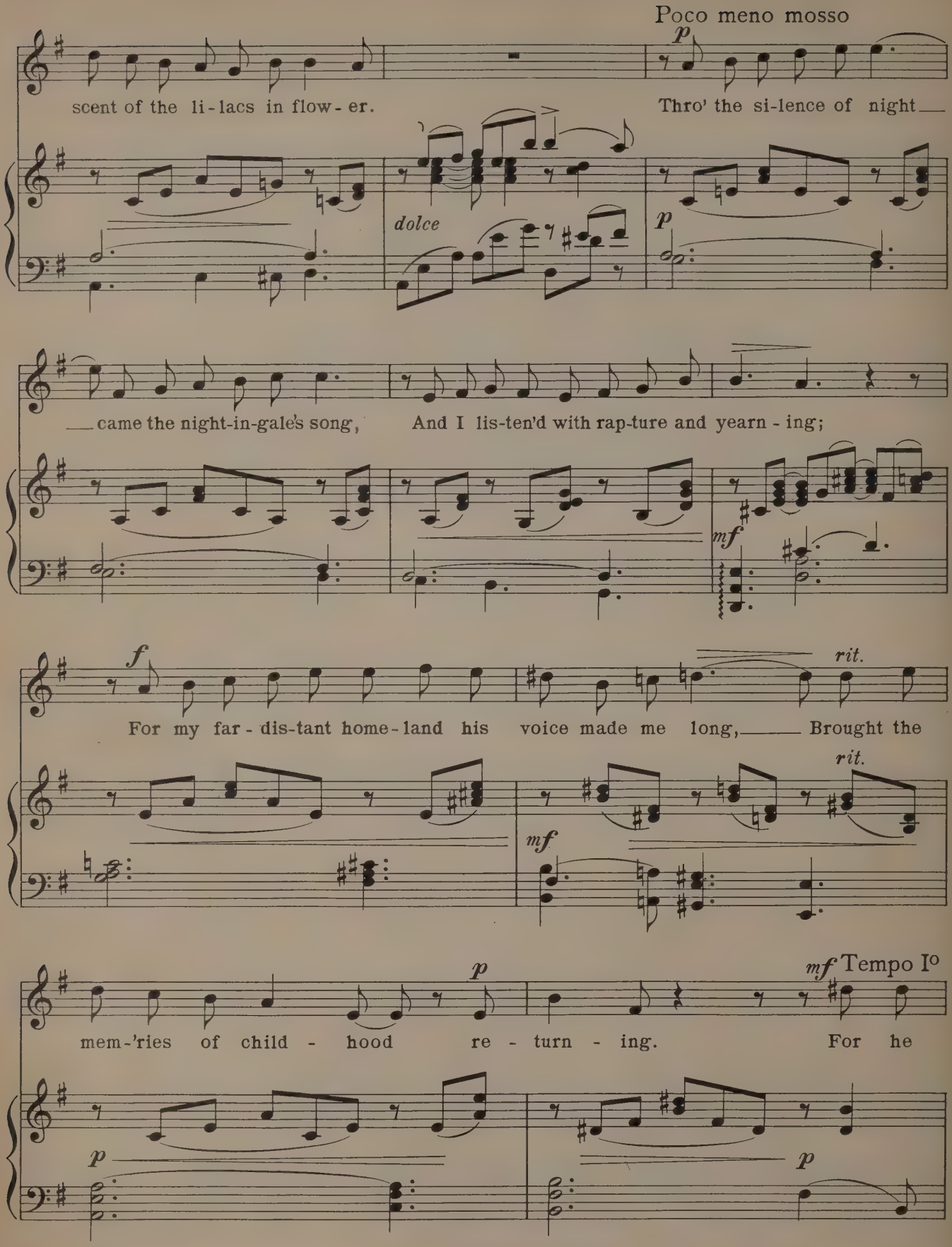
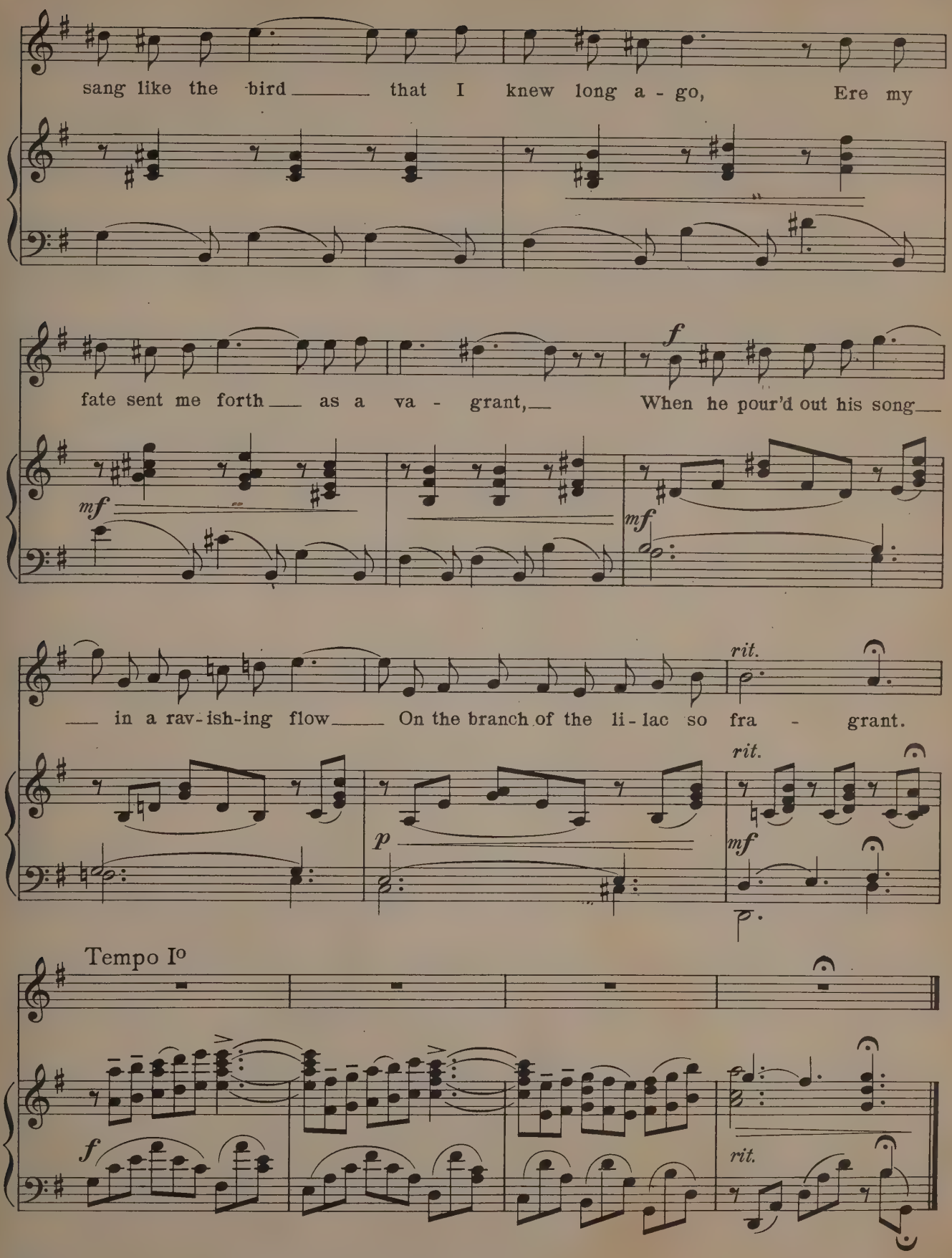

Poco meno mosso
p
scent of the li-lacs in flow-er.
Thro' the si-lence of night
dolce
p
came the night-in-gale's song,
And I lis-ten'd with rap-ture and yearn-ing;
mf
f
rit.
For my far-dis-tant home-land his voice made me long,
Brought the
rit.
mf
p
mf Tempo Io
mem-'ries of child-hood re-turn-ing.
For he
p
p


sang like the bird that I knew long a - go, Ere my
fate sent me forth as a va - grant, When he pour'd out his song
in a rav-ish-ing flow On the branch of the li-lac so fra - grant.
Tempo Io
rit.

Romeo and Juliet

(Romeo i Julietta)

DUET

for Soprano and Tenor, with Mezzo-Soprano *ad libitum*

English version by Sigmund Spaeth,
adapted from Shakespeare's
"Romeo and Juliet", Act III, Scene V

Piotr Ilyitch Tchaïkovsky
From an unfinished, posthumous work,
completed and orchestrated by
S. Tanéïeff

INTRODUCTION*

Andante non tanto, quasi moderato

* This Introduction, constructed with themes from the Overture (of the same name) and from the Duet, was written by Tanéïeff.

** For scenic performance, Curtain here.– Juliet's room. Daybreak. Romeo and Juliet seated by the window.

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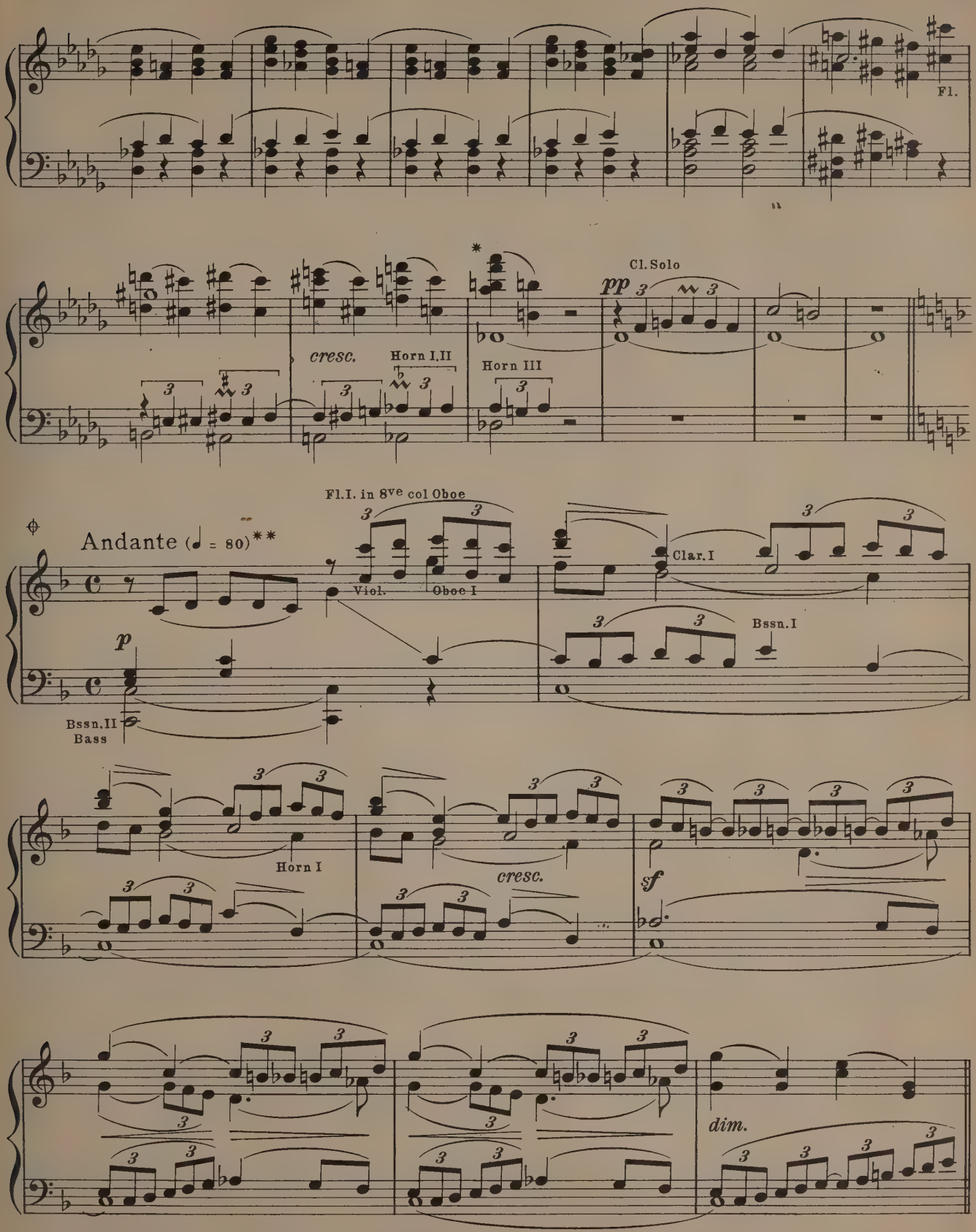
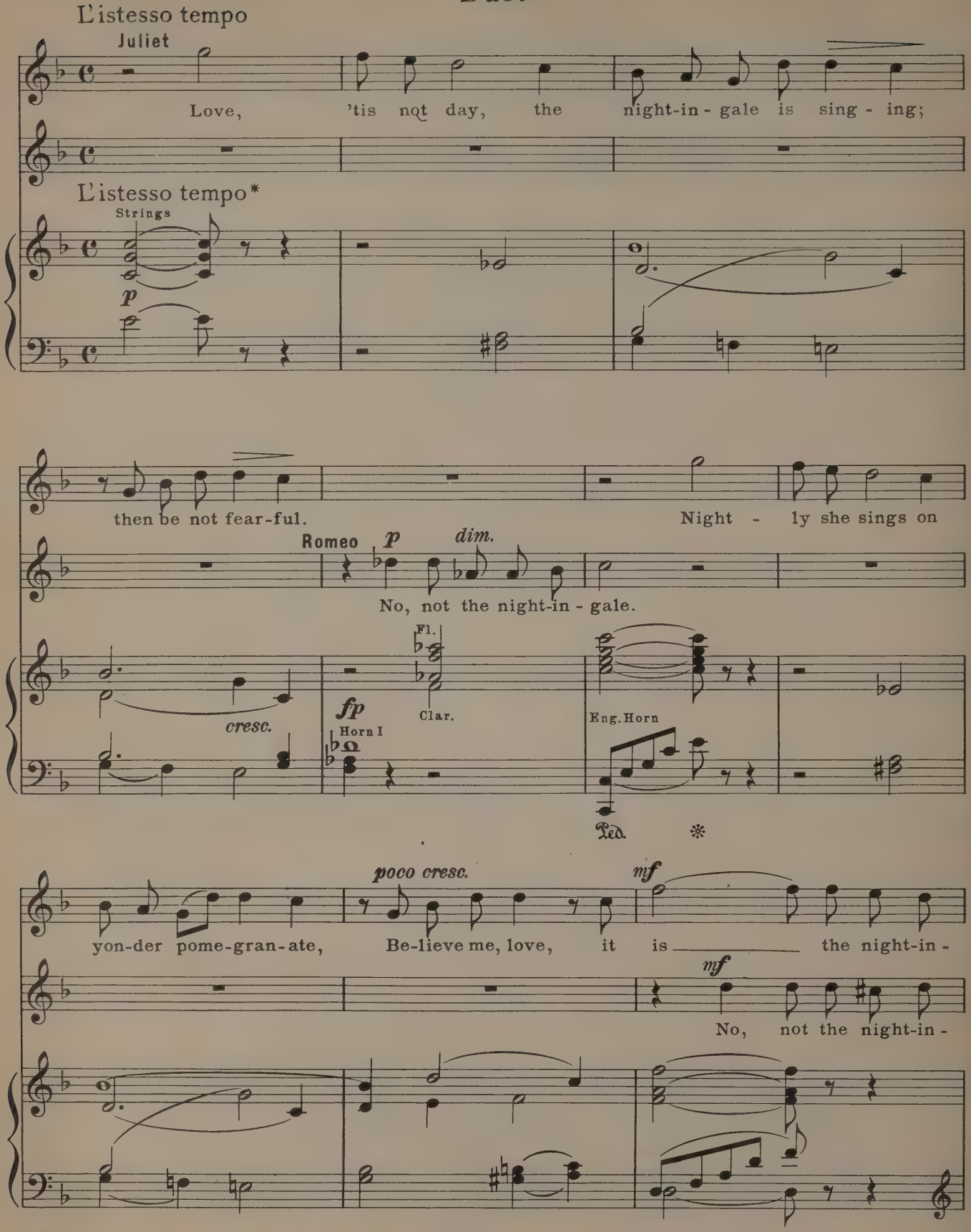


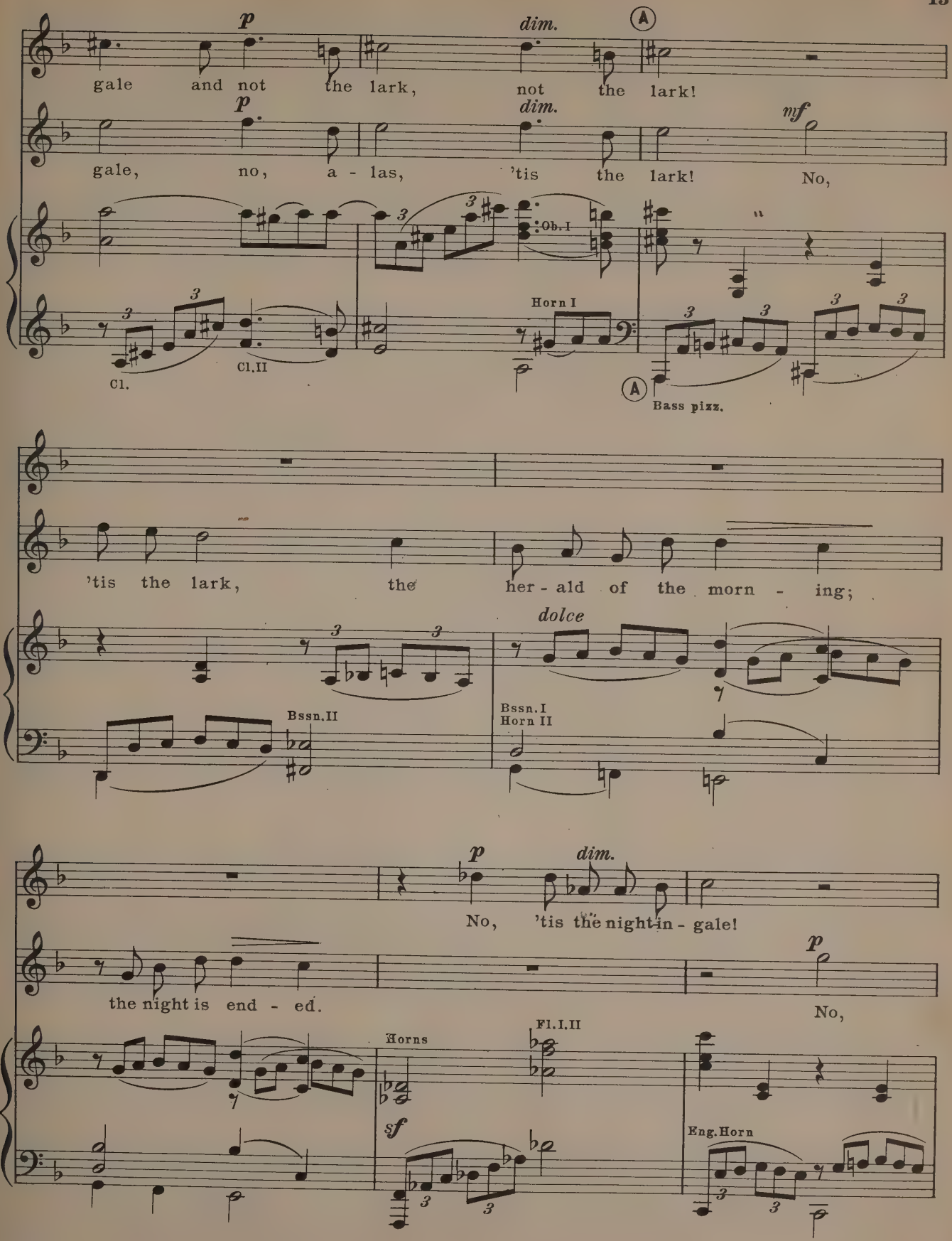
⌖ For performances without orchestra begin here.

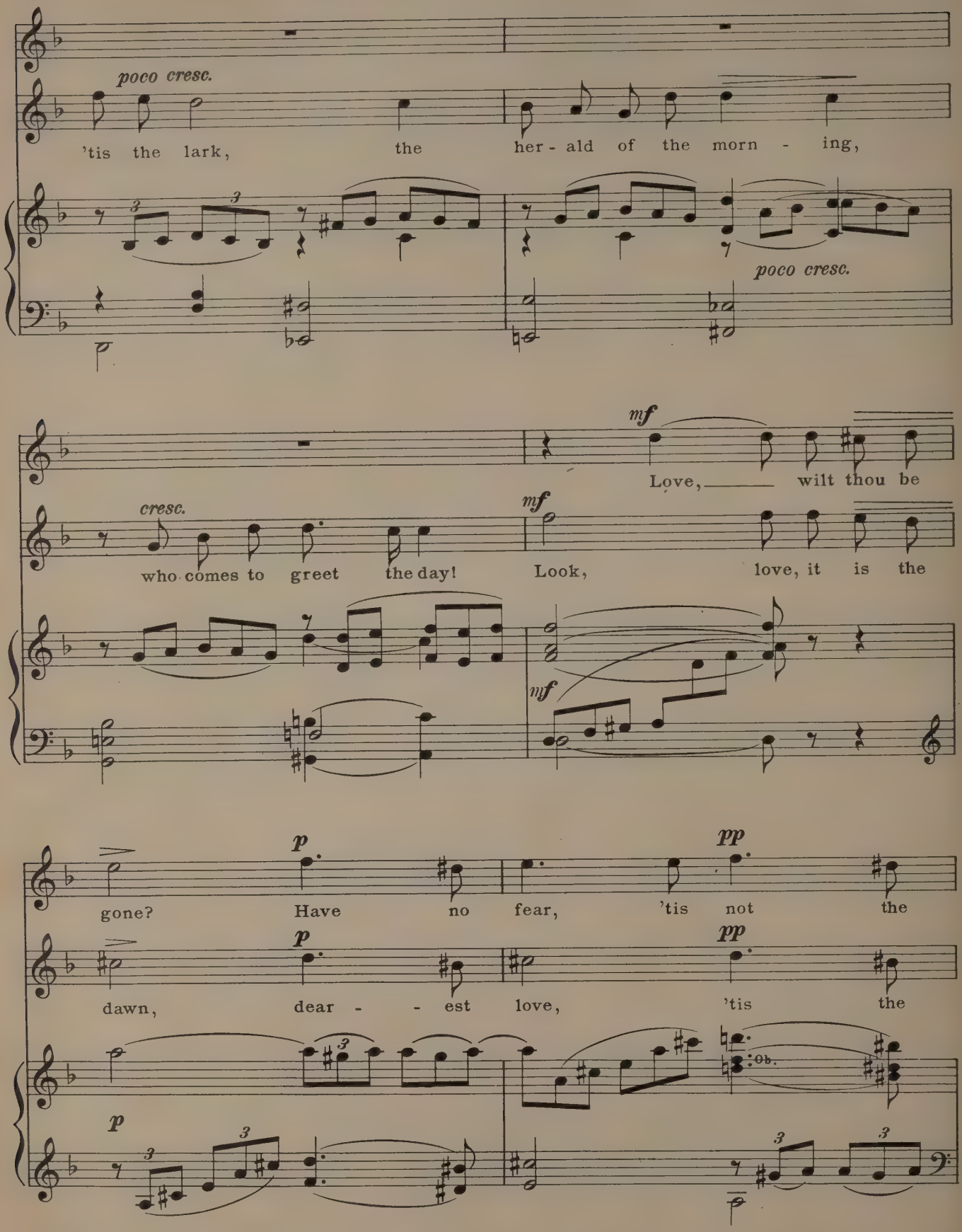
* Romeo rises, intending to leave. ** Juliet bids him stay.

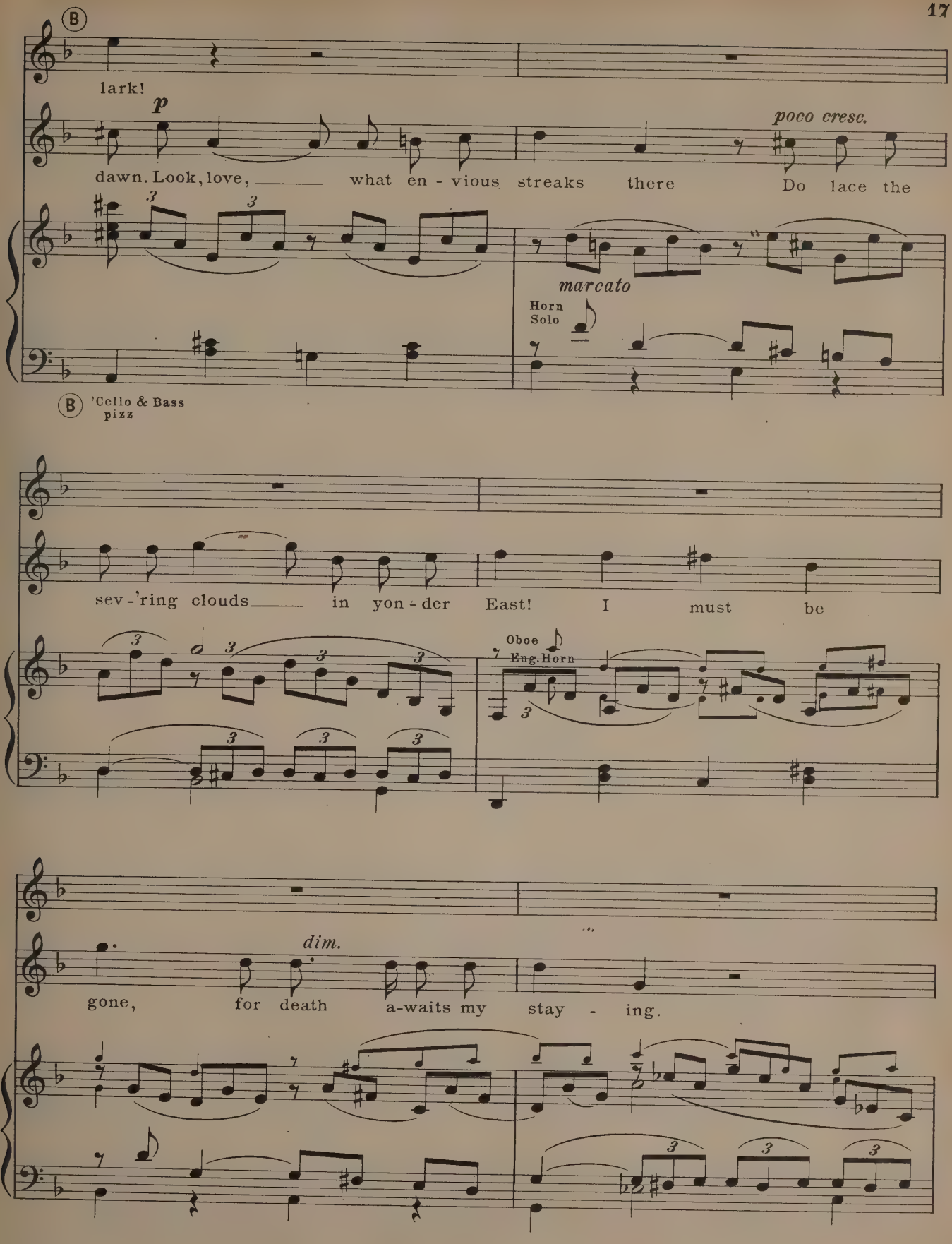
Duet

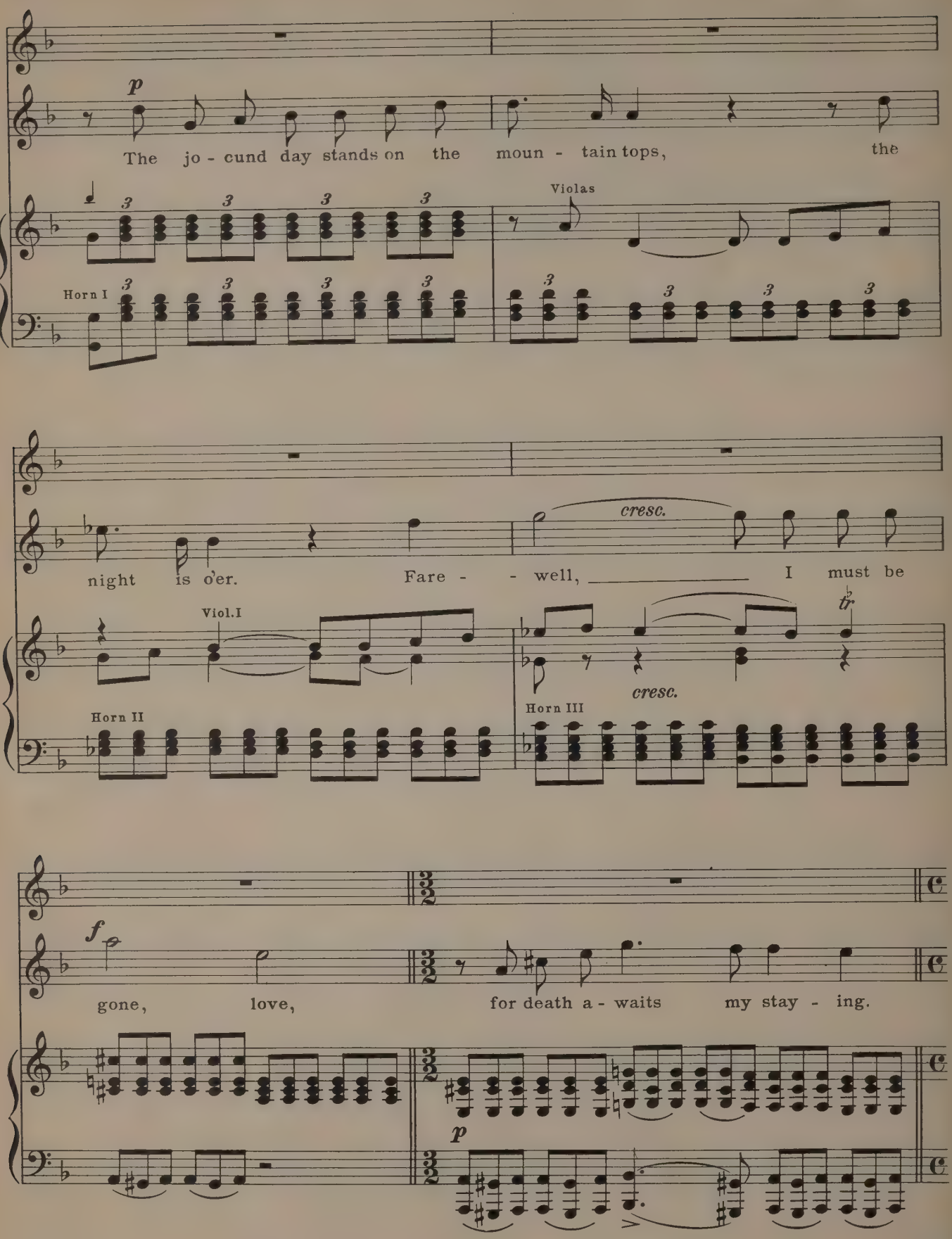


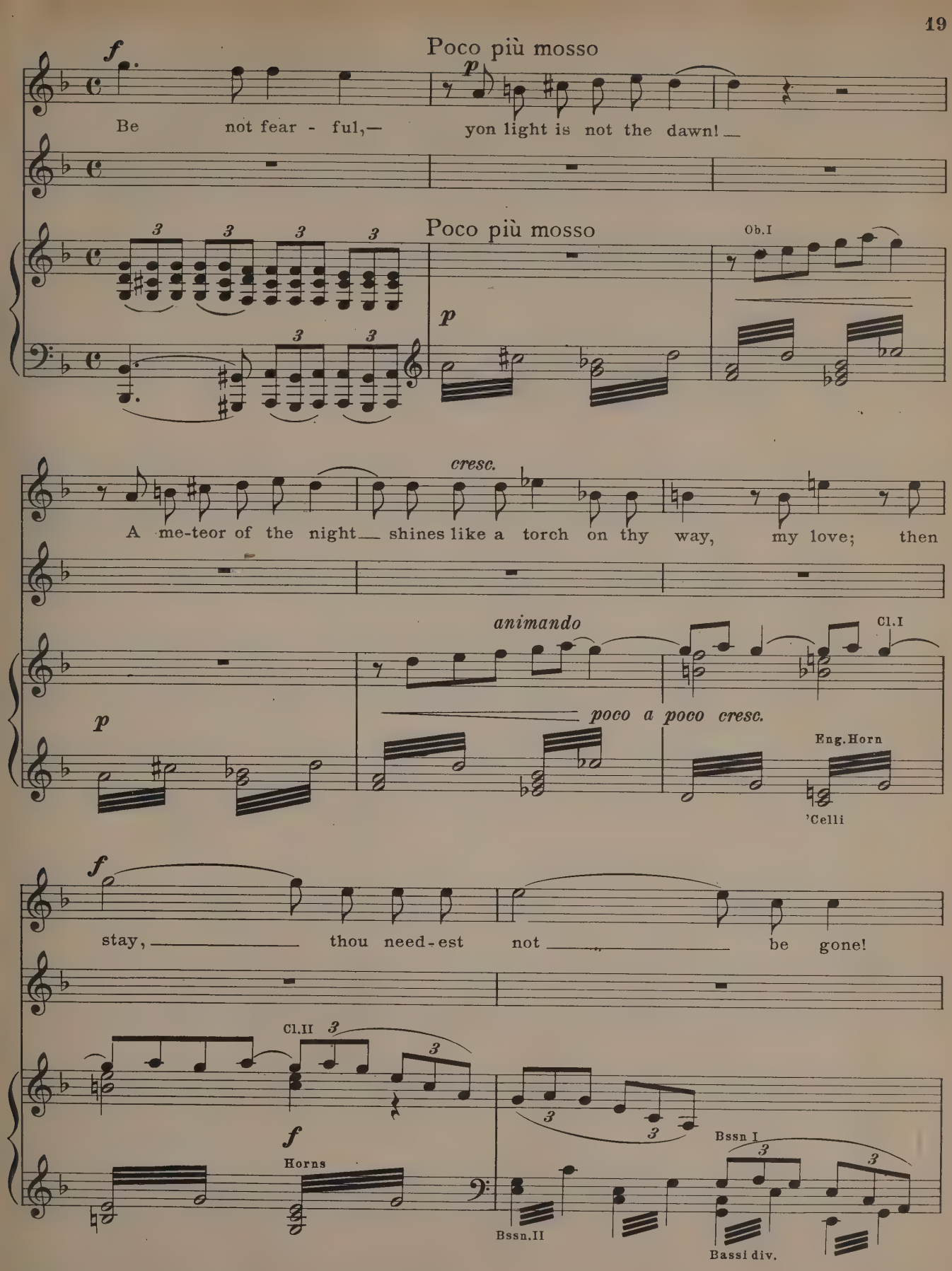
* Tchaïkovsky's own sketch begins here. In this sketch the vocal parts were minutely written out, but the accompaniment was partly missing.


p
dim.
A
gale and not the lark, not the lark!
p
dim.
mf
gale, no, a - las, 'tis the lark! No,
Ob.I
Horn I
Cl.
Cl.II
A
Bass pizz.
'tis the lark, the her - ald of the morn - ing;
dolce
Bssn.II
Bssn.I
Horn II
p
dim.
No, 'tis the night in - gale!
the night is end - ed.
p
No,
Horns
Fl.I.II
sf
Eng.Horn

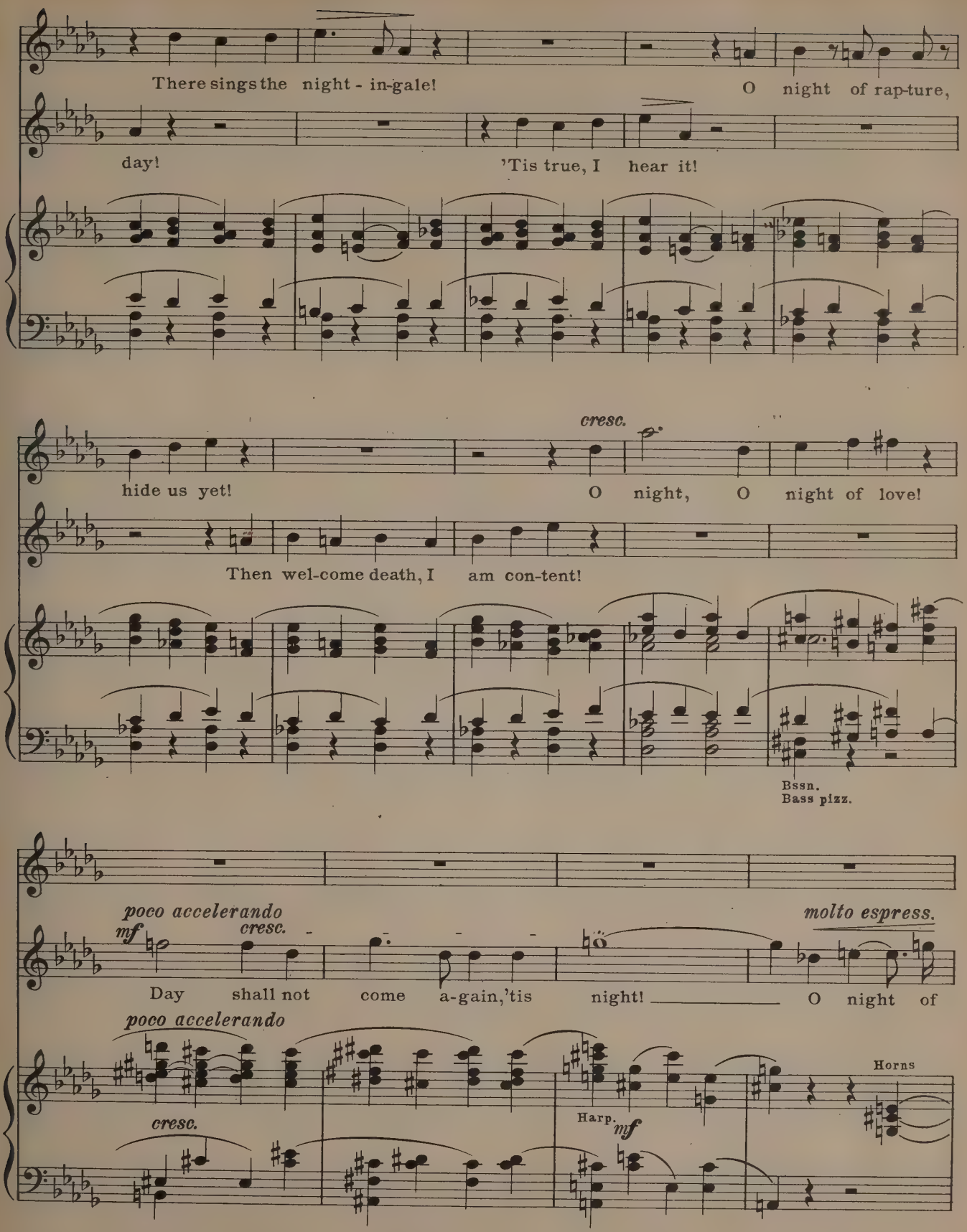

poco cresc.
'tis the lark, the her - ald of the morn - ing,
poco cresc.
mf
Love, wilt thou be
cresc.
who comes to greet the day!
mf
Look, love, it is the
mf
p
pp
gone? Have no fear, 'tis not the
p
pp
dawn, dear - - est love, 'tis the
p
Ob.

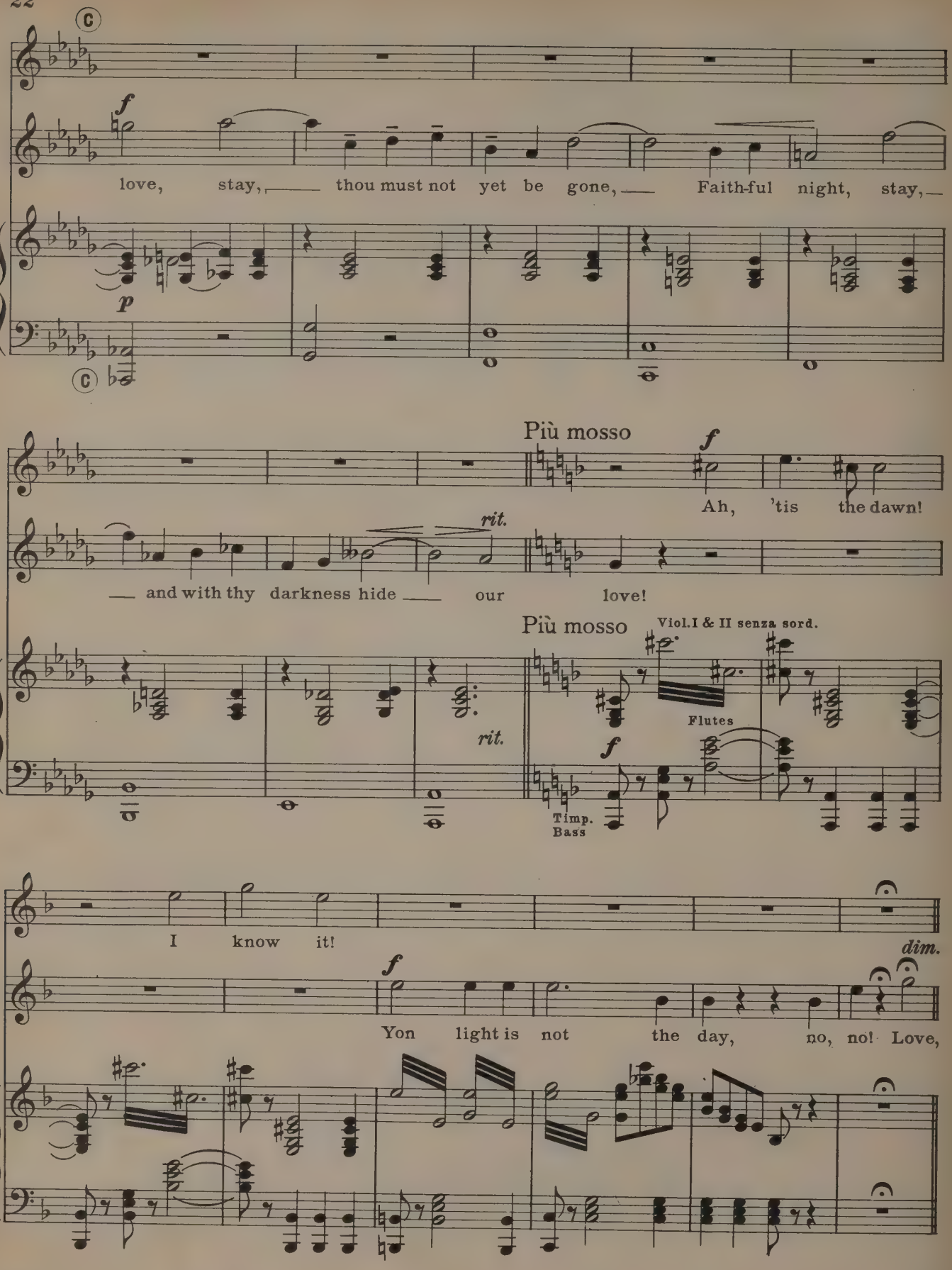

B
lark!
p
poco cresc.
dawn. Look, love, what en - vious streaks there Do lace the
marcato
Horn Solo
B 'Cello & Bass pizz
sev-'ring clouds in yon - der East! I must be
Oboe
Eng. Horn
dim.
gone, for death a-waits my stay - ing.

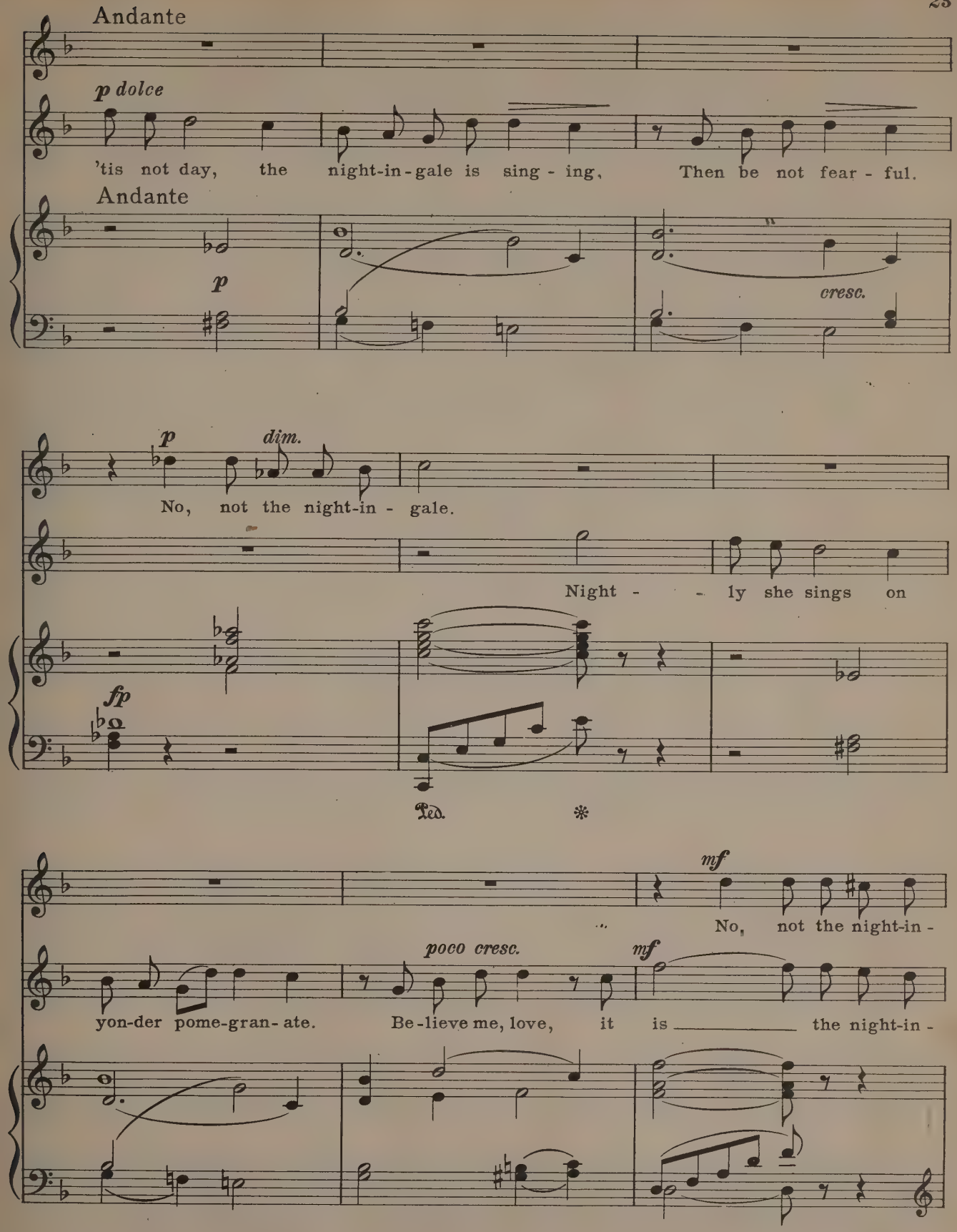

p
The jo - cund day stands on the moun - tain tops, the
Horn I
Violas
night is o'er. Fare - - well, I must be
cresc.
Viol.I
Horn II
Horn III
cresc.
tr
f
gone, love, for death a - waits my stay - ing.
p

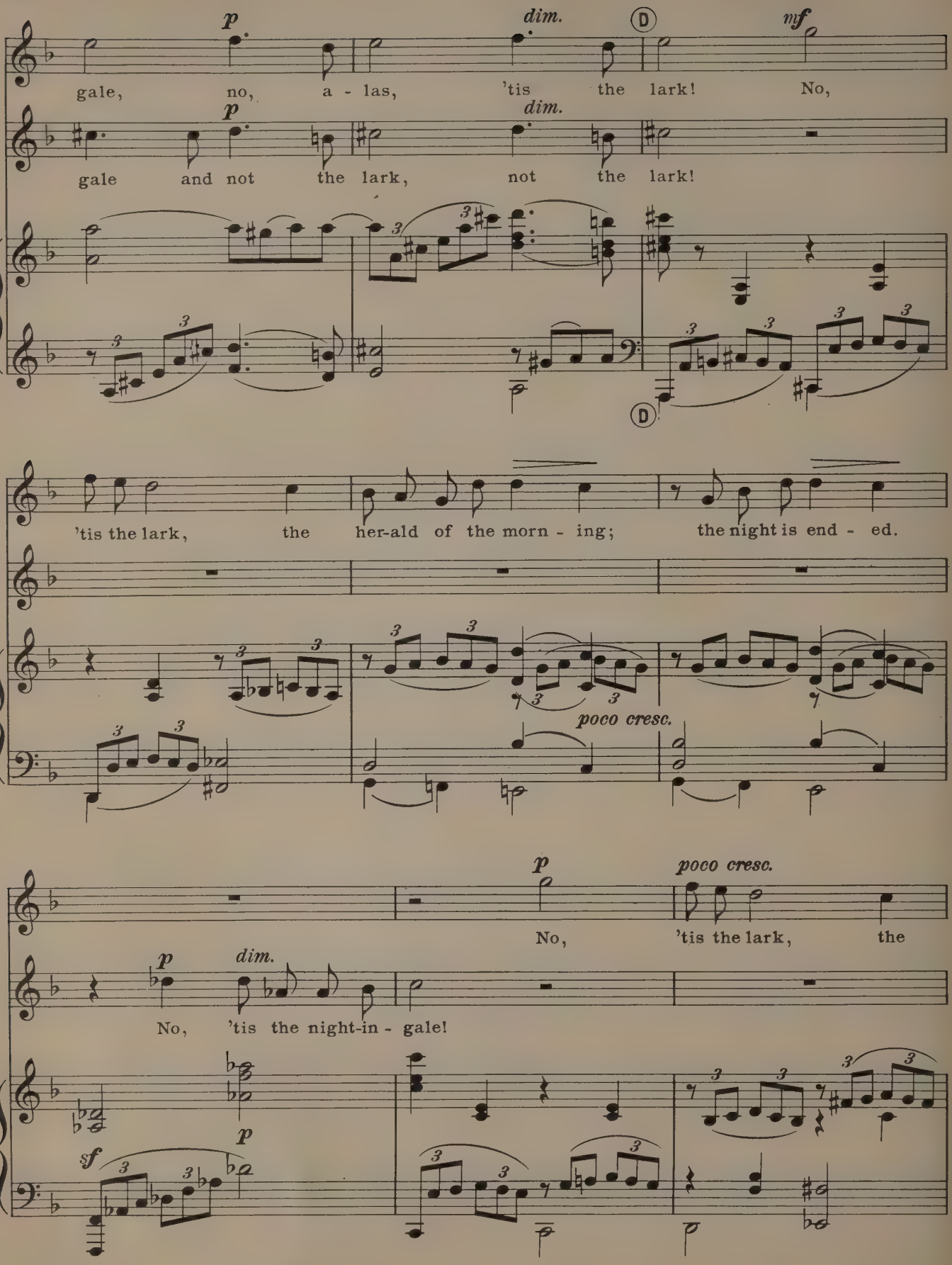

Poco più mosso
f
p
Be not fear - ful,— yon light is not the dawn! —
Poco più mosso
Ob.I
p
cresc.
A me-teor of the night — shines like a torch on thy way, my love; then
animando
Cl.I
poco a poco cresc.
Eng.Horn
'Celli
f
stay, — thou need-est not — be gone!
Cl.II
f
Horns
Bssn I
Bssn.II
Bassi div.

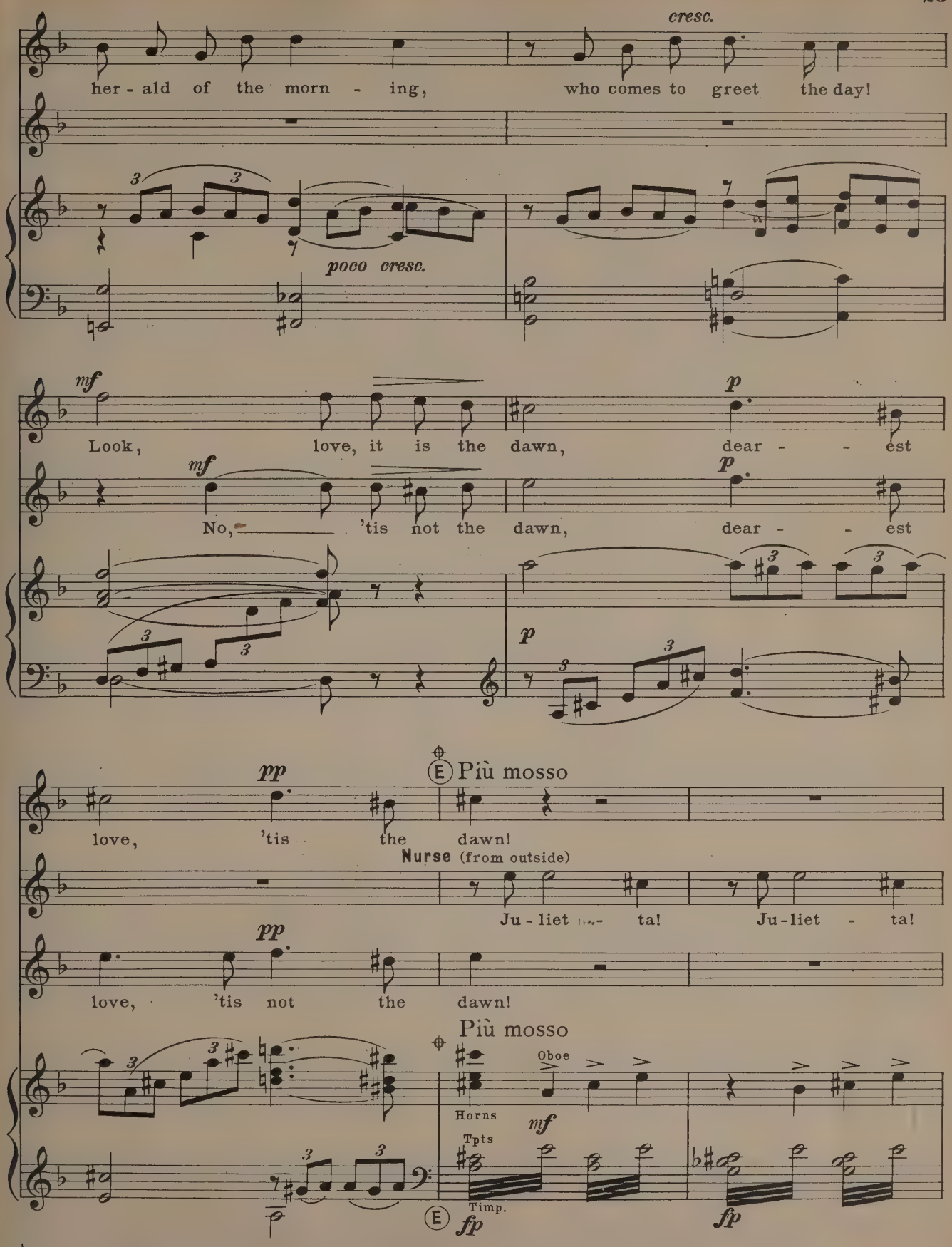
f risoluto
Then let me die! I care not!
p espress.
I am con-tent,
f
Timp.
Fl.
pp
Ob.I
Eng.Horn
Allegro giusto
p espress.
Ah, be -
so thou wilt have it so, then death is wel - come!
espress.
Allegro giusto
Viol.I & II div.
e con sord.
pp
Cl.I.II
Bssn.II
Harp
Cello & Bass
pizz.
lov - ed!
p
Yes, 'tis true, yon grey is not the morn, Yon light is not the
Viole div.
e con sord.


There sings the night - in-gale!
O night of rap-ture,
day!
'Tis true, I hear it!
cresc.
hide us yet!
O night, O night of love!
Then wel-come death, I am con-tent!
Bssn.
Bass pizz.
poco accelerando
mf
cresc.
molto espress.
Day shall not come a-gain, 'tis night!
O night of
poco accelerando
cresc.
Harp.
mf
Horns

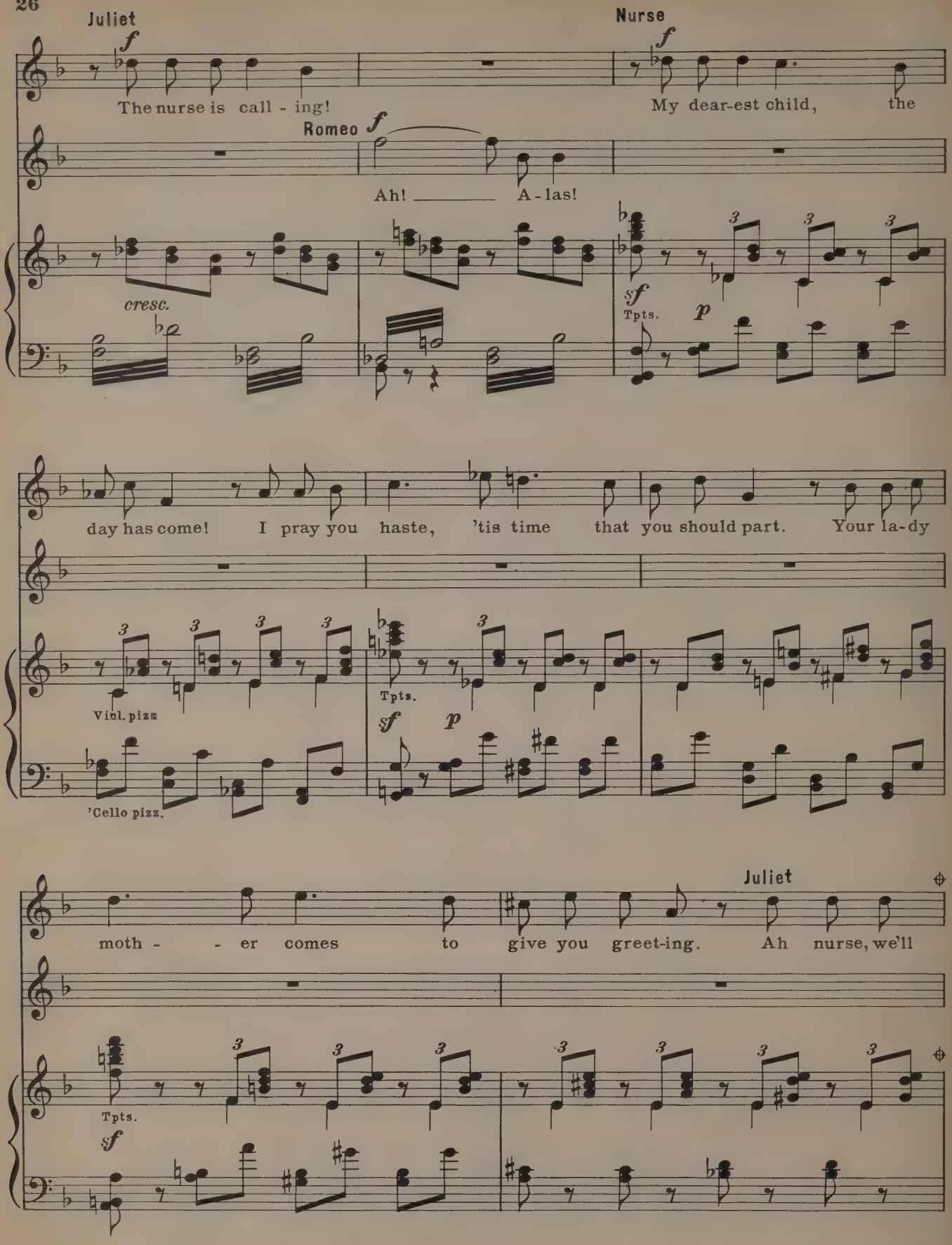

C
f
love, stay, thou must not yet be gone, Faith-ful night, stay,
p
C
Più mosso
f
Ah, 'tis the dawn!
rit.
and with thy darkness hide our love!
Più mosso
Viol.I & II senza sord.
Flutes
rit.
f
Timp.
Bass
I know it!
f
dim.
Yon light is not the day, no, no! Love,

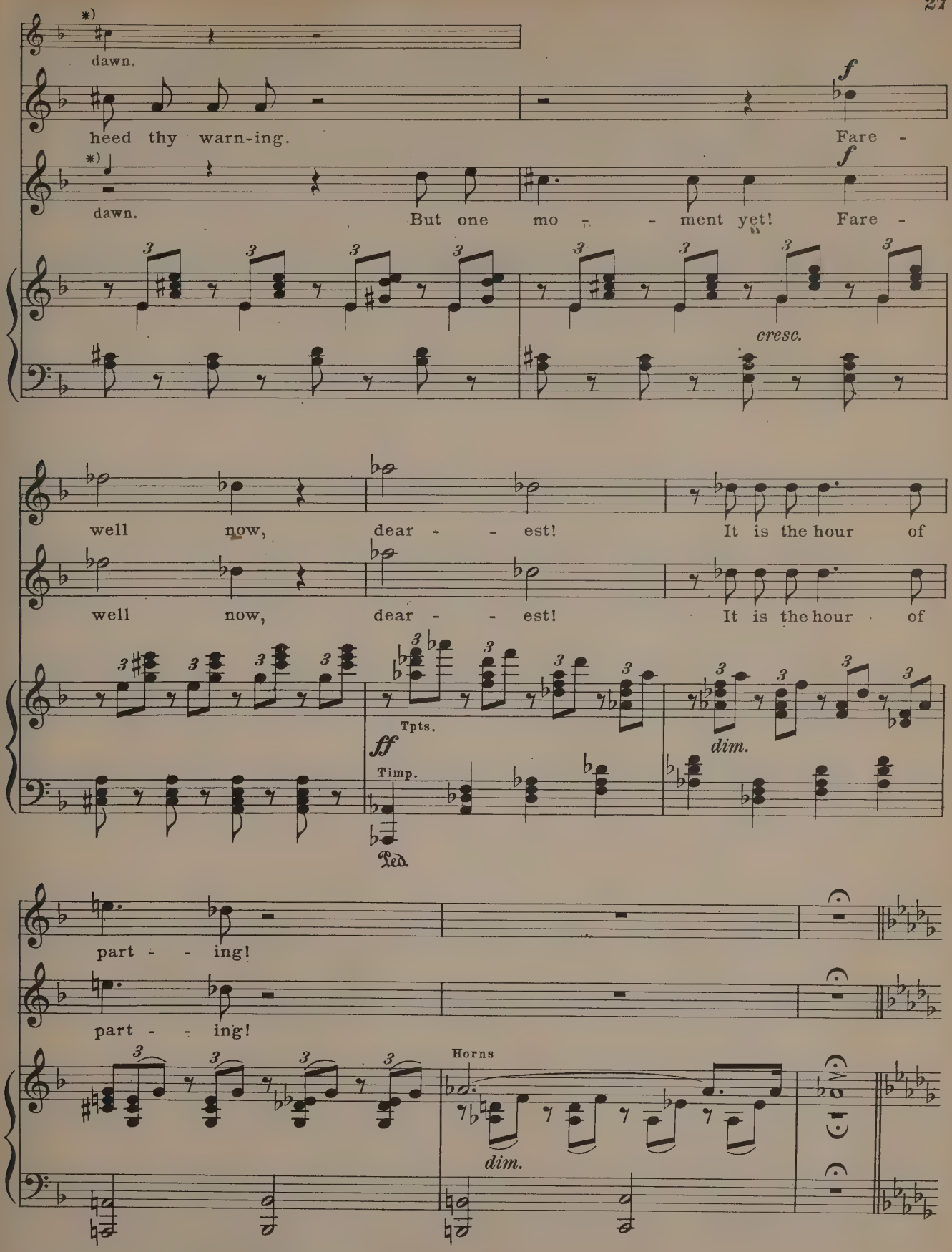

Andante
p dolce
'tis not day, the night-in-gale is sing - ing, Then be not fear - ful.
Andante
p
cresc.
p
dim.
No, not the night-in - gale.
Night - - ly she sings on
fp
Ped.
*
mf
No, not the night-in -
poco cresc.
mf
yon-der pome-gran- ate. Be-lieve me, love, it is the night-in -


p
dim.
D
mf
gale, no, a - las, 'tis the lark! No,
p
dim.
gale and not the lark, not the lark!
D
'tis the lark, the her-ald of the morn - ing; the night is end - ed.
poco cresc.
p
poco cresc.
No, 'tis the lark, the
p
dim.
No, 'tis the night-in - gale!
sf
p

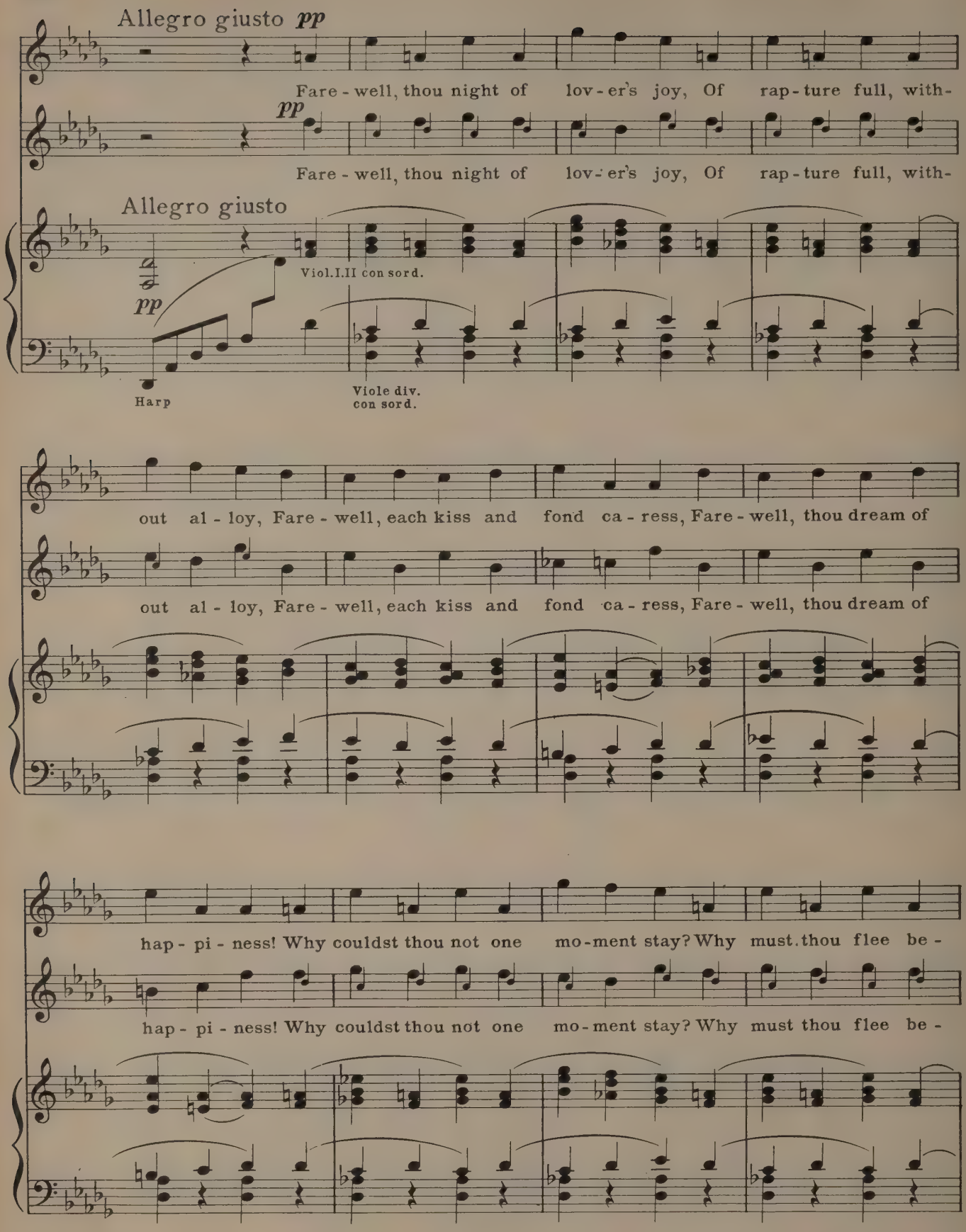


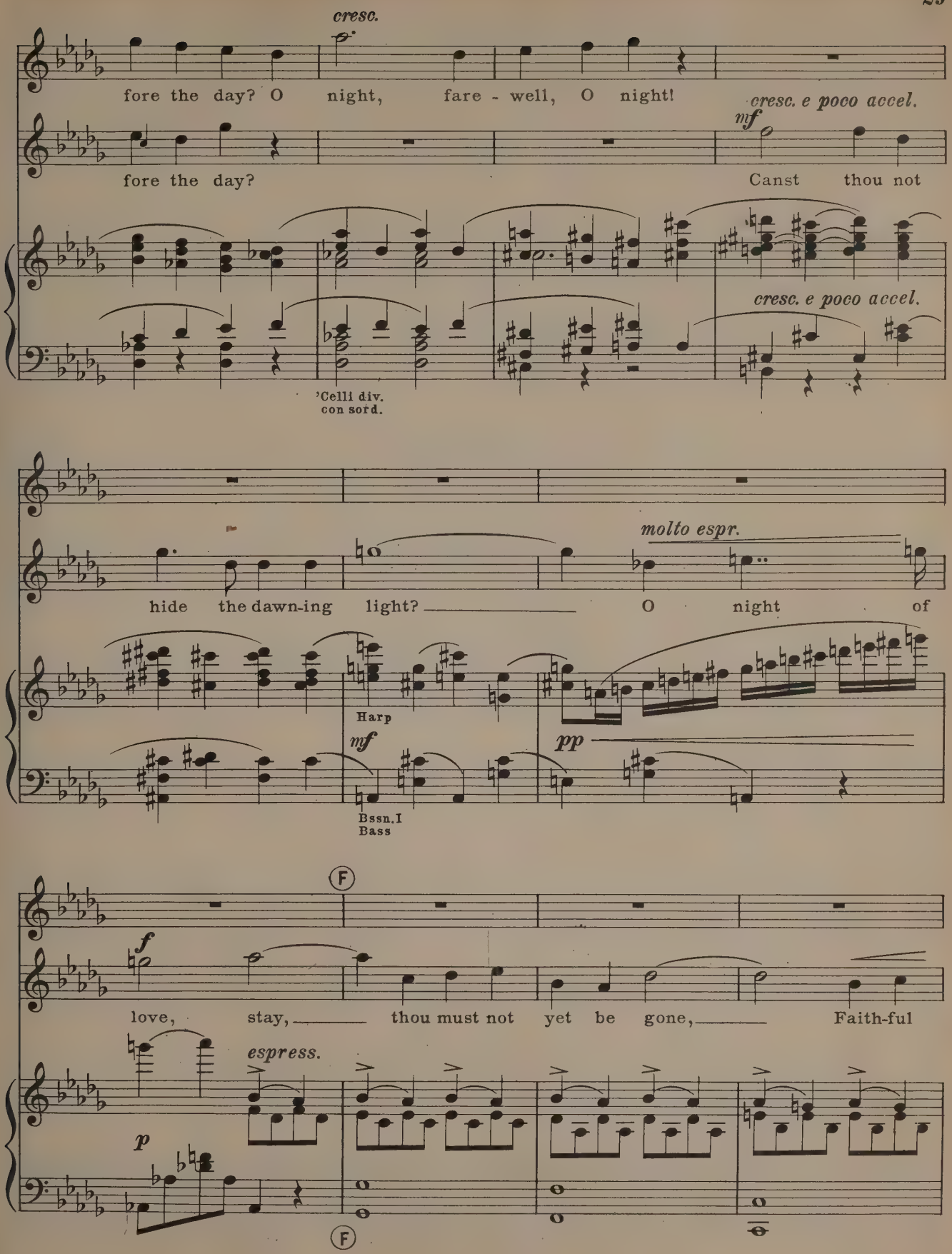
For performances without available Mezzo-Soprano (Nurse) cut the next-following 10 measures.

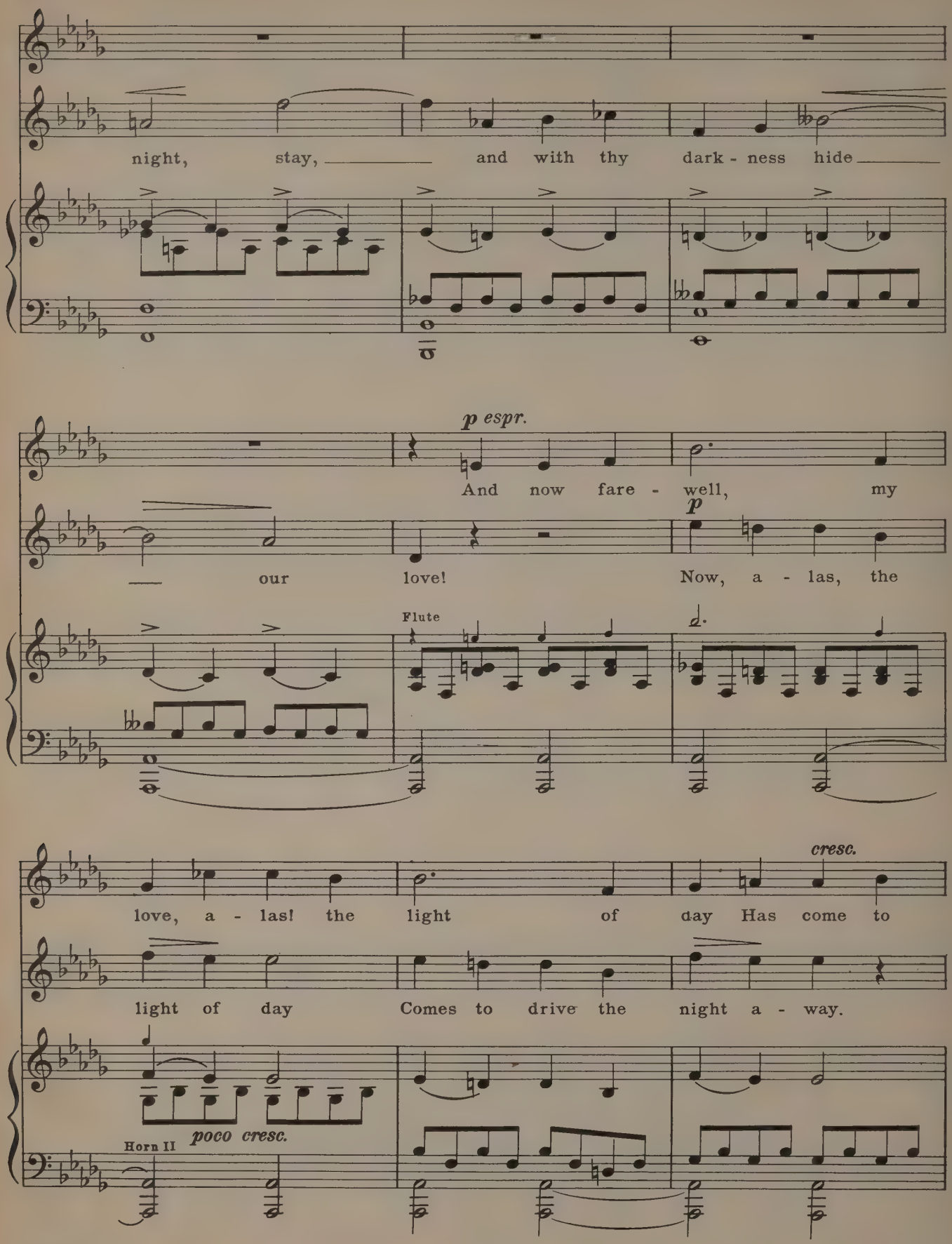

Juliet
f
The nurse is call - ing!
Nurse
f
My dear-est child, the
Romeo f
Ah! ____ A-las!
cresc.
sf
Tpts.
p
day has come! I pray you haste, 'tis time that you should part. Your la-dy
Vibl. pizz
'Cello pizz.
Tpts.
sf
p
Juliet
moth - - er comes to give you greet-ing. Ah nurse, we'll
Tpts.
sf

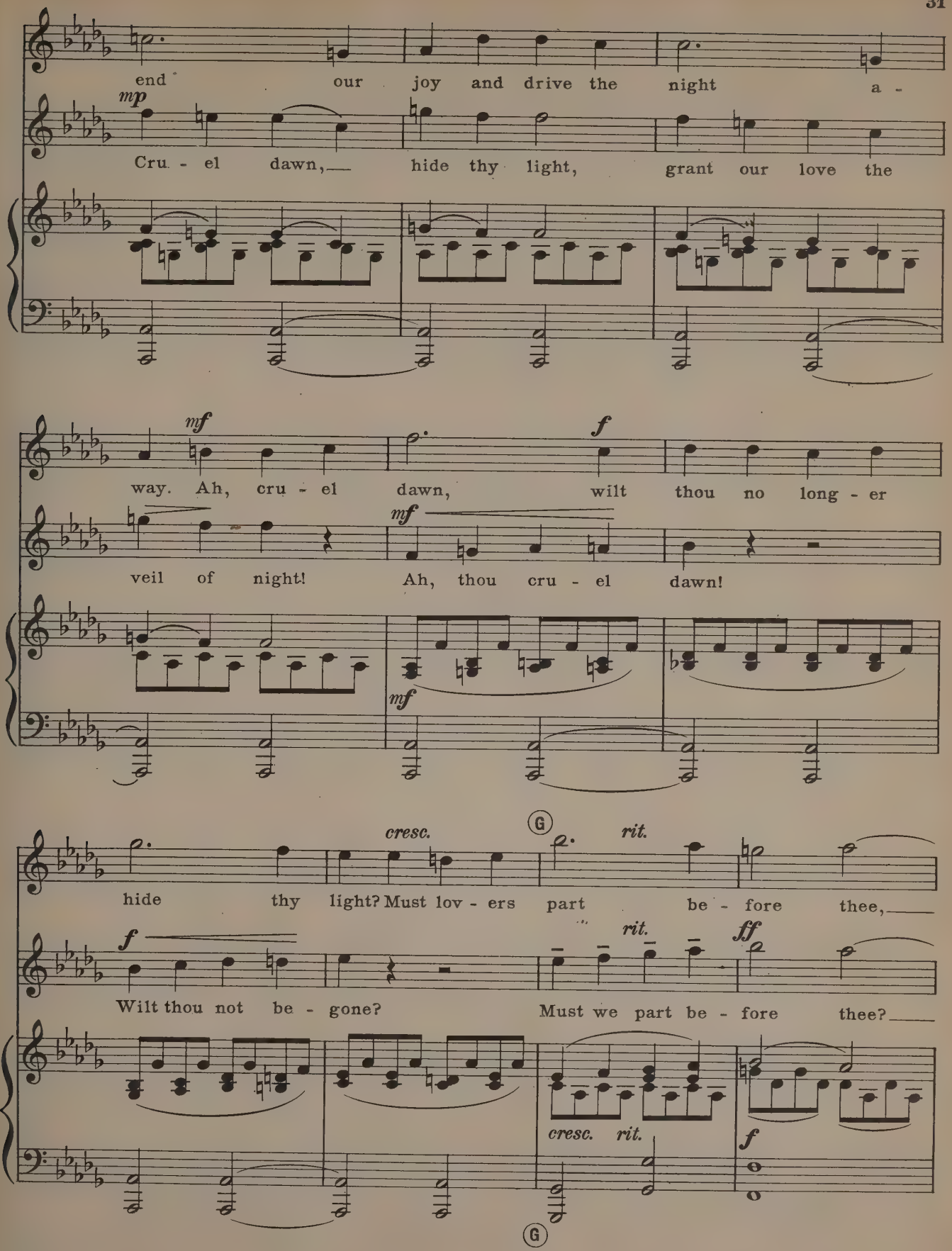


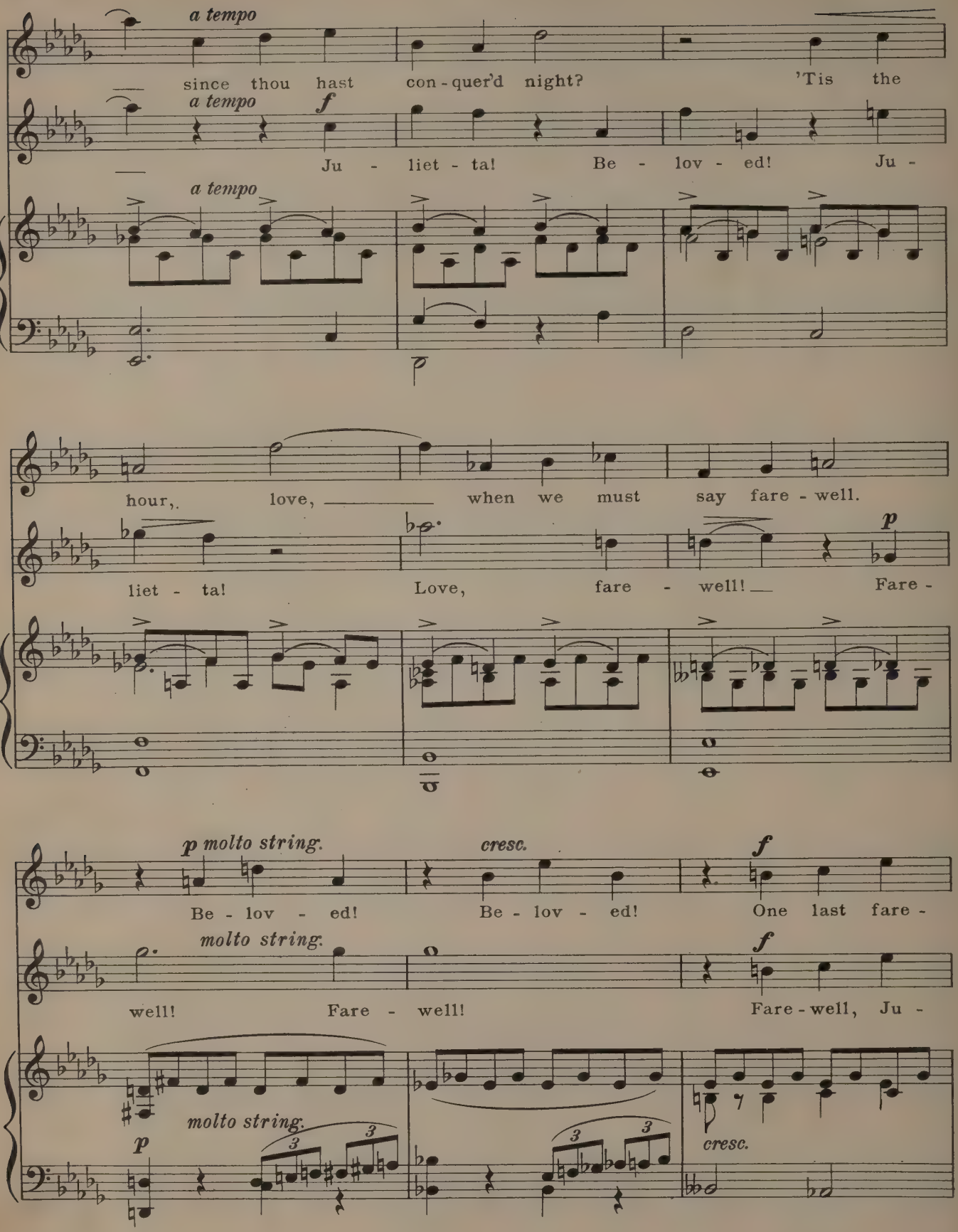
*) Use small notes if Nurse's part is cut.

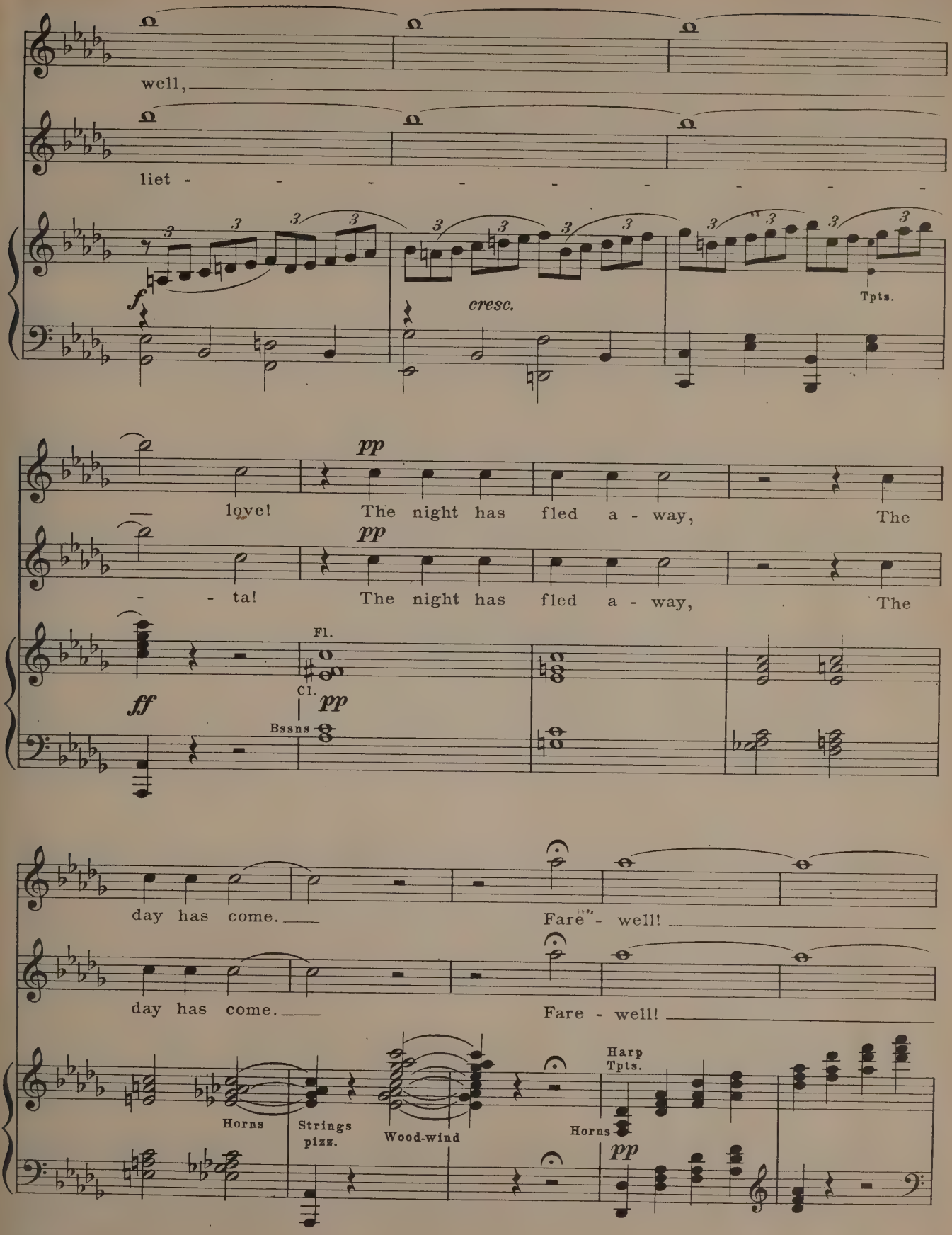

Allegro giusto pp
Fare - well, thou night of lov - er's joy, Of rap - ture full, with -
pp
Fare - well, thou night of lov - er's joy, Of rap - ture full, with -
Allegro giusto
Viol. I. II con sord.
pp
Harp
Viole div.
con sord.
out al - loy, Fare - well, each kiss and fond ca - ress, Fare - well, thou dream of
out al - loy, Fare - well, each kiss and fond ca - ress, Fare - well, thou dream of
hap - pi - ness! Why couldst thou not one mo - ment stay? Why must thou flee be -
hap - pi - ness! Why couldst thou not one mo - ment stay? Why must thou flee be -

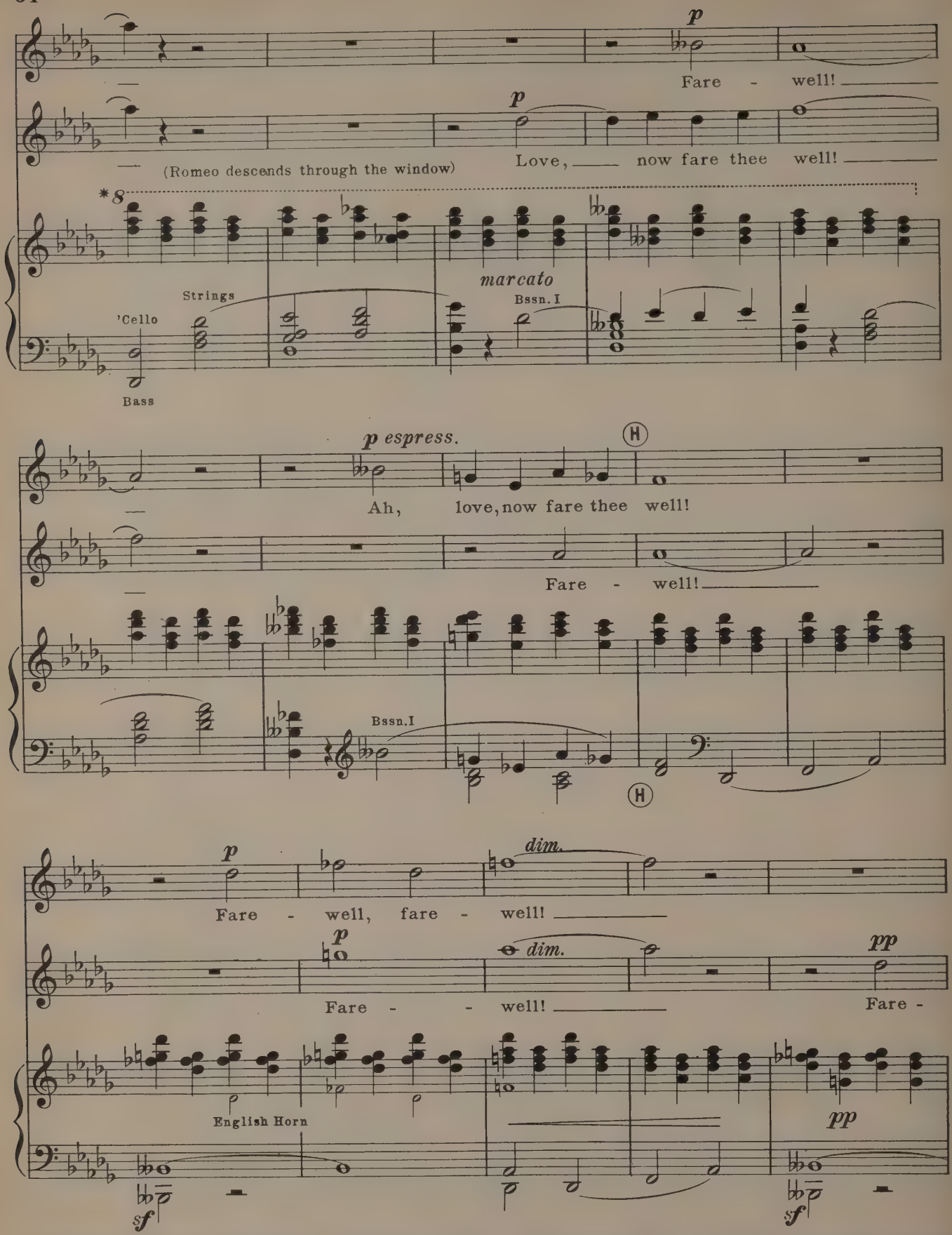

cresc.
fore the day? O night, fare - well, O night!
cresc. e poco accel.
mf
fore the day?
Canst thou not
cresc. e poco accel.
'Celli div.
con sord.
molto espr.
hide the dawn-ing light? O night of
Harp
mf
pp
Bssn.I
Bass
F
f
love, stay, thou must not yet be gone, Faith-ful
espress.
p
F


night, stay, and with thy dark - ness hide
p espr.
And now fare - well, my
our love! Now, a - las, the
Flute
love, a - las! the light of day Has come to
cresc.
light of day Comes to drive the night a - way.
poco cresc.
Horn II

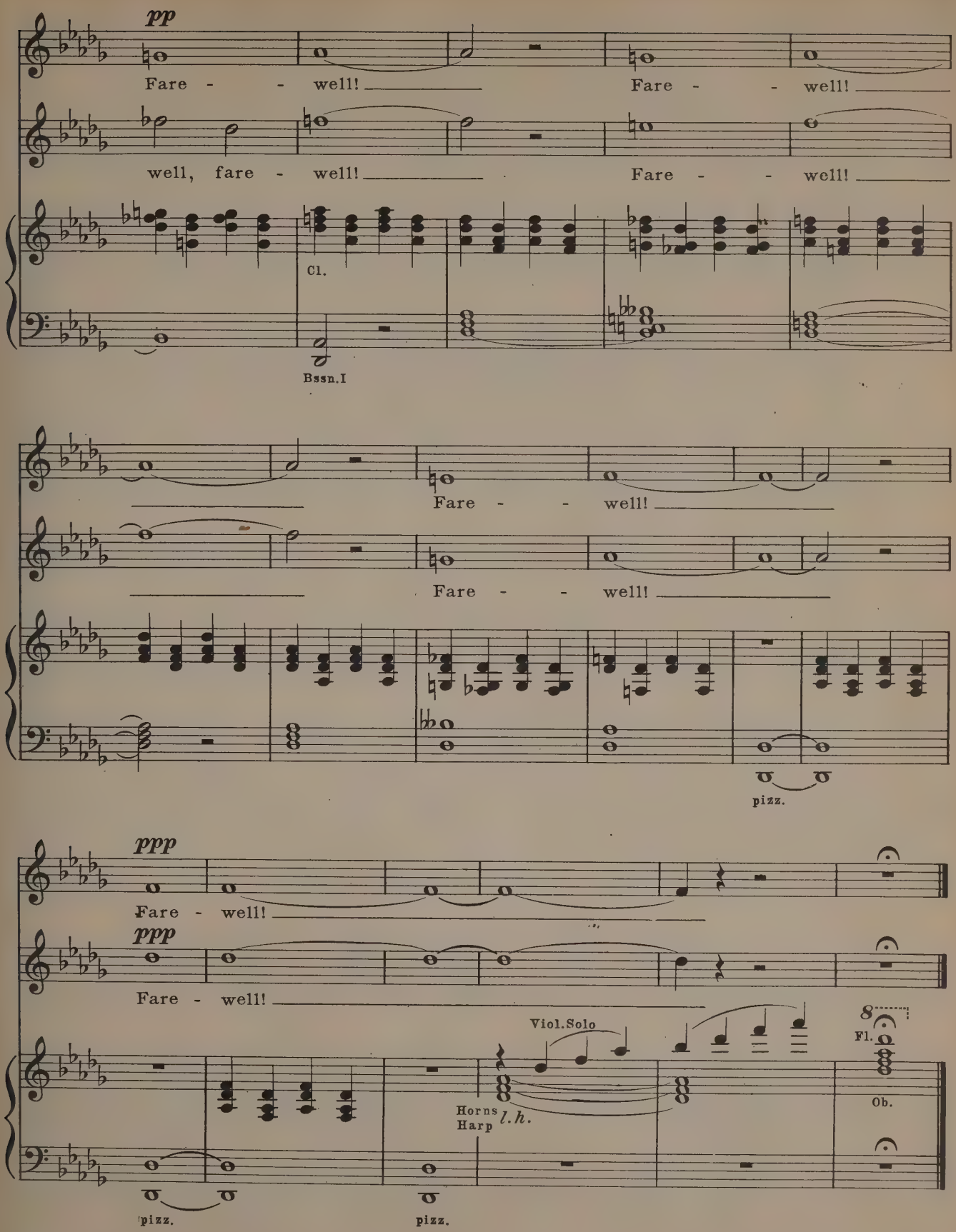

end our joy and drive the night a -
mp
Cru - el dawn, hide thy light, grant our love the
mf
way. Ah, cru - el dawn, wilt thou no long - er
f
mf
veil of night! Ah, thou cru - el dawn!
mf
cresc.
G
rit.
hide thy light? Must lov - ers part be - fore thee,
f
rit.
ff
Wilt thou not be - gone? Must we part be - fore thee?
cresc. rit.
f
G


a tempo
since thou hast con-quer'd night? 'Tis the
a tempo
f
Ju - liet - ta! Be - lov - ed! Ju -
a tempo
hour, love, when we must say fare - well.
liet - ta! Love, fare - well! Fare -
p
p molto string.
cresc.
f
Be - lov - ed! Be - lov - ed! One last fare -
molto string.
f
well! Fare - well! Fare - well, Ju -
molto string.
p
cresc.


well,
liet - - - - - - - - - -
f
cresc.
Tpts.
pp
love! The night has fled a - way, The
pp
- - ta! The night has fled a - way, The
ff
Fl.
Cl.
pp
Bssns
day has come.
Fare - well!
day has come.
Fare - well!
Horns
Strings pizz.
Wood-wind
Harp
Tpts.
Horns
pp



* These closing measures, taken from Tchaïkovsky's Overture to "Romeo and Juliet", do not appear in his sketches for the Duet.


pp
Fare - - well!
Fare - - well!
well, fare - well!
Fare - - well!
Cl.
Bssn.I
Fare - - well!
Fare - - well!
pizz.
ppp
Fare - well!
ppp
Fare - well!
Viol.Solo
Fl.
Ob.
Horns
Harp
l.h.
pizz.
pizz.

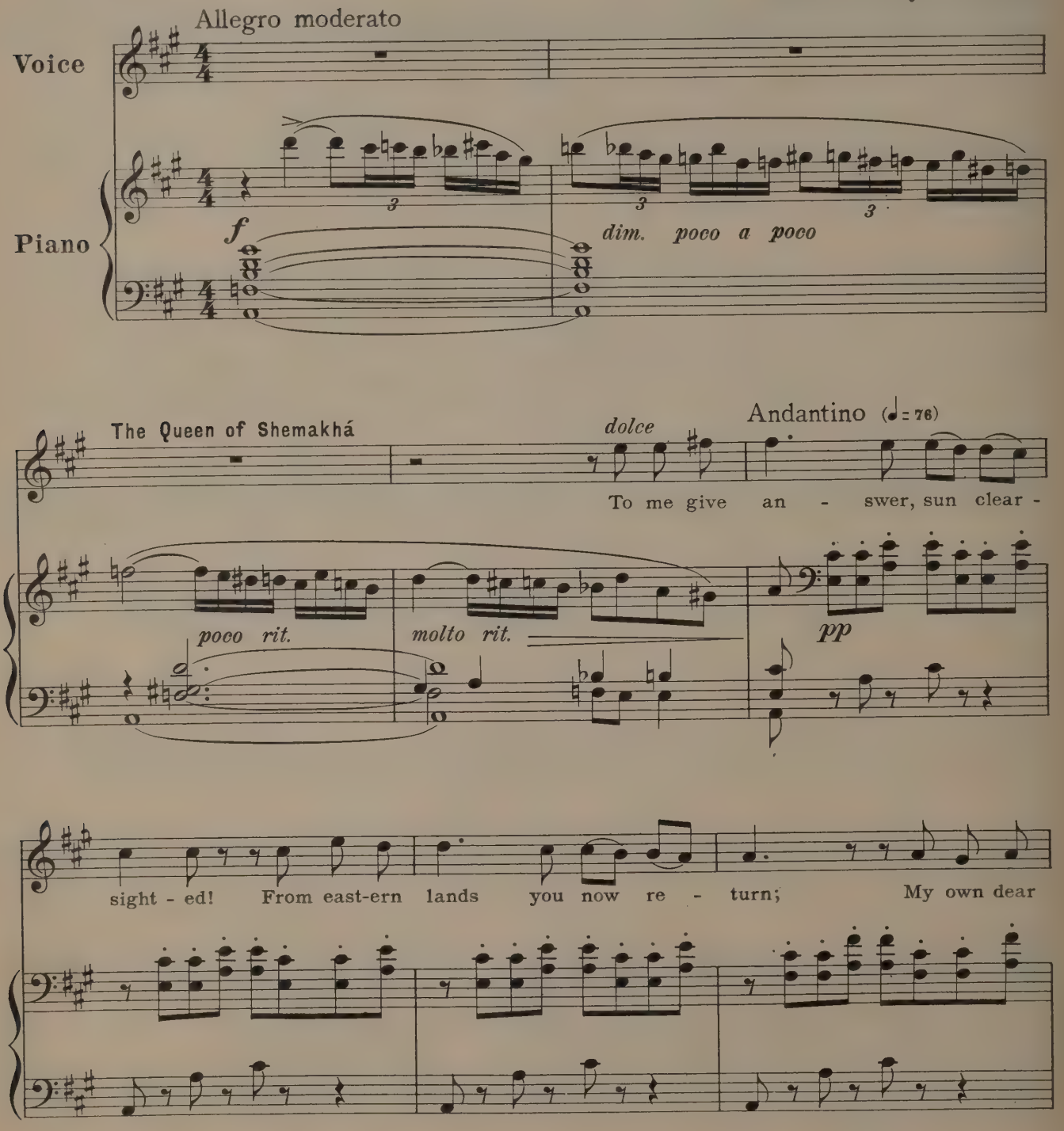
HYMN TO THE SUN

Air of the Queen of Shemakhá

(Piésn Shemakhánskoi tzarítzui "K'sólntzu")

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Deems Taylor

From the fairy opera
"The Golden Cockerel"
(Zolotói Pyetushók) by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff (1907)



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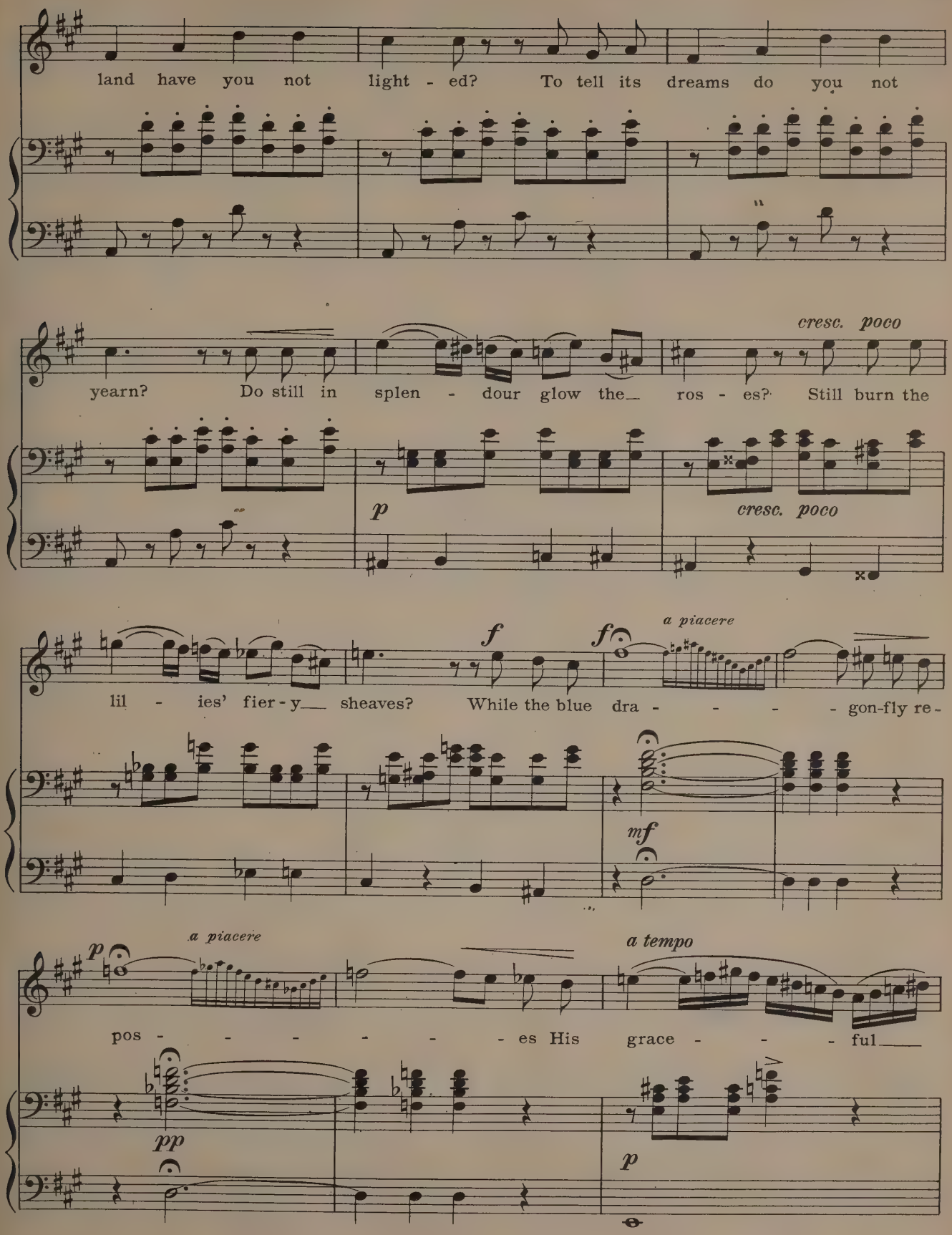
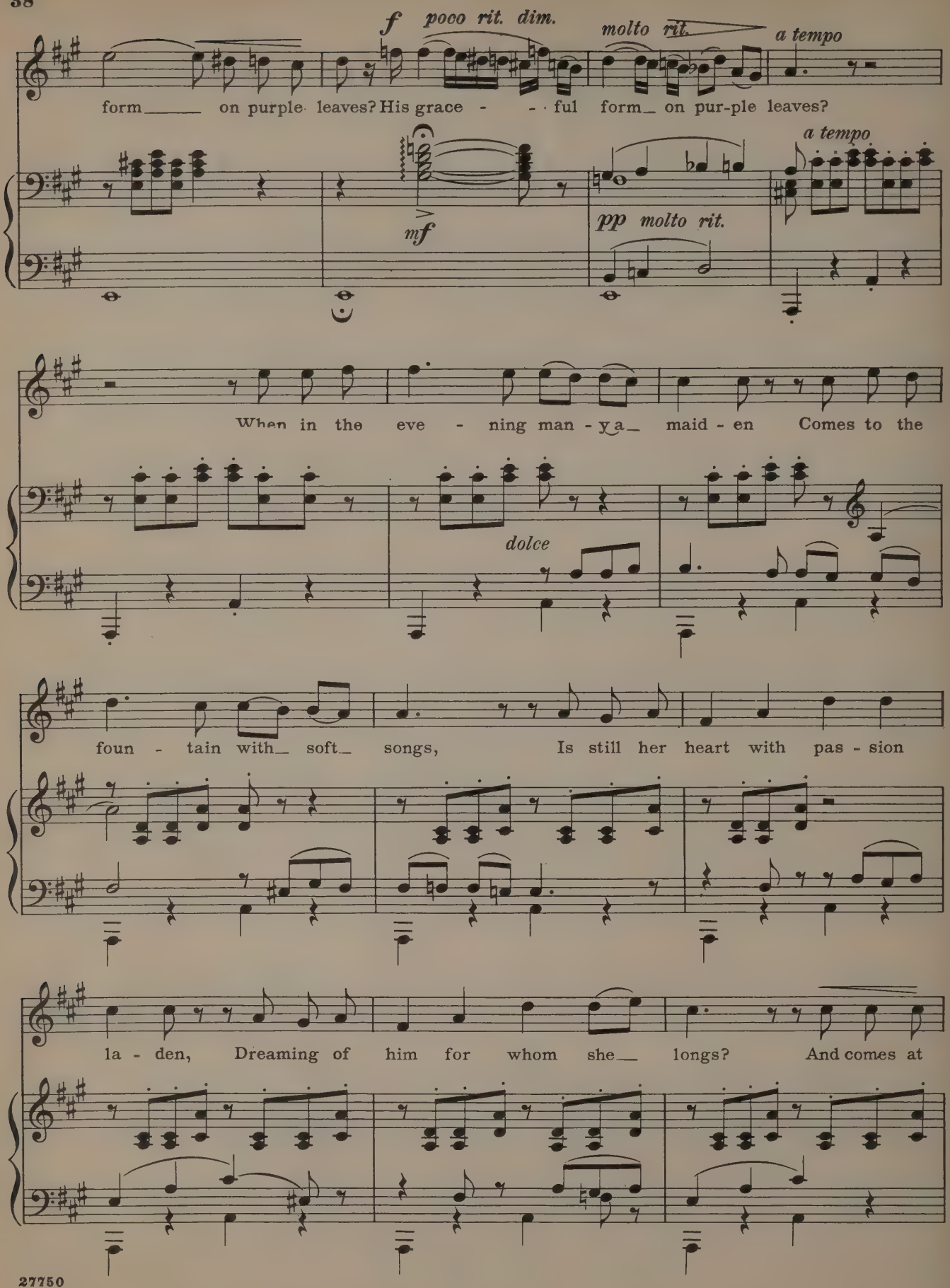
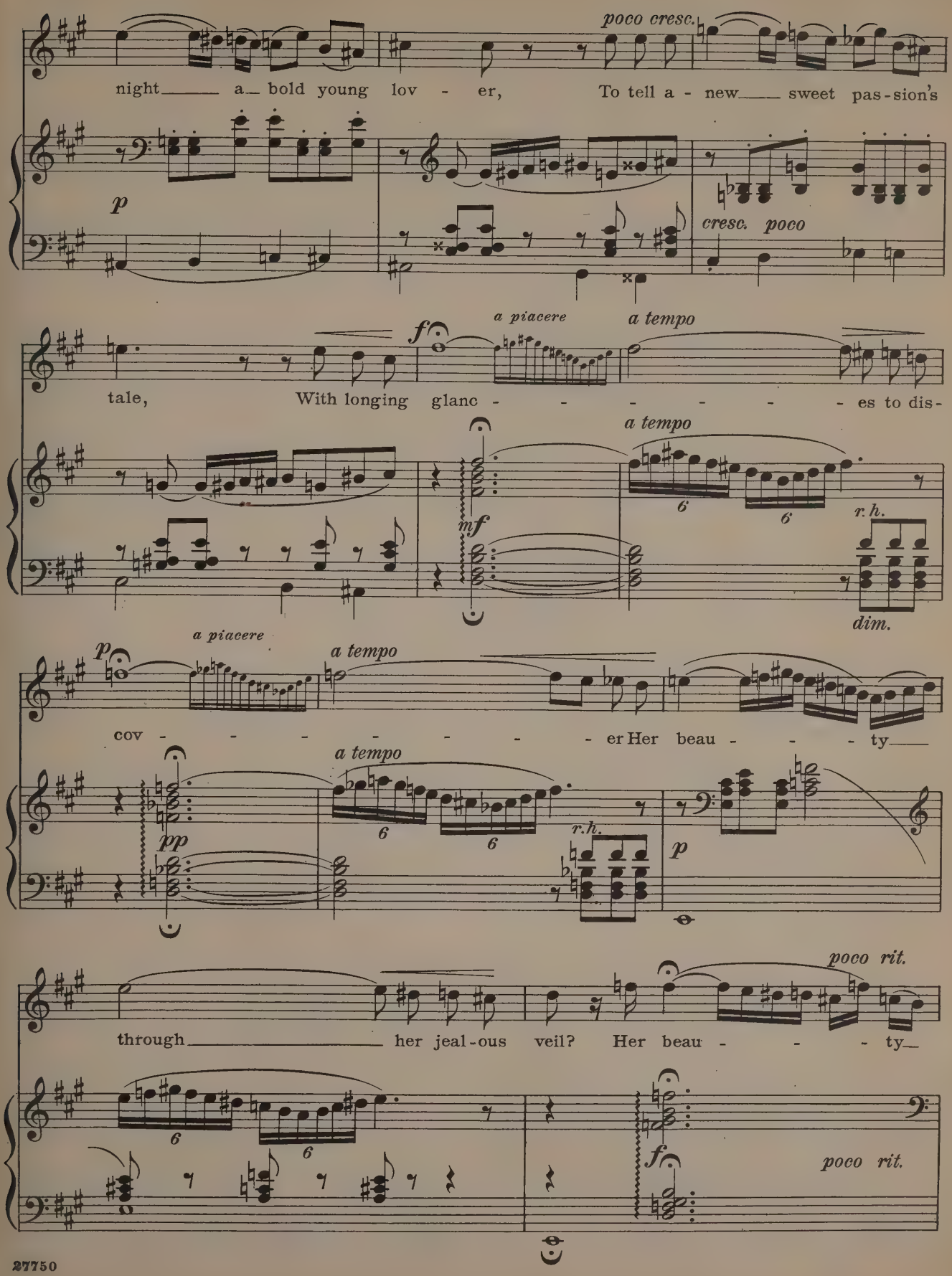
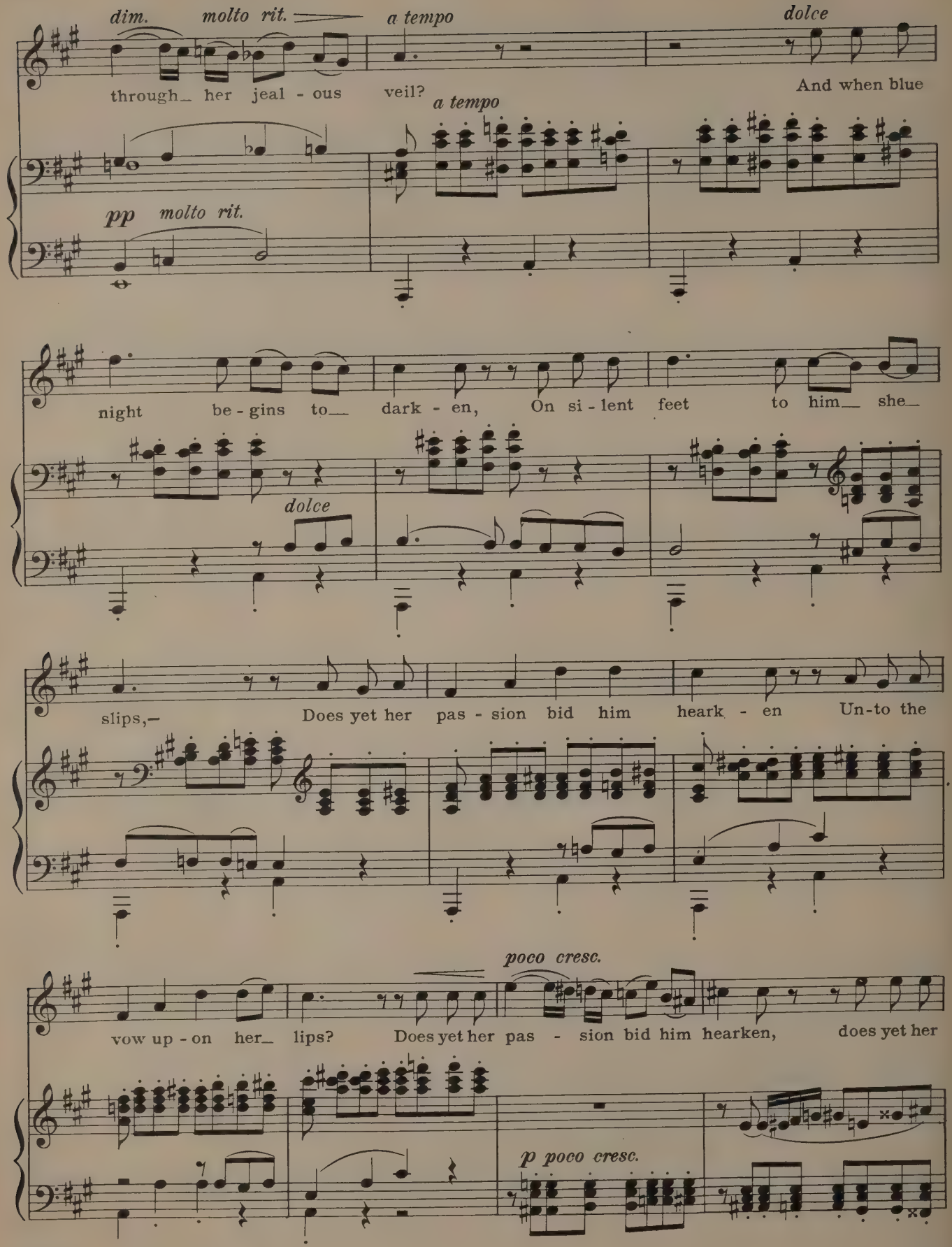
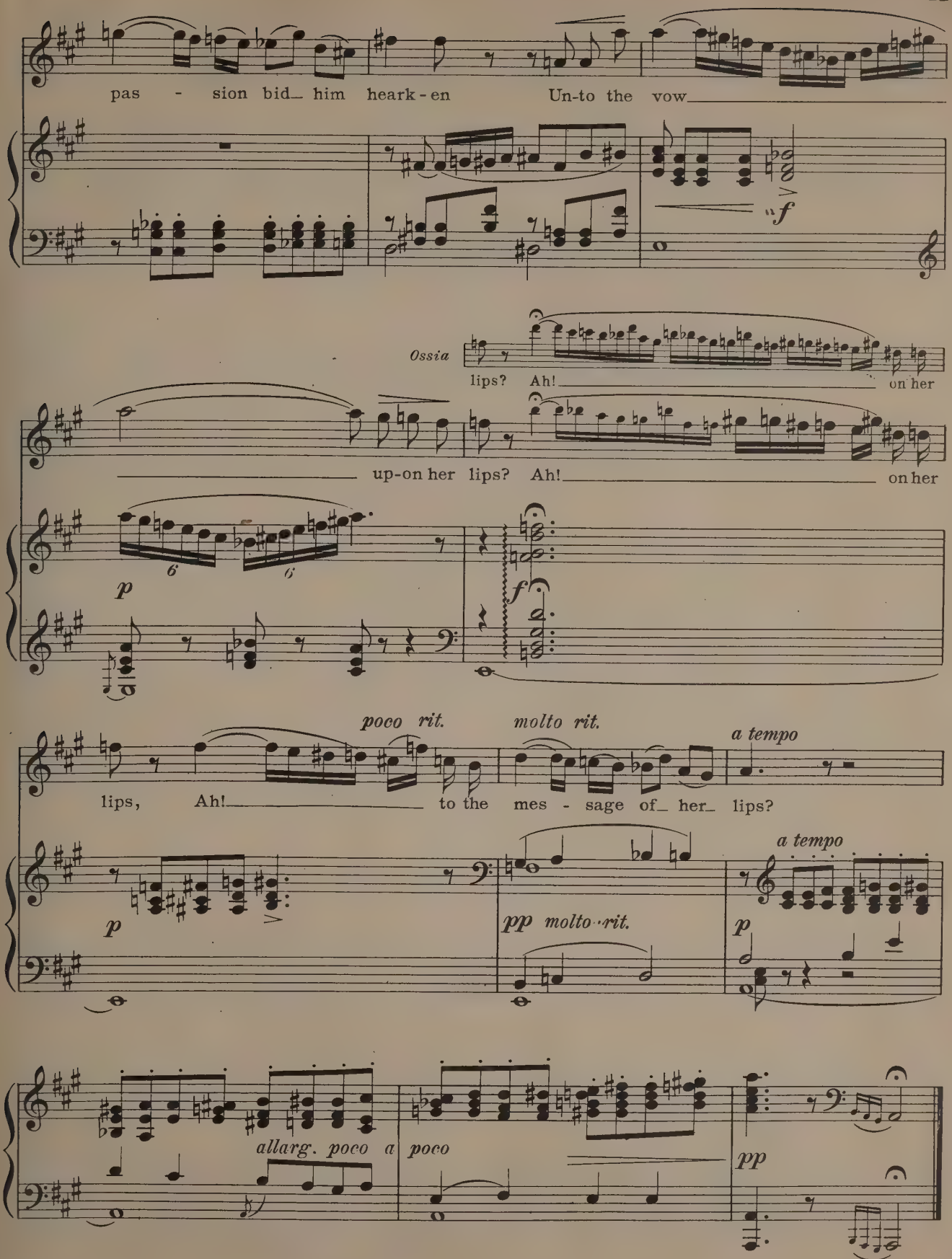

land have you not light - ed? To tell its dreams do you not
yearn? Do still in splen - dour glow the ros - es? Still burn the
cresc. poco
p
cresc. poco
lil - ies' fier - y sheaves? While the blue dra - - - - - gon-fly re -
f
f
a piacere
mf
pos - - - - - - - es His grace - - - - ful
a piacere
a tempo
pp
p


f poco rit. dim.
molto rit.
a tempo
form on purple leaves? His grace - - ful form on pur-ple leaves?
mf
pp molto rit.
a tempo
When in the eve - ning man - ya maid - en Comes to the
dolce
foun - tain with soft songs, Is still her heart with pas - sion
la - den, Dreaming of him for whom she longs? And comes at


poco cresc.
night a bold young lov - er, To tell a - new sweet pas-sion's
p
cresc. poco
a piacere
a tempo
f
tale, With longing glanc - - - - - - - es to dis-
a tempo
mf
6
6
r.h.
dim.
a piacere
p
a tempo
cov - - - - - - - er Her beau - - - ty
a tempo
pp
6
6
r.h.
p
poco rit.
through her jeal-ous veil? Her beau - - - ty
6
6
f
poco rit.


dim.
molto rit.
a tempo
dolce
through her jeal - ous veil?
And when blue
a tempo
pp
molto rit.
night be - gins to dark - en, On si - lent feet to him she
dolce
slips,— Does yet her pas - sion bid him heark - en Un-to the
poco cresc.
vow up - on her lips? Does yet her pas - sion bid him hearken, does yet her
p poco cresc.

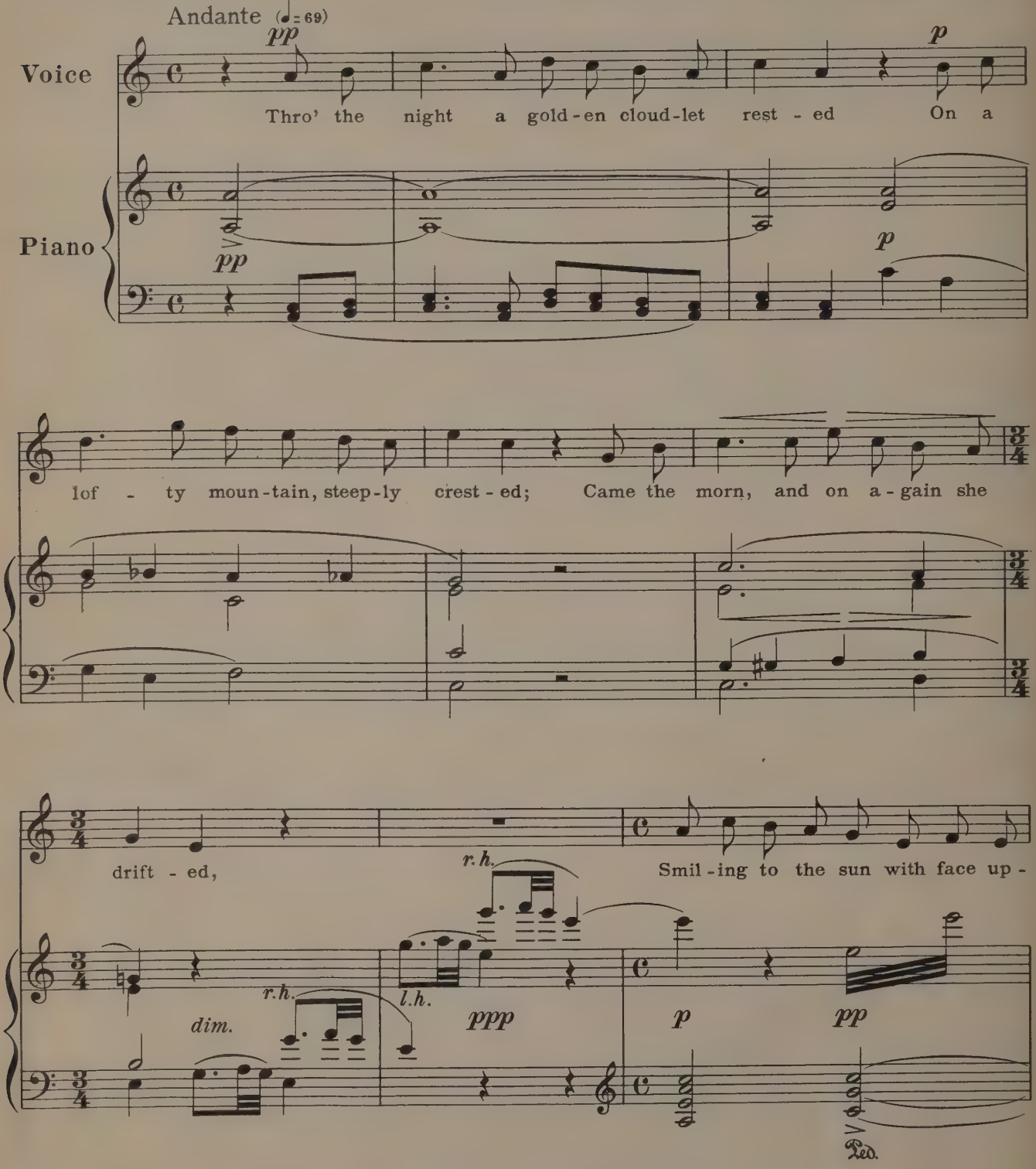

pas - sion bid_ him heark - en Un-to the vow_
f
Ossia
lips? Ah! on her
up-on her lips? Ah! on her
p
f
poco rit.
molto rit.
a tempo
lips, Ah! to the mes - sage of_ her_ lips?
p
pp molto rit.
a tempo
p
allarg. poco a poco
pp

The Cloud and the Mountain

(Notchevála tōōtchka zolotáya)

Poem by M. Lérmontoff
English version by
Deems Taylor

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 3, No. 3 (1866)



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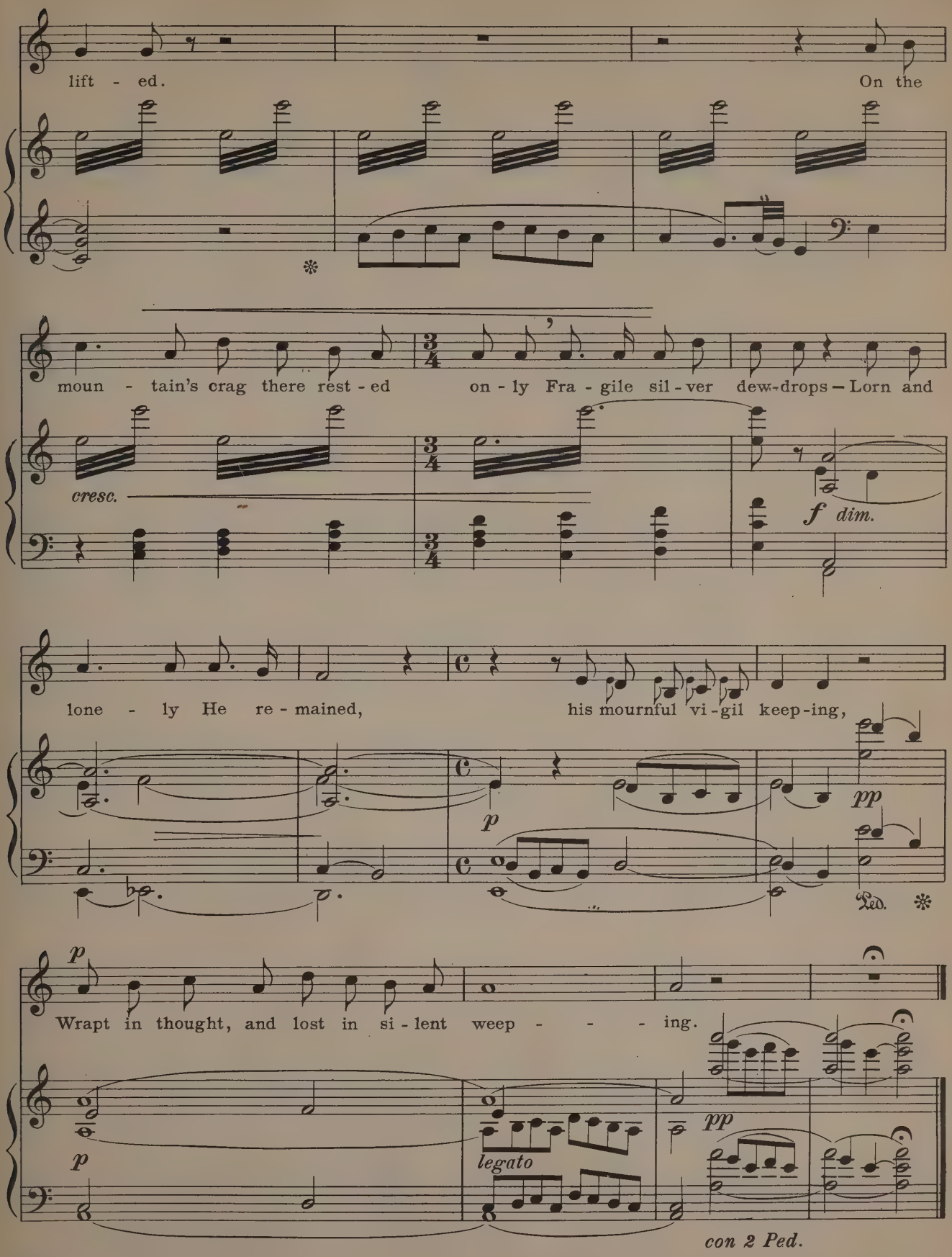

lift - ed.
On the
moun - tain's crag there rest - ed
on - ly Fra - gile sil - ver dew-drops — Lorn and
cresc.
f dim.
lone - ly He re - mained,
his mournful vi - gil keep - ing,
p
pp
Ped.
p
Wrapt in thought, and lost in si - lent weep - - - - ing.
p
legato
pp
con 2 Ped.

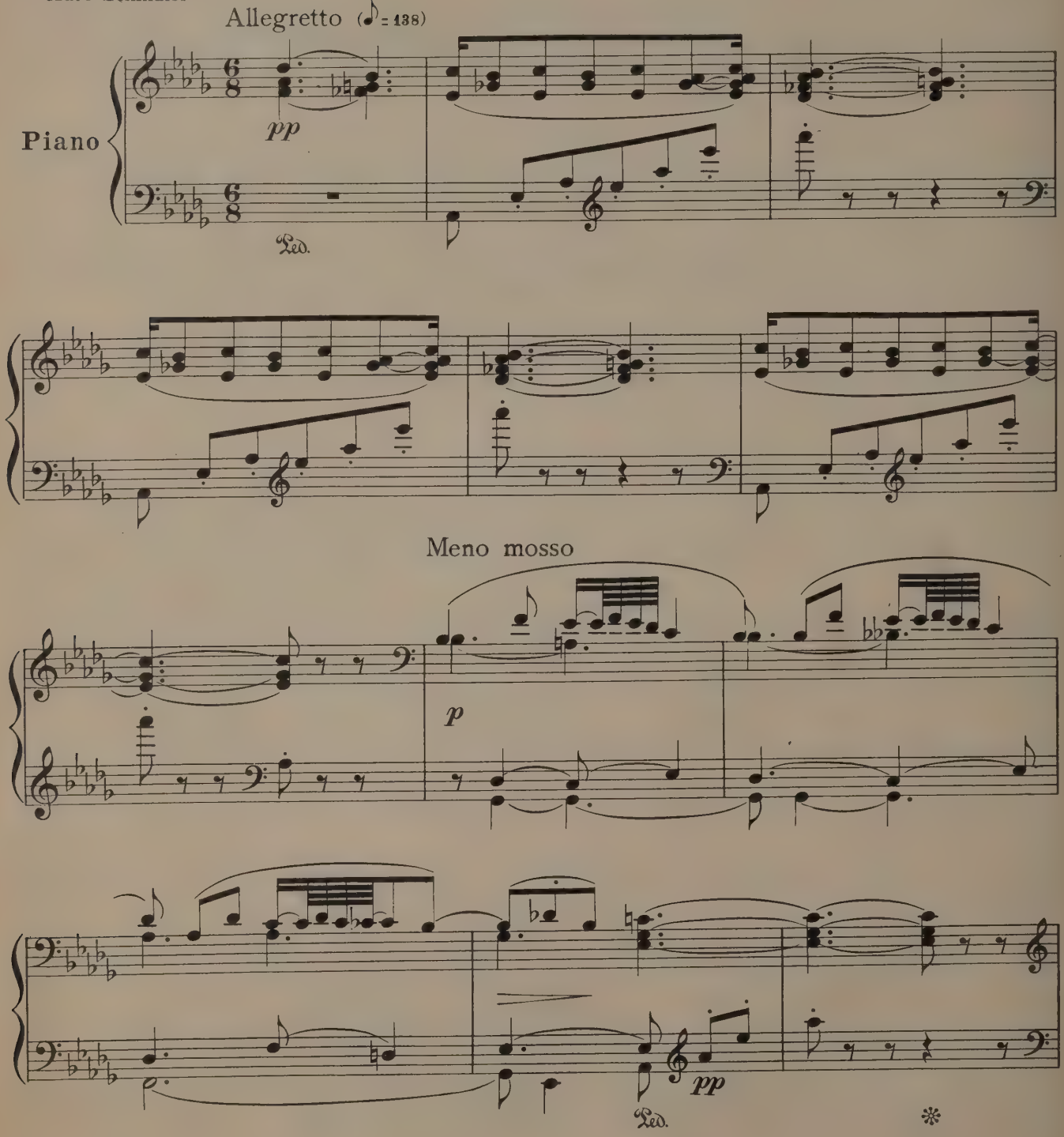
To César Cui

In Silent Woods

(V'tiómnoi róshtchye zamólk salavyéi)

Poem by Nikítin
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op. 4, No. 3 (1866)



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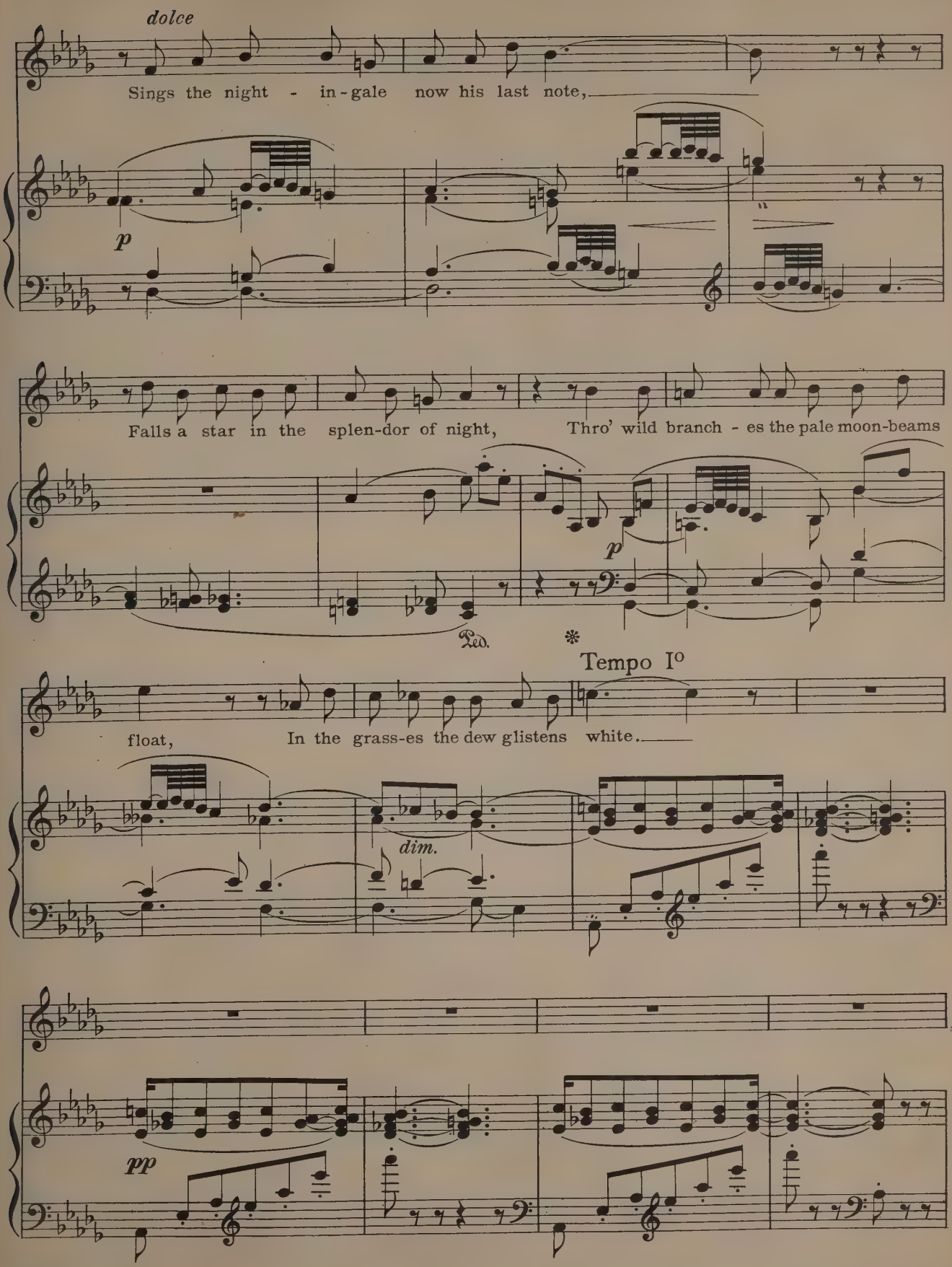
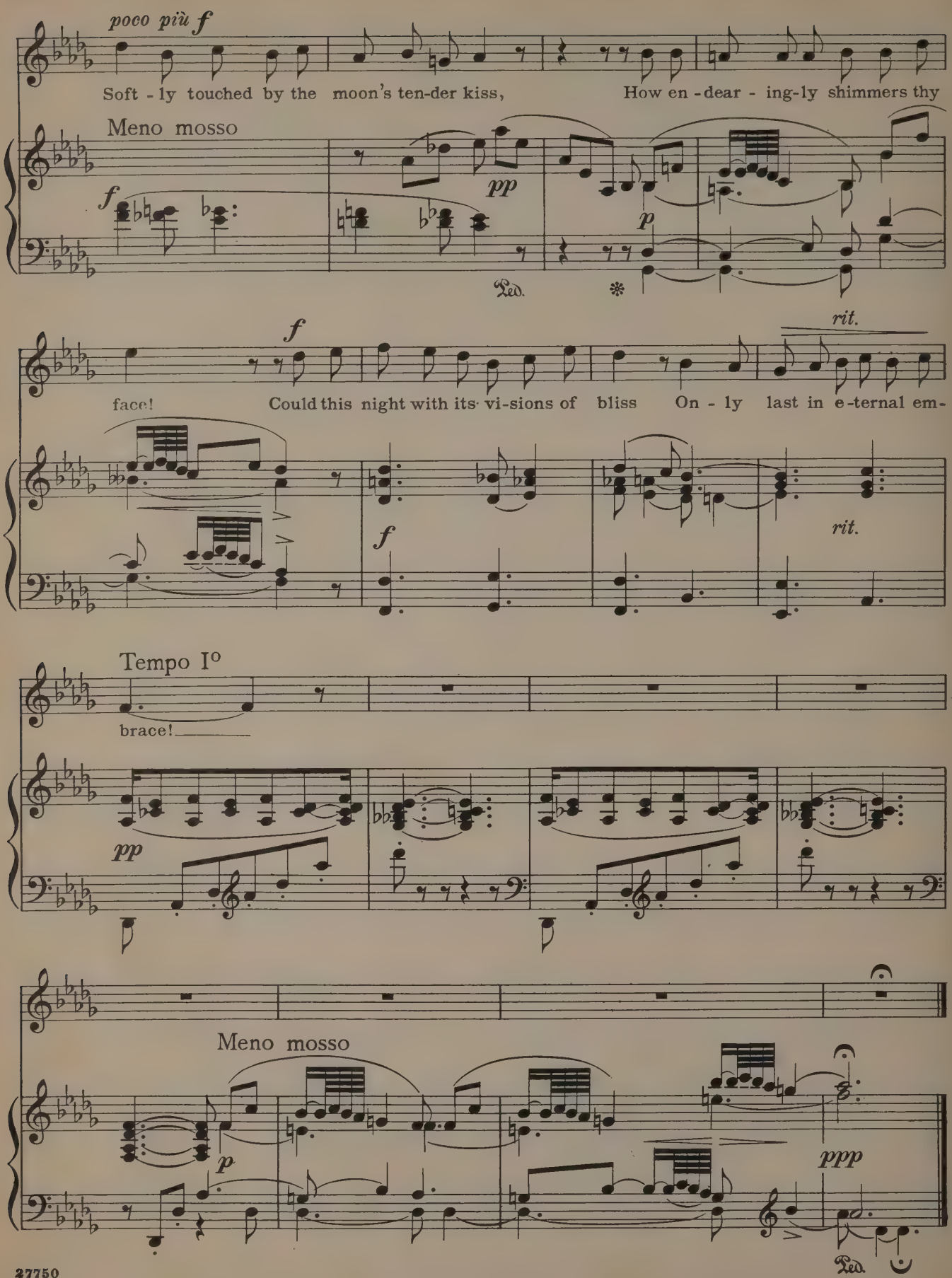

dolce
Sings the night - in-gale now his last note,
p
Falls a star in the splen-dor of night,
Thro' wild branch - es the pale moon-beams
p
Ped.
*
Tempo Io
float,
In the grass-es the dew glistens white.
dim.
pp


poco più f
Soft - ly touched by the moon's ten-der kiss, How en - dear - ing-ly shimmers thy
Meno mosso
f
pp
p
Led.
*
f
rit.
face! Could this night with its vi-sions of bliss On - ly last in e-ternal em-
f
rit.
Tempo Iº
brace!
pp
Meno mosso
p
ppp
Led.

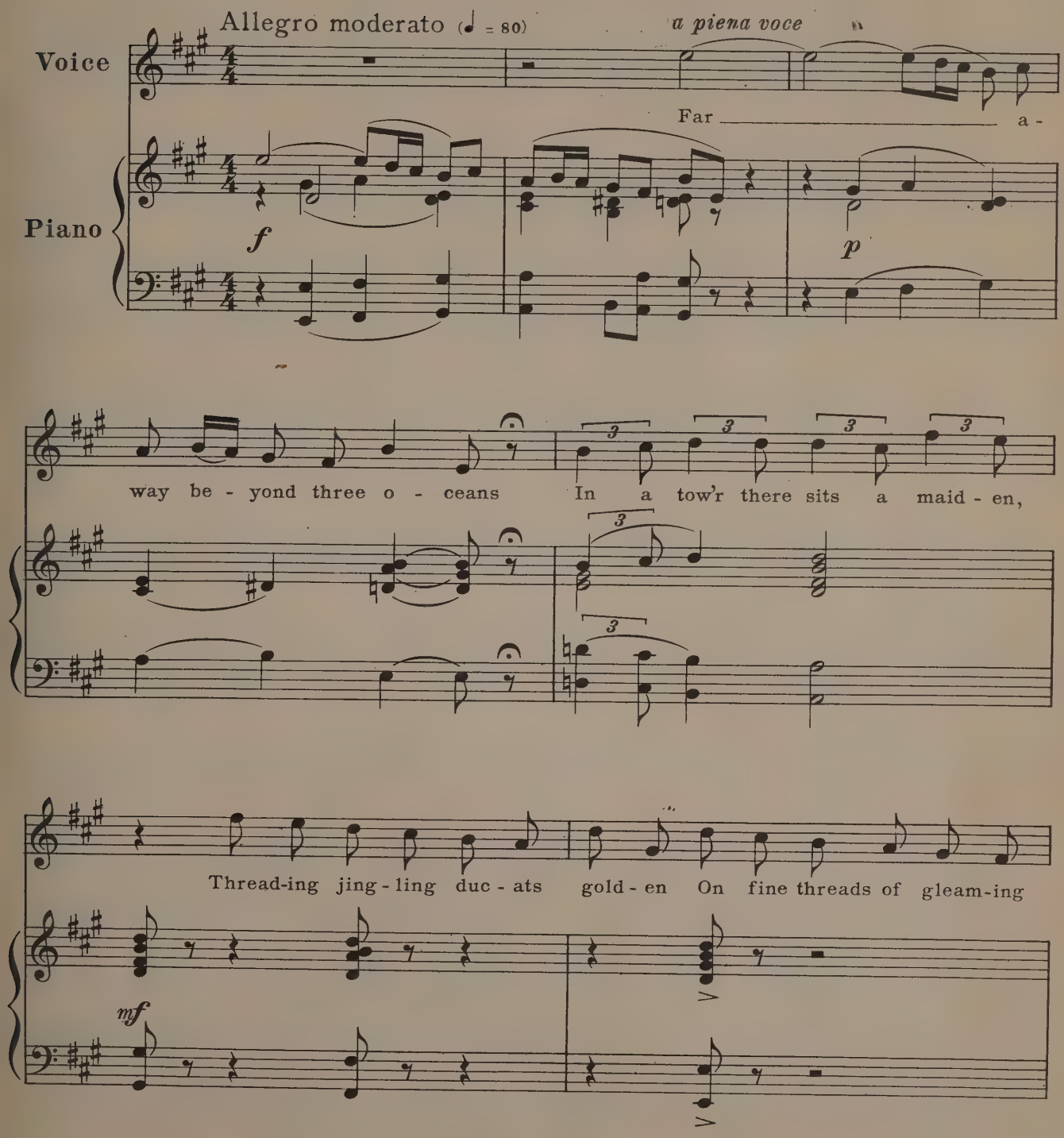
The Maid and the Sun

(Dyéva i Sólntze)

Poem by Maïkoff
From the New Greek Songs

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff. Op. 50, No. 1
(Composed 1897)


Allegro moderato (♩ = 80)
a piena voce
Voice
Piano
Far a -
f
p
way be - yond three o - ceans
In a tow'r there sits a maid - en,
Thread-ing jing - ling duc - ats
gold - en On fine threads of gleam-ing
mf

27750

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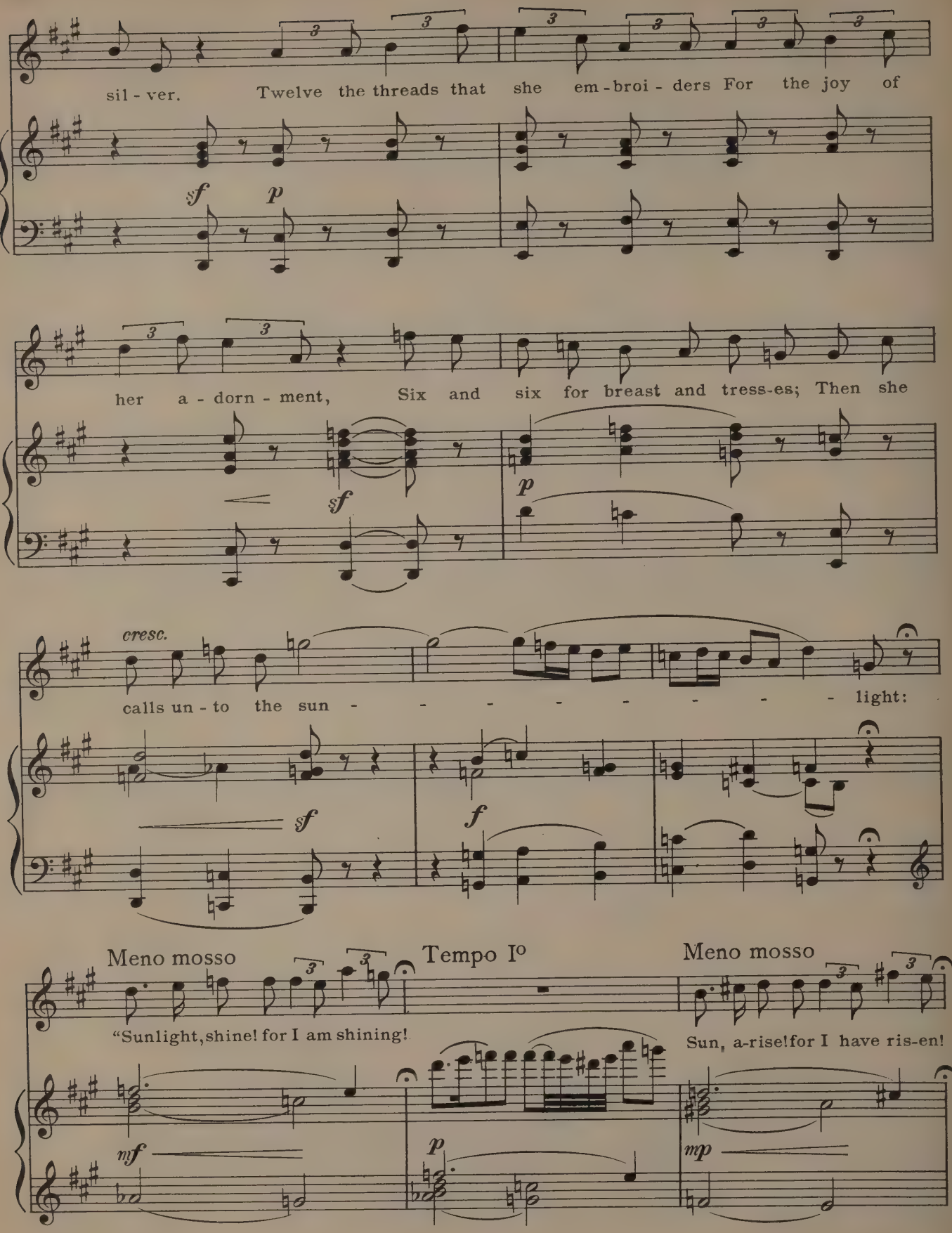
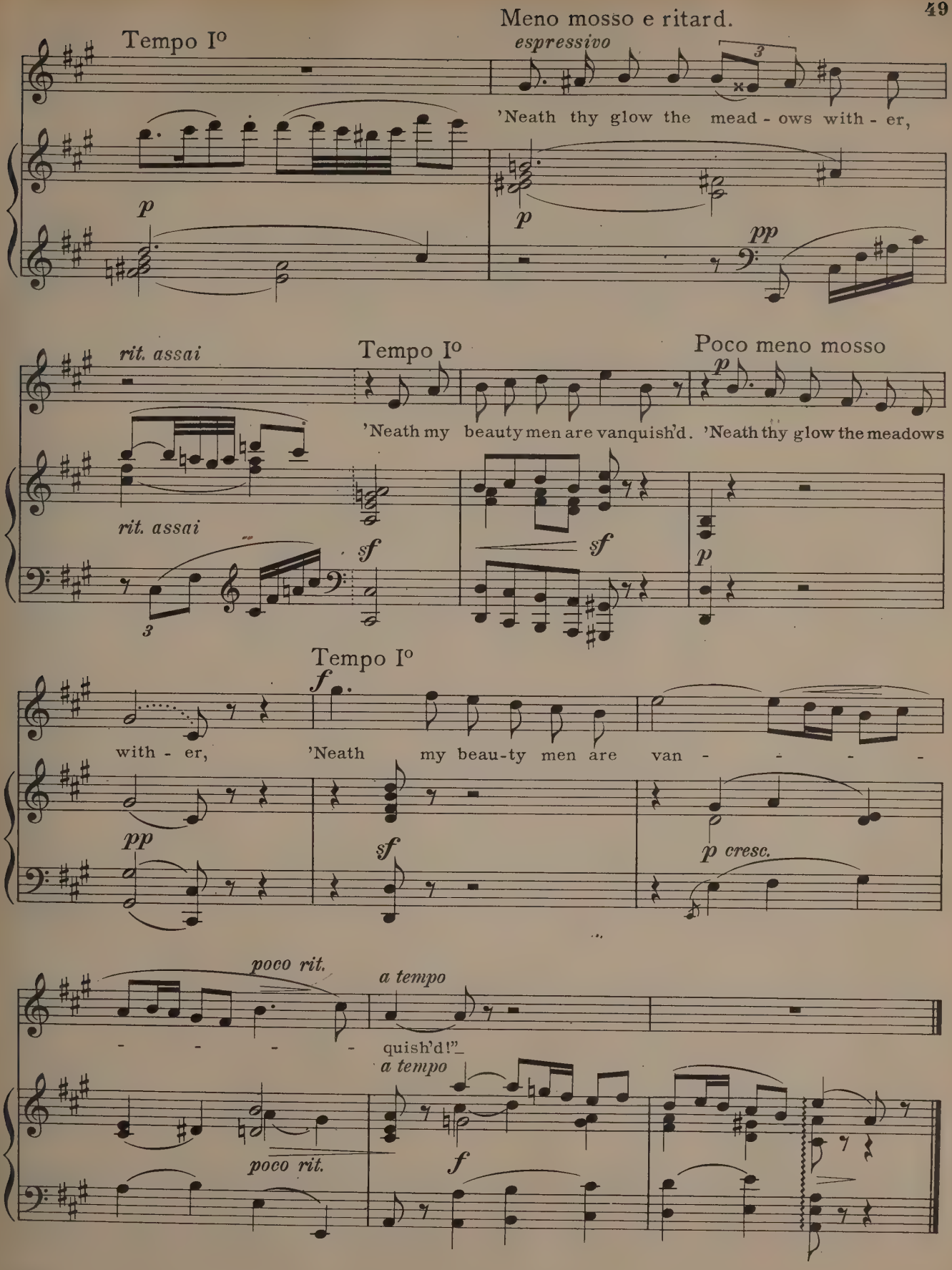

sil - ver. Twelve the threads that she em - broi - ders For the joy of
sf p
her a - dorn - ment, Six and six for breast and tress-es; Then she
sf p
cresc.
calls un - to the sun - - - - - - - - - light:
sf f
Meno mosso
"Sunlight, shine! for I am shining!
Tempo Io
Meno mosso
Sun, a-rise! for I have ris-en!
mf p mp


Tempo I°
Meno mosso e ritard.
espressivo
'Neath thy glow the mead - ows with - er,
p
p
pp
rit. assai
Tempo I°
Poco meno mosso
'Neath my beauty men are vanquish'd. 'Neath thy glow the meadows
rit. assai
sf
sf
p
Tempo I°
f
with - er, 'Neath my beau-ty men are van - - - - -
pp
sf
p cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
- - - - - quish'd!"
a tempo
poco rit.
f

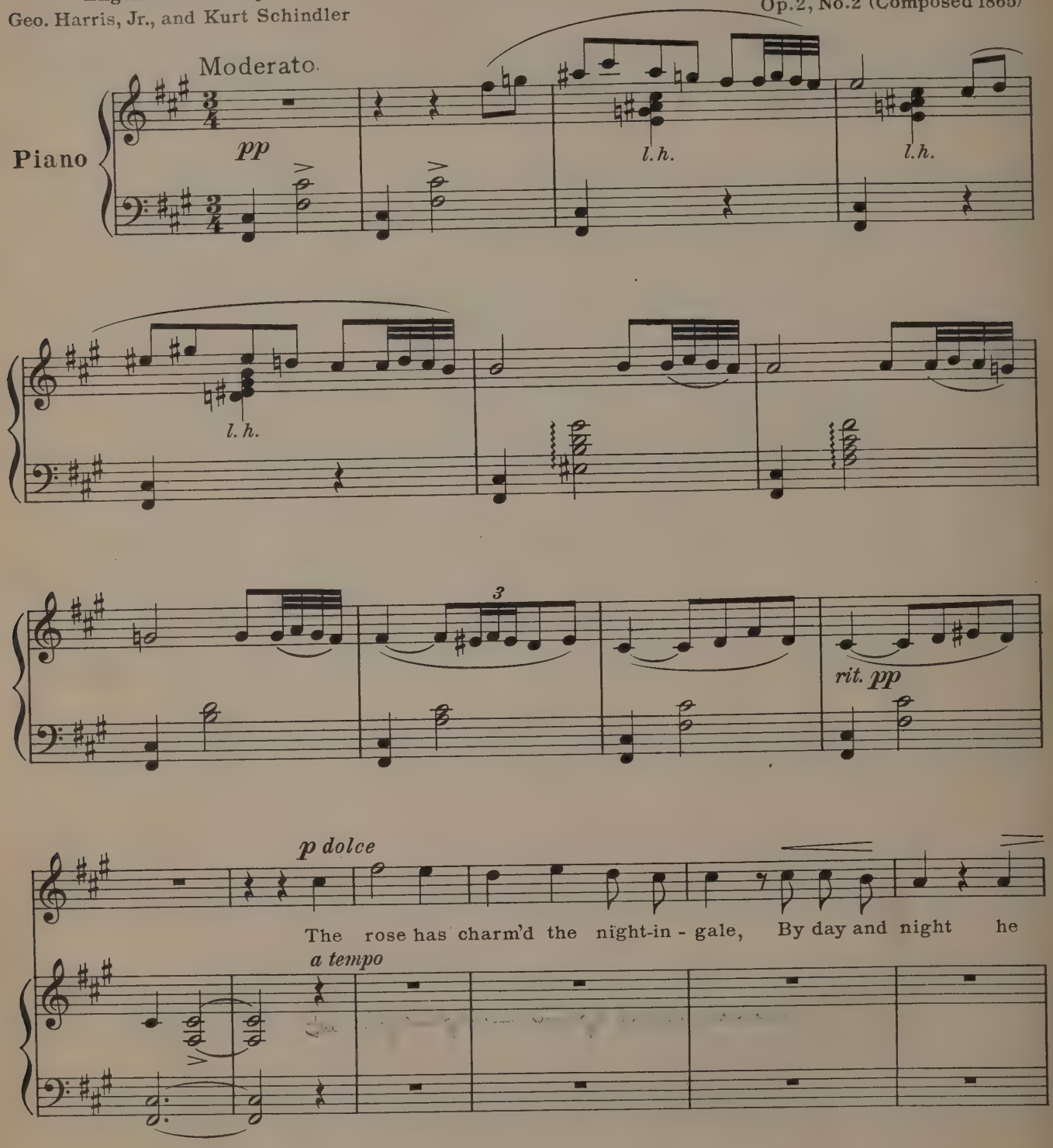
EASTERN ROMANCE

"The Rose has charmed the Nightingale"

(Vostótchnui Romáǹs: "Plenívshis rósoi, salavyéi")

Poem by A. Koltzóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
Op.2, No.2 (Composed 1865)



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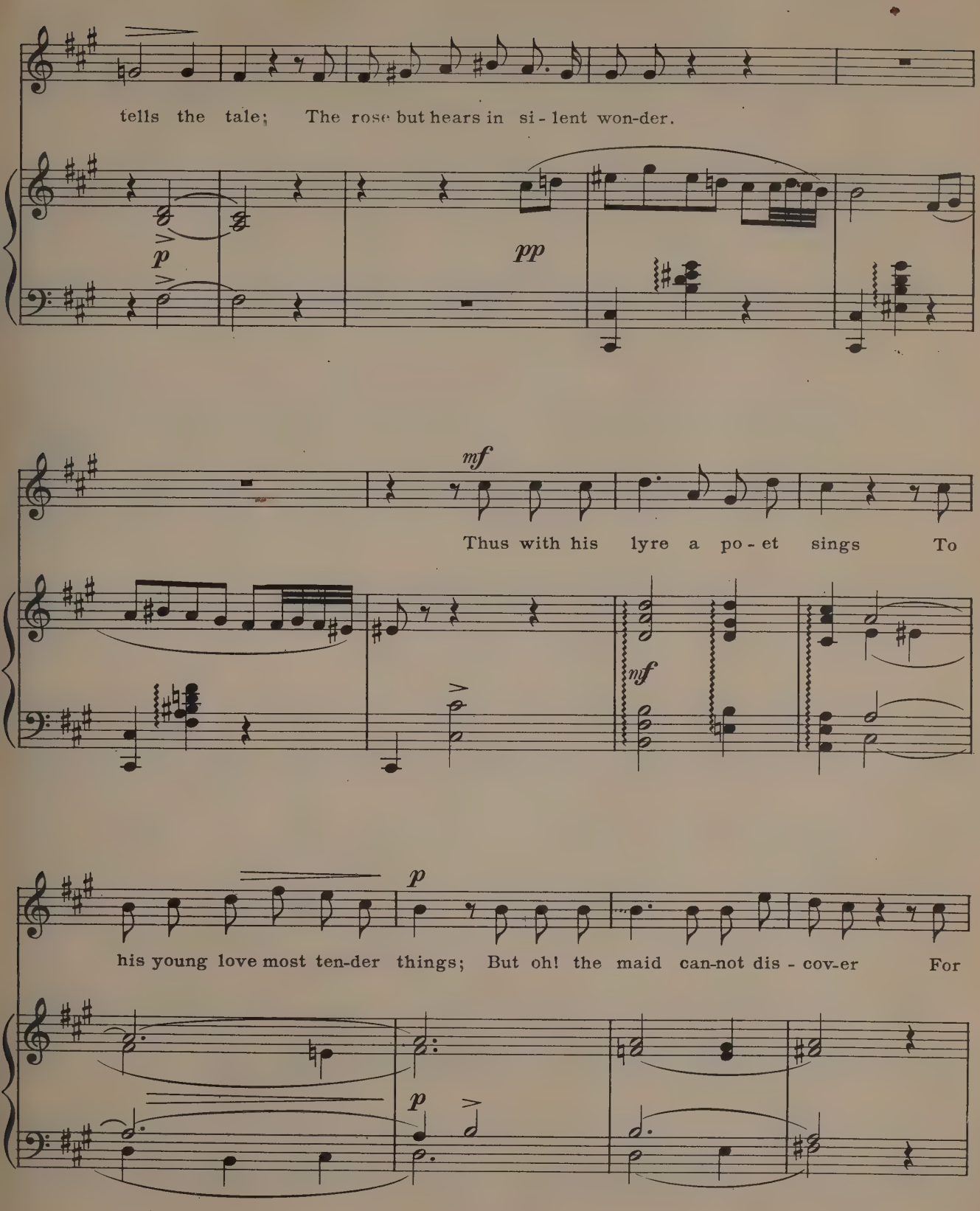
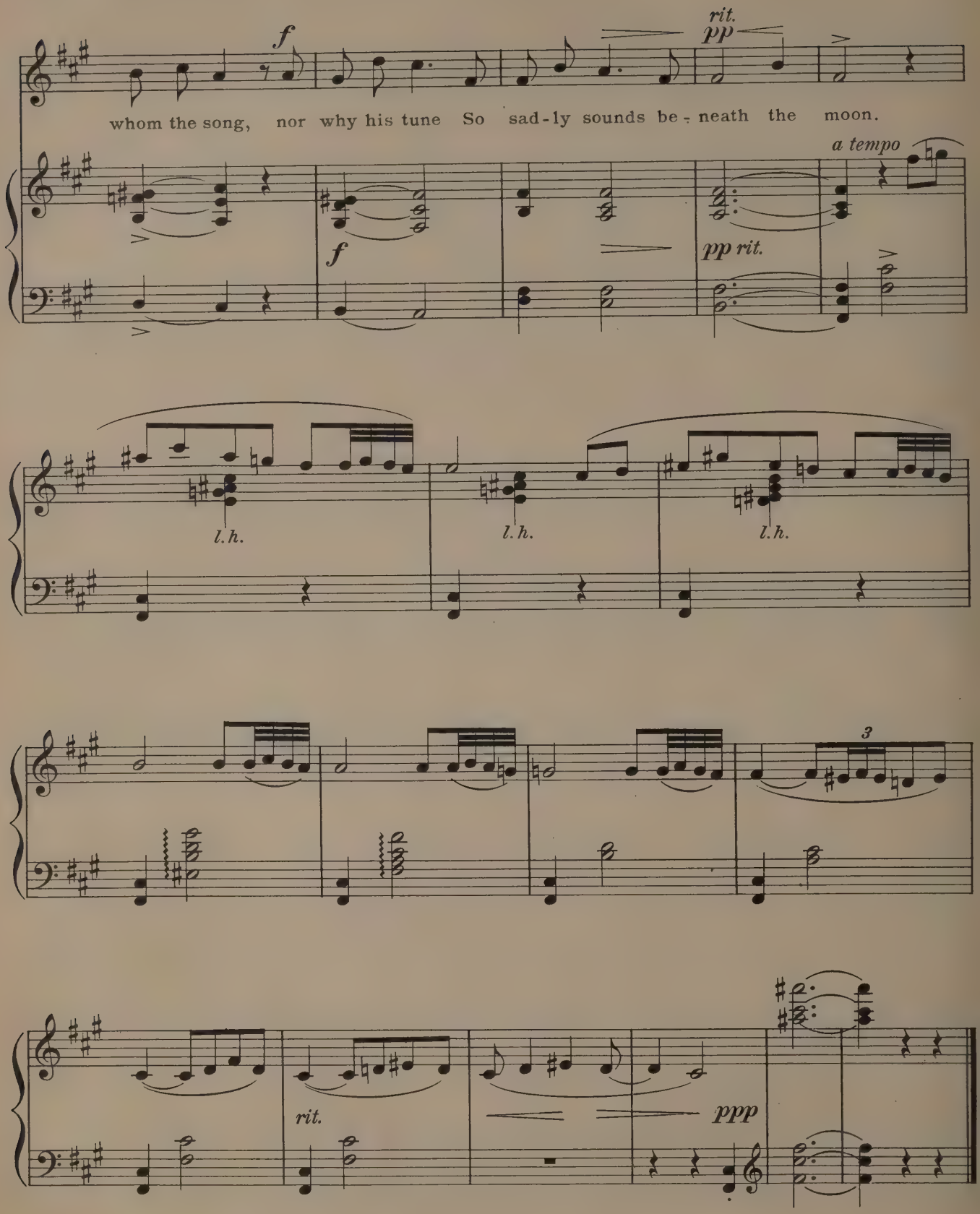

tells the tale; The rose but hears in si - lent won-der.
p
pp
mf
Thus with his lyre a po - et sings To
mf
p
his young love most ten-der things; But oh! the maid can-not dis - cov-er For
p

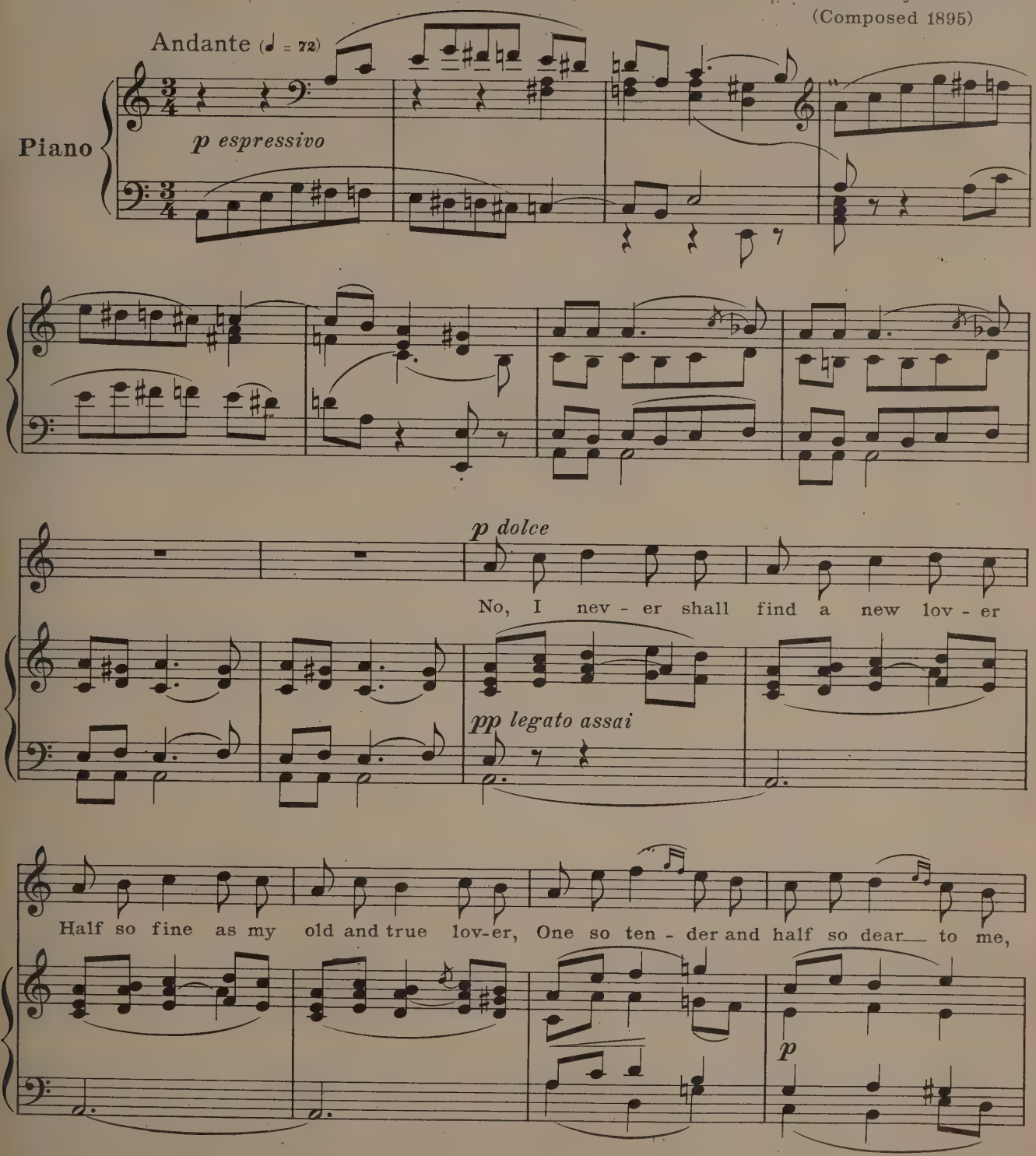

f
rit.
pp
whom the song, nor why his tune So sad-ly sounds be-neath the moon.
a tempo
f
pp rit.
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.
3
rit.
ppp

Oxana's Song

(Aria Oksánui)

English version by
Deems Taylor

Music* by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff
(Composed 1895)


Andante (♩ = 72)
Piano
p espressivo
p dolce
No, I nev - er shall find a new lov - er
pp legato assai
Half so fine as my old and true lov-er, One so ten - der and half so dear to me,
p

* From the opera "Christmas Night" (Notch péred Rozhdestvóm); the text adapted from the Little-Russian novel by Gógol in "The Evenings on a Farm near Dikánka".

27750

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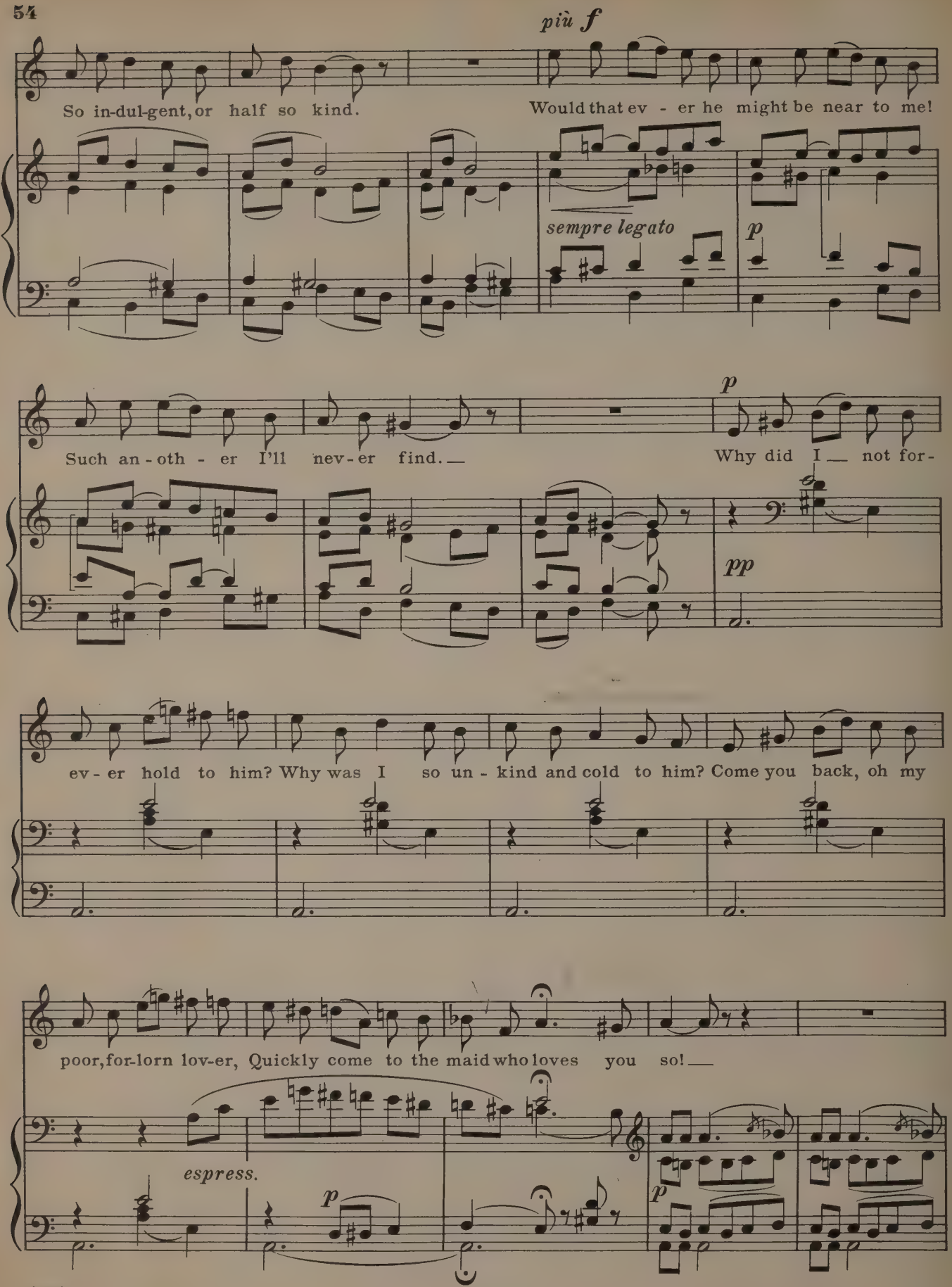
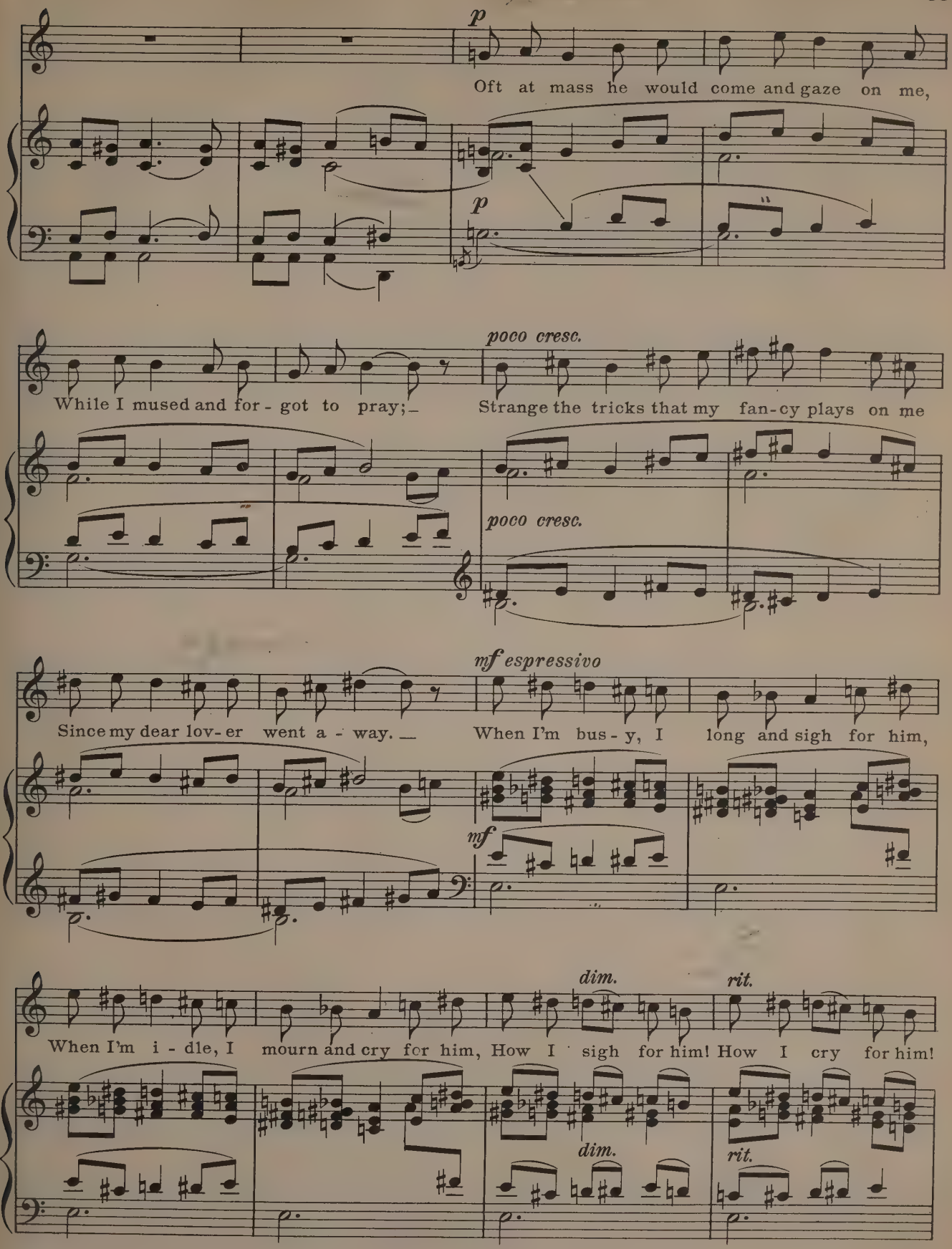
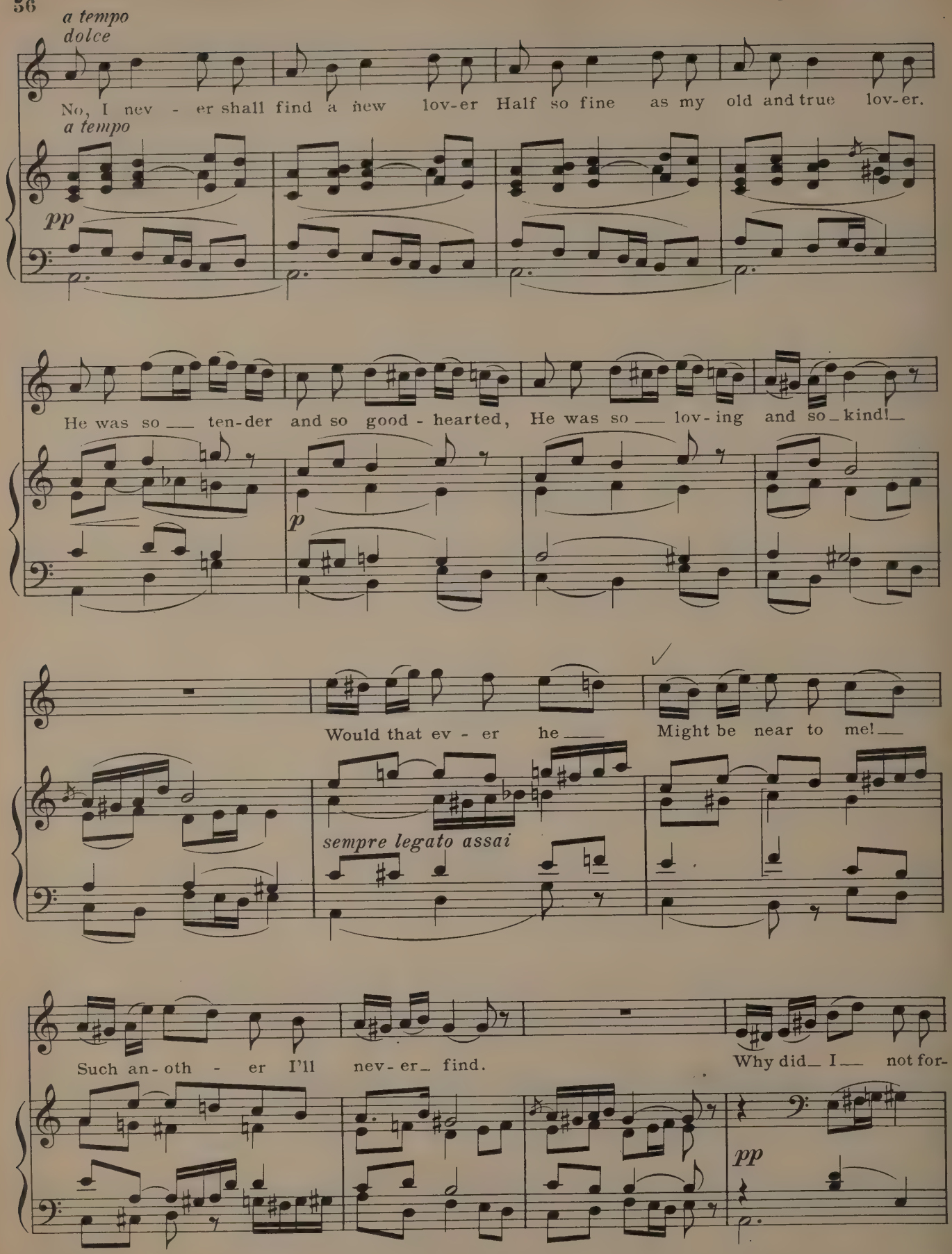
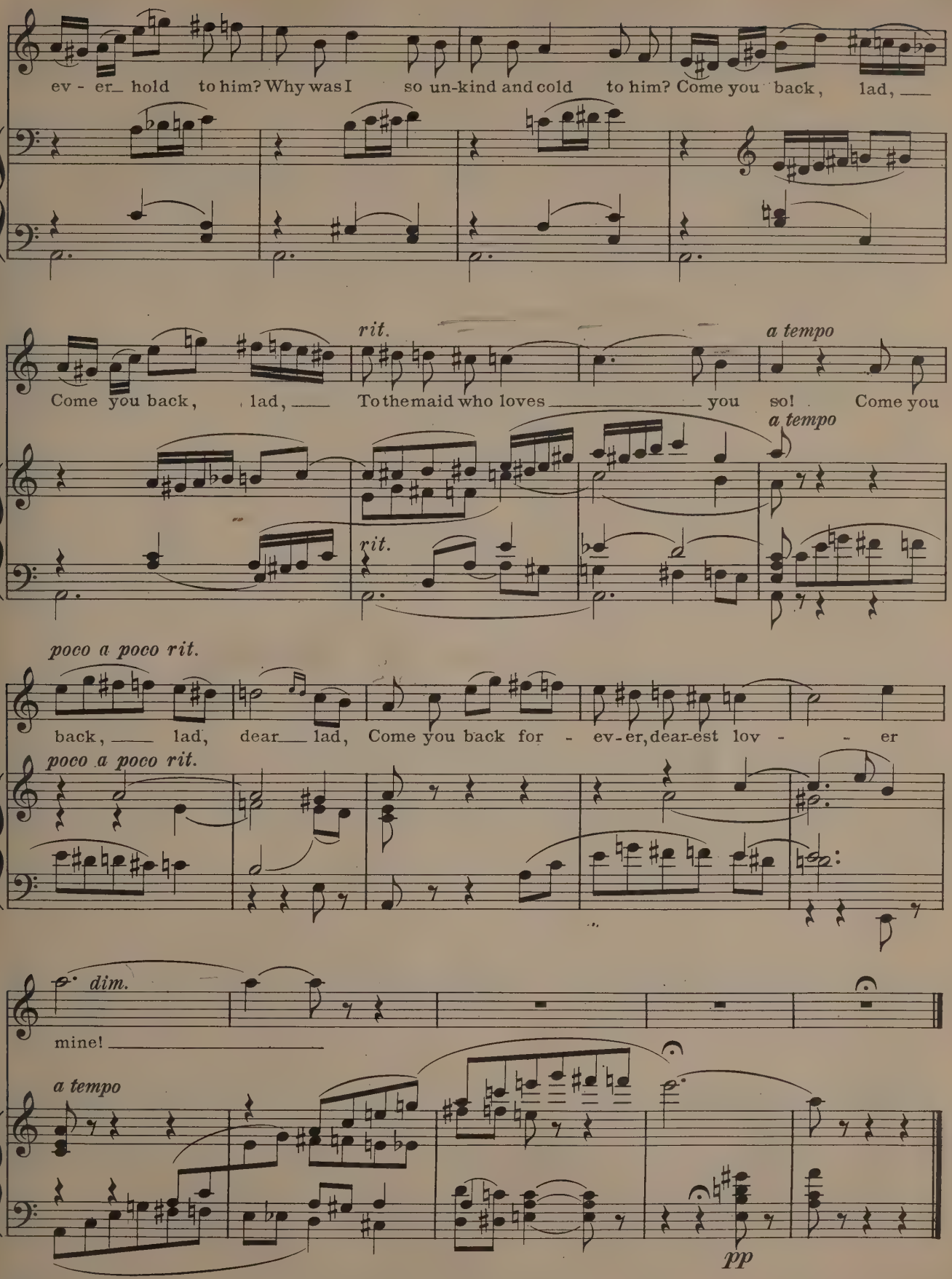

più f
So in-dul-gent, or half so kind.
Would that ev - er he might be near to me!
sempre legato
p
p
Such an - oth - er I'll nev-er find.
Why did I not for-
pp
ev - er hold to him? Why was I so un - kind and cold to him? Come you back, oh my
poor, for-lorn lov-er, Quickly come to the maid who loves you so!
espress.
p
p


p
Oft at mass he would come and gaze on me,
p
poco cresc.
While I mused and for - got to pray;_
Strange the tricks that my fan-cy plays on me
poco cresc.
mf espressivo
Since my dear lov- er went a - way. _
When I'm bus - y, I long and sigh for him,
mf
dim.
rit.
When I'm i - dle, I mourn and cry for him, How I sigh for him! How I cry for him!
dim.
rit.


a tempo
dolce
No, I nev - er shall find a new lov-er Half so fine as my old and true lov-er.
a tempo
pp
He was so ten-der and so good - hearted, He was so lov-ing and so kind!
p
Would that ev - er he Might be near to me!
sempre legato assai
Such an-oth - er I'll nev-er find.
Why did I not for-
pp

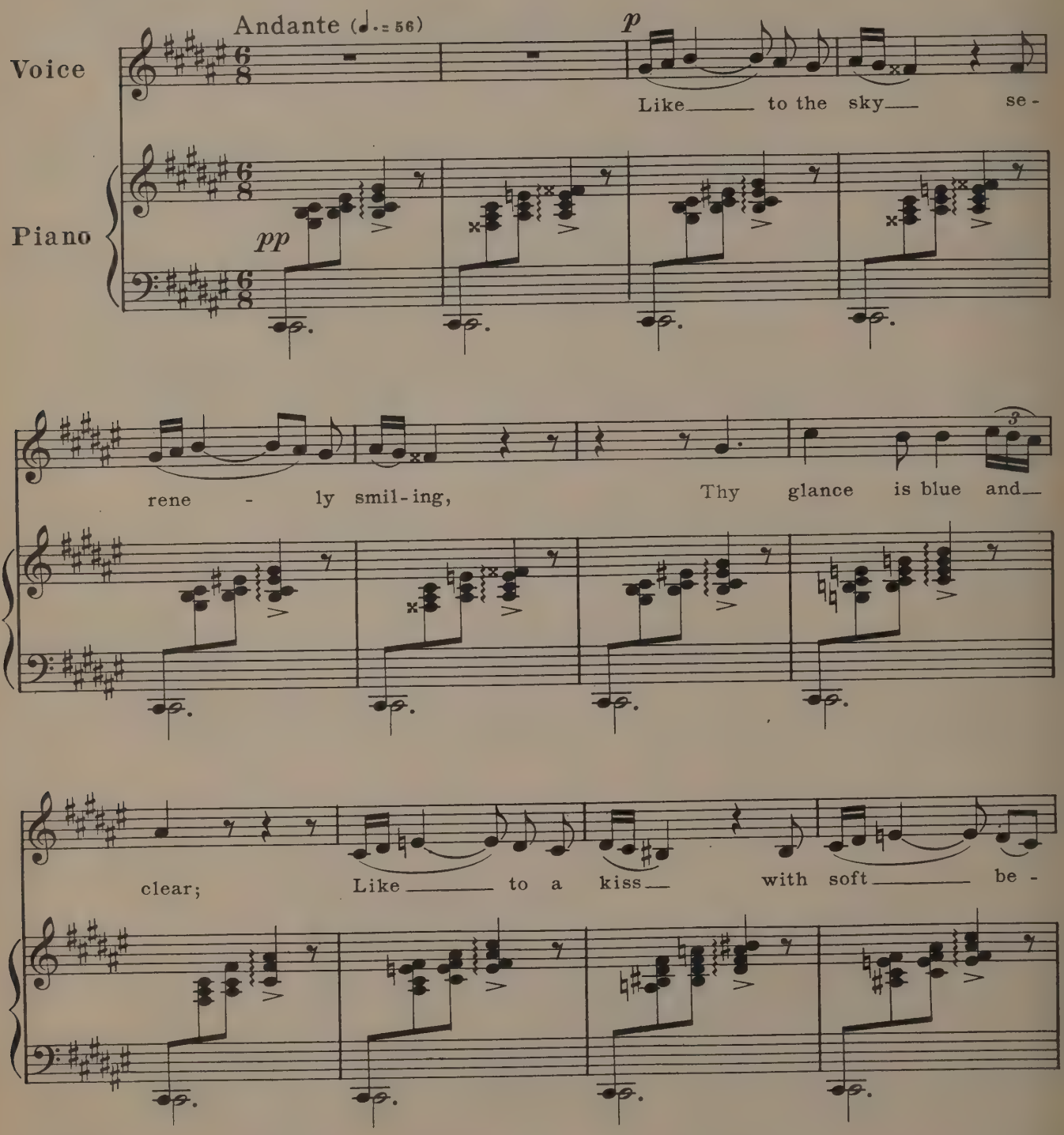

ev - er_ hold to him? Why was I so un-kind and cold to him? Come you back, lad, ___
rit.
a tempo
Come you back, lad, ___ To the maid who loves ___ you so! Come you
a tempo
rit.
poco a poco rit.
back, ___ lad, dear ___ lad, Come you back for - ev-er, dear-est lov - - er
poco a poco rit.
dim.
mine! ___
a tempo
pp

"Like to the sky serenely smiling"

("Kak nyebesá tvoi vzor blistáyet")

Poem by Lérmontoff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff. Op. 7, No. 4
(Composed 1867)



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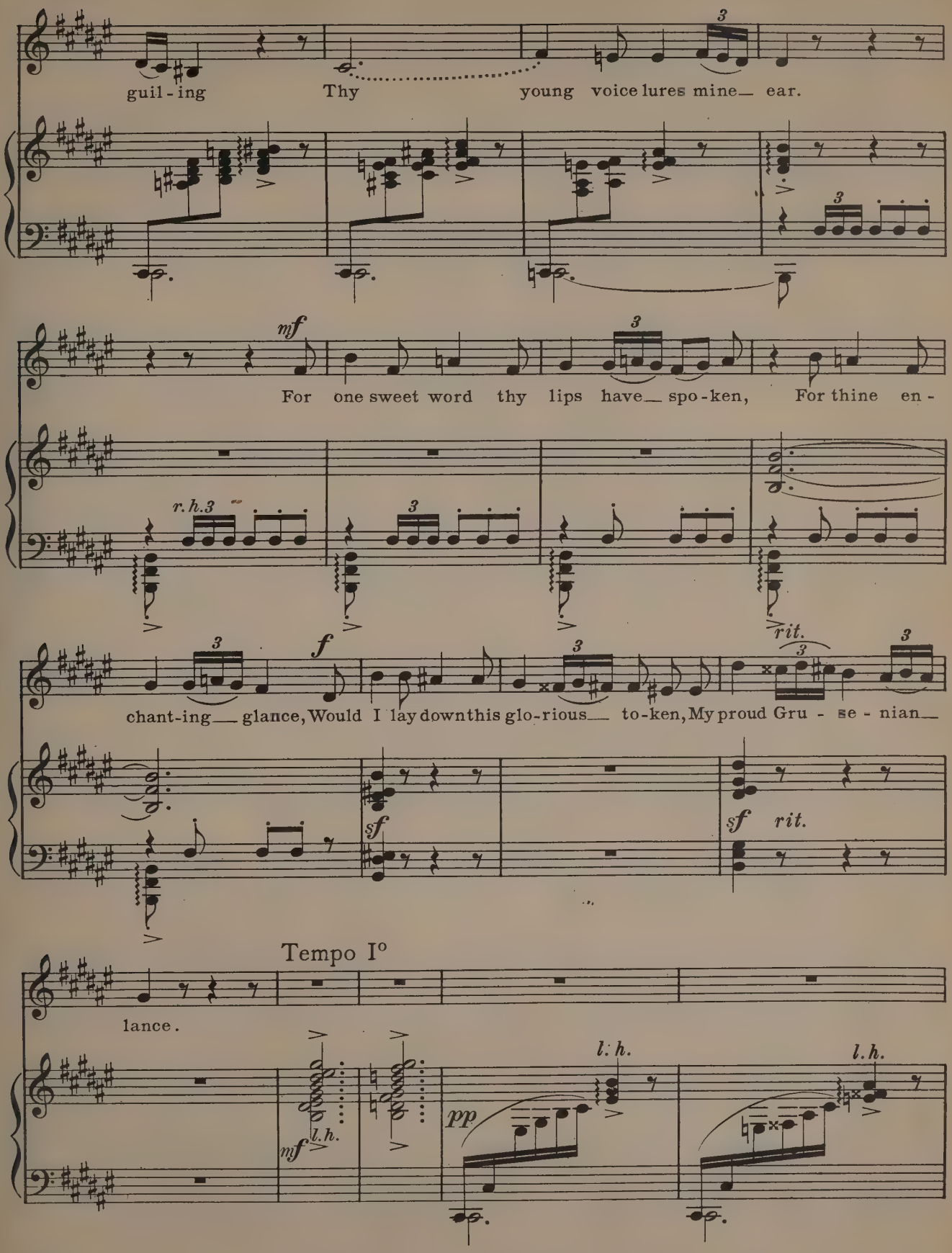
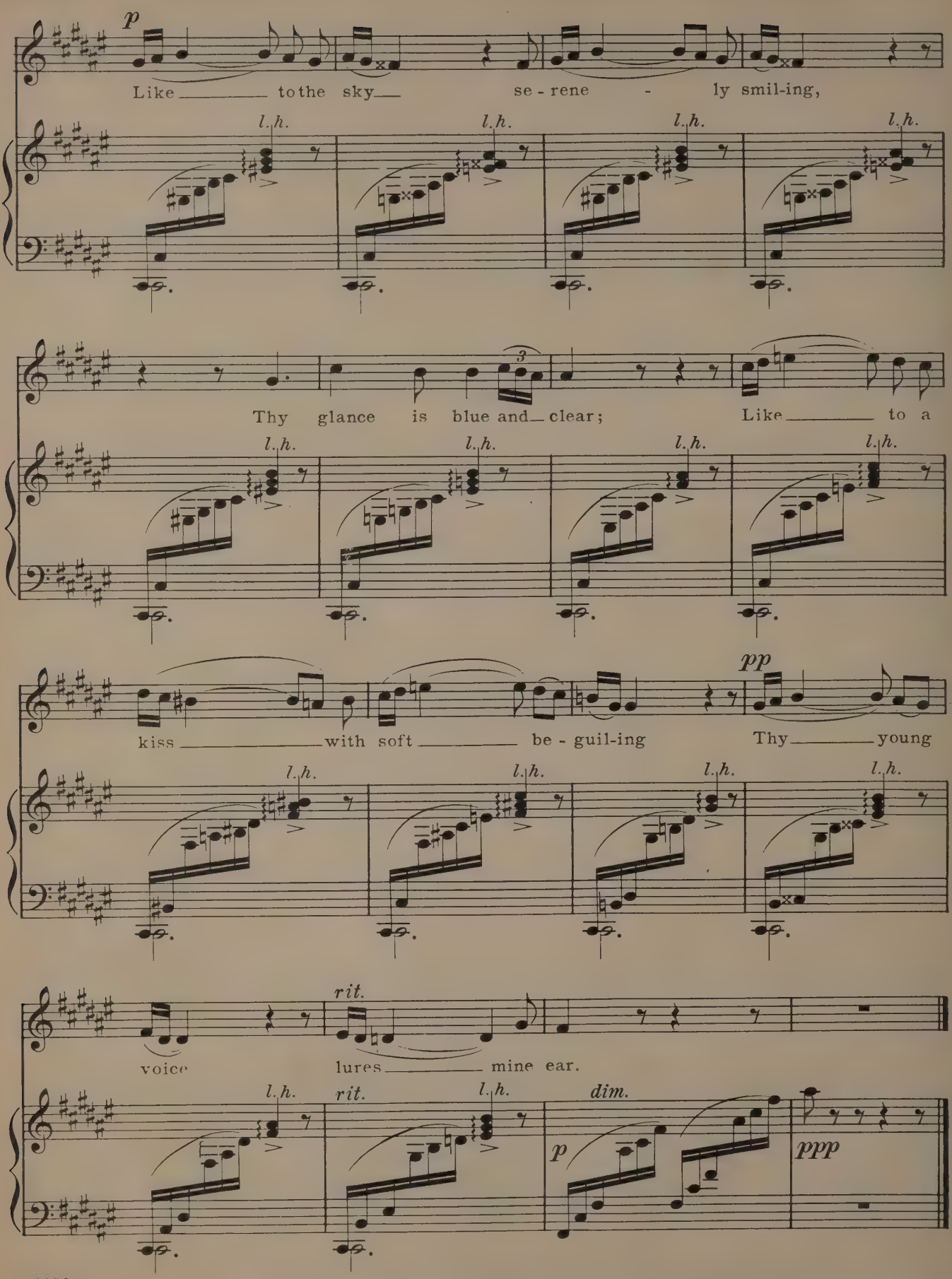

guil - ing Thy young voice lures mine ear.
mf
For one sweet word thy lips have spo - ken, For thine en -
r.h.3
f
chant-ing glance, Would I lay down this glo-rious to-ken, My proud Gru - se - nian
rit.
sf
sf rit.
Tempo I°
lance.
mf
l.h.
pp
l.h.
l.h.

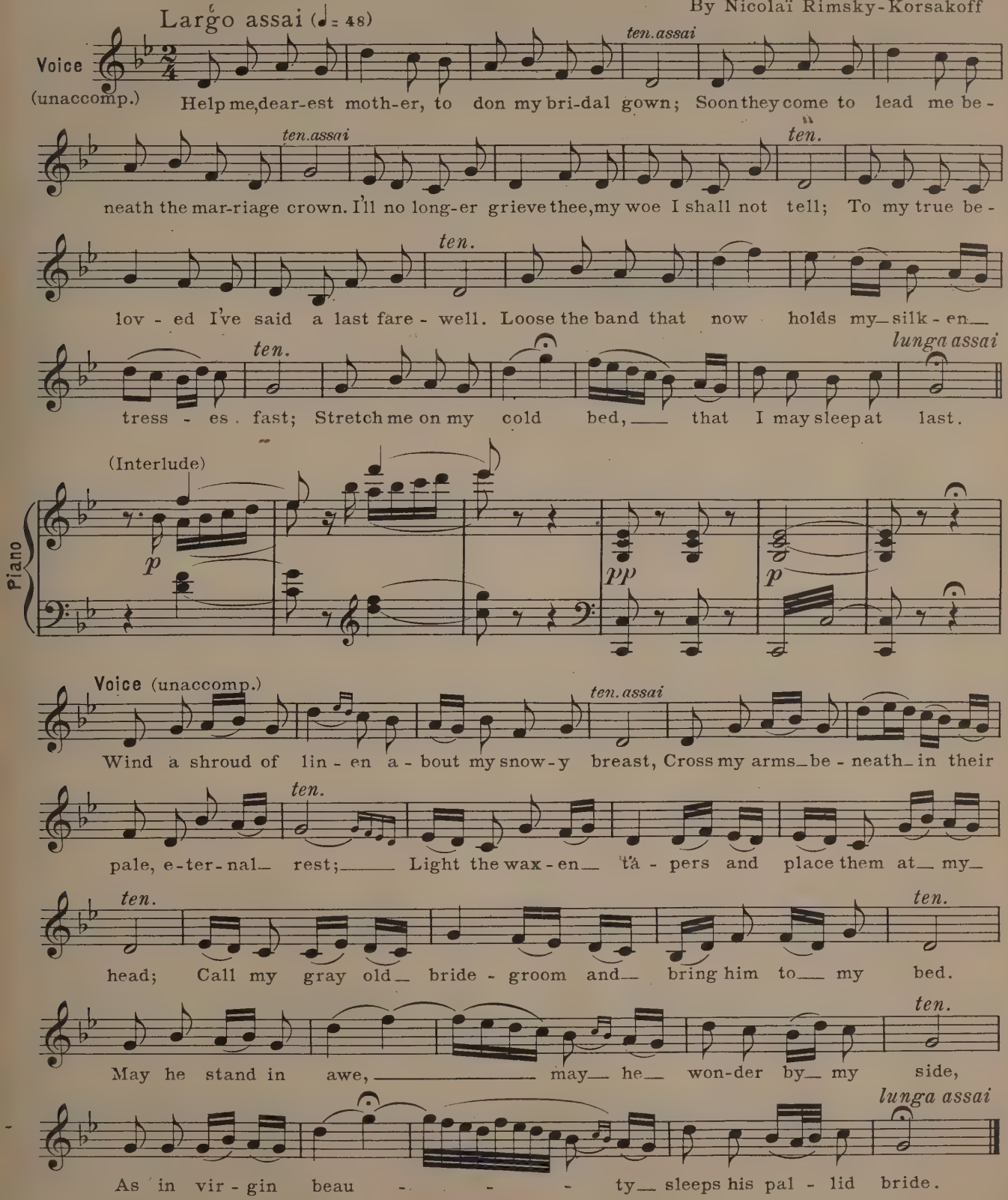

p
Like to the sky se - rene - ly smil-ing,
l.h.
Thy glance is blue and clear; Like to a
kiss with soft be - guil-ing
pp
Thy young
voice
rit.
lures mine ear.
dim.
p
ppp

The Song of the Bride

(Piésnia Lubáshi)

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

From the opera "The Tsar's Bride"
(Tsárskaya Nevyésta) Composed 1899
By Nicolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff


Largo assai (♩= 48)
Voice
(unaccomp.)
Help me, dear-est moth-er, to don my bri-dal gown; Soon they come to lead me be-
neath the mar-riage crown. I'll no long-er grieve thee, my woe I shall not tell; To my true be-
lov - ed I've said a last fare - well. Loose the band that now holds my silk - en
tress - es fast; Stretch me on my cold bed, that I may sleep at last.
(Interlude)
Piano
Voice (unaccomp.)
Wind a shroud of lin - en a - bout my snow-y breast, Cross my arms be - neath in their
pale, e-ter-nal rest; Light the wax - en ta - pers and place them at my
head; Call my gray old bride - groom and bring him to my bed.
May he stand in awe, may he won-der by my side,
As in vir - gin beau - - - - ty sleeps his pal - lid bride.
ten.assai
ten.
lunga assai

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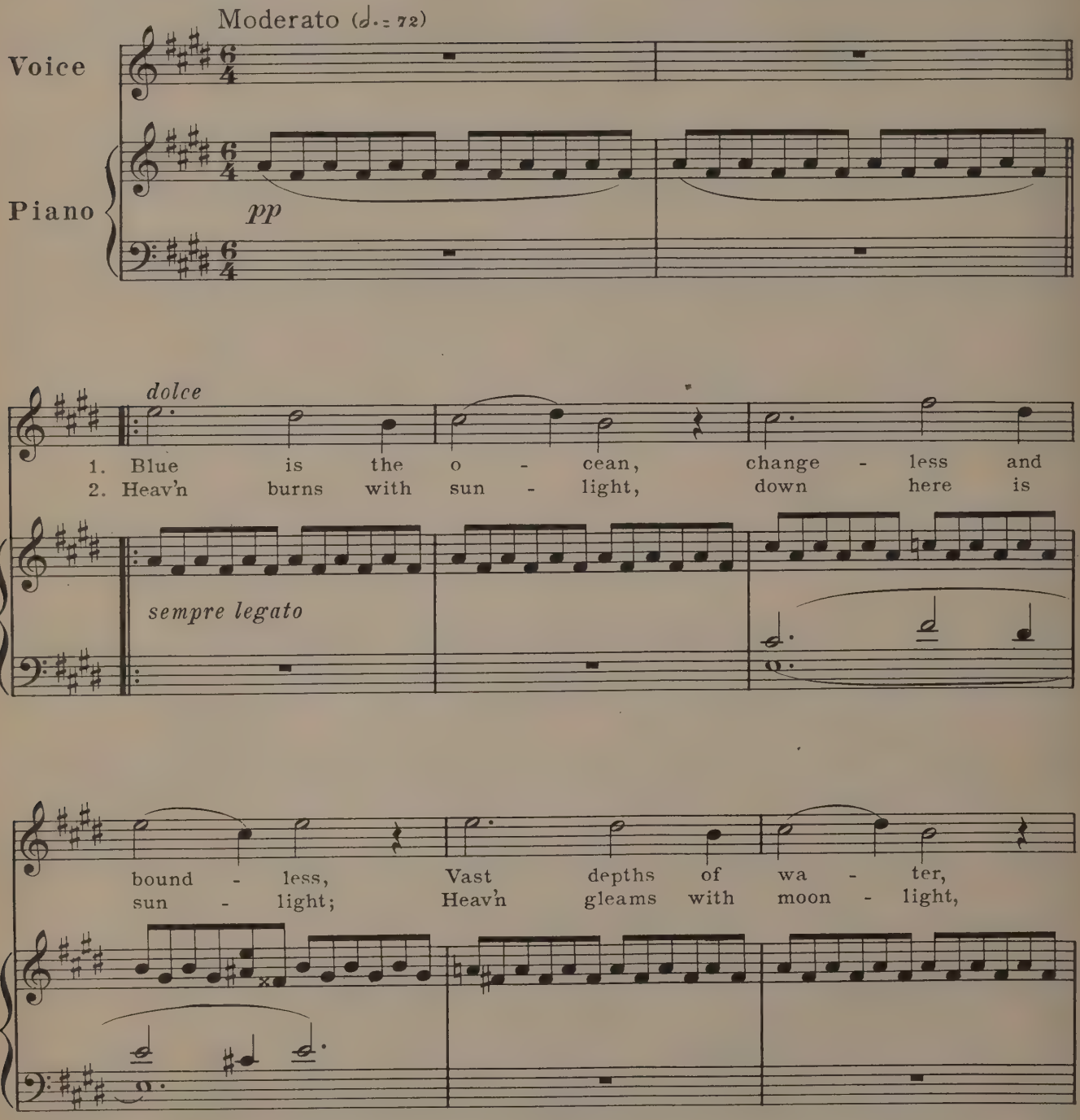
Sadko's Song of Glorification

(Velitchálnaya Pyésnya)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

From the dramatic legend
(Opera-Builina) "Sadko"
By Nikolaï Rimsky-Korsakoff (1896)


Moderato (♩. = 72)
Voice
Piano
pp
dolce
1. Blue is the o - cean, change - less and
2. Heav'n burns with sun - light, down here is
sempre legato
bound - less, Vast depths of wa - ter,
sun - light; Heav'n gleams with moon - light,

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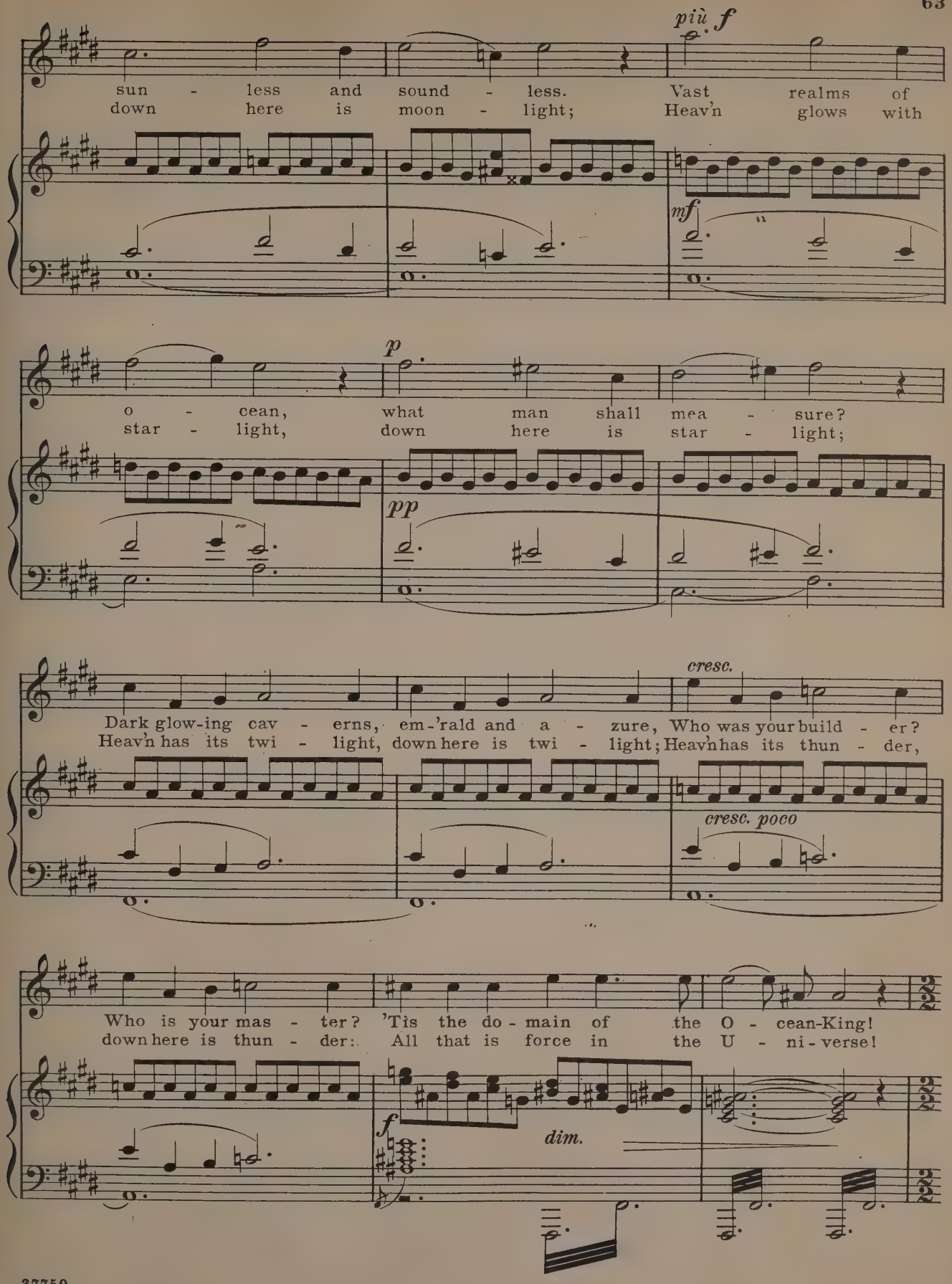
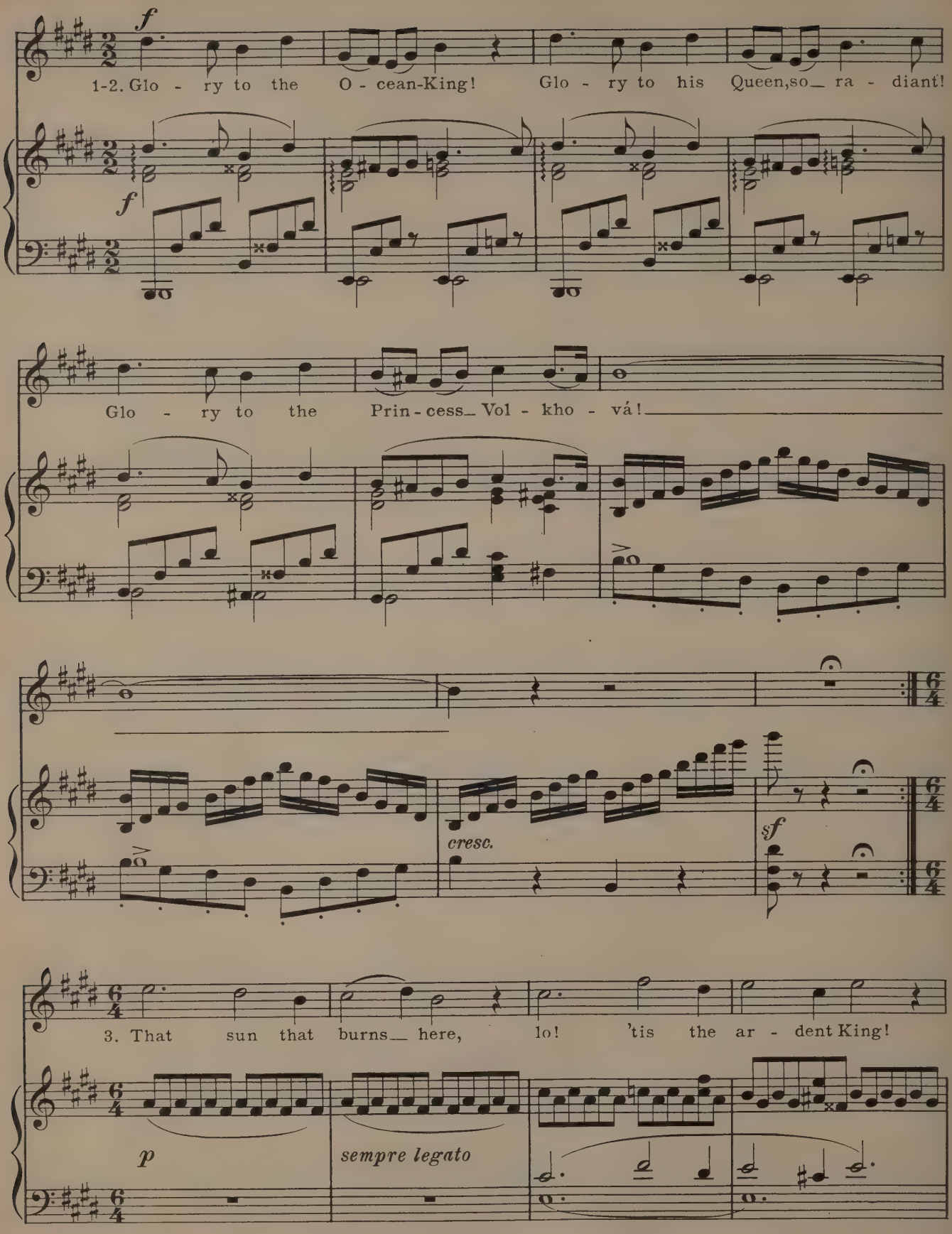
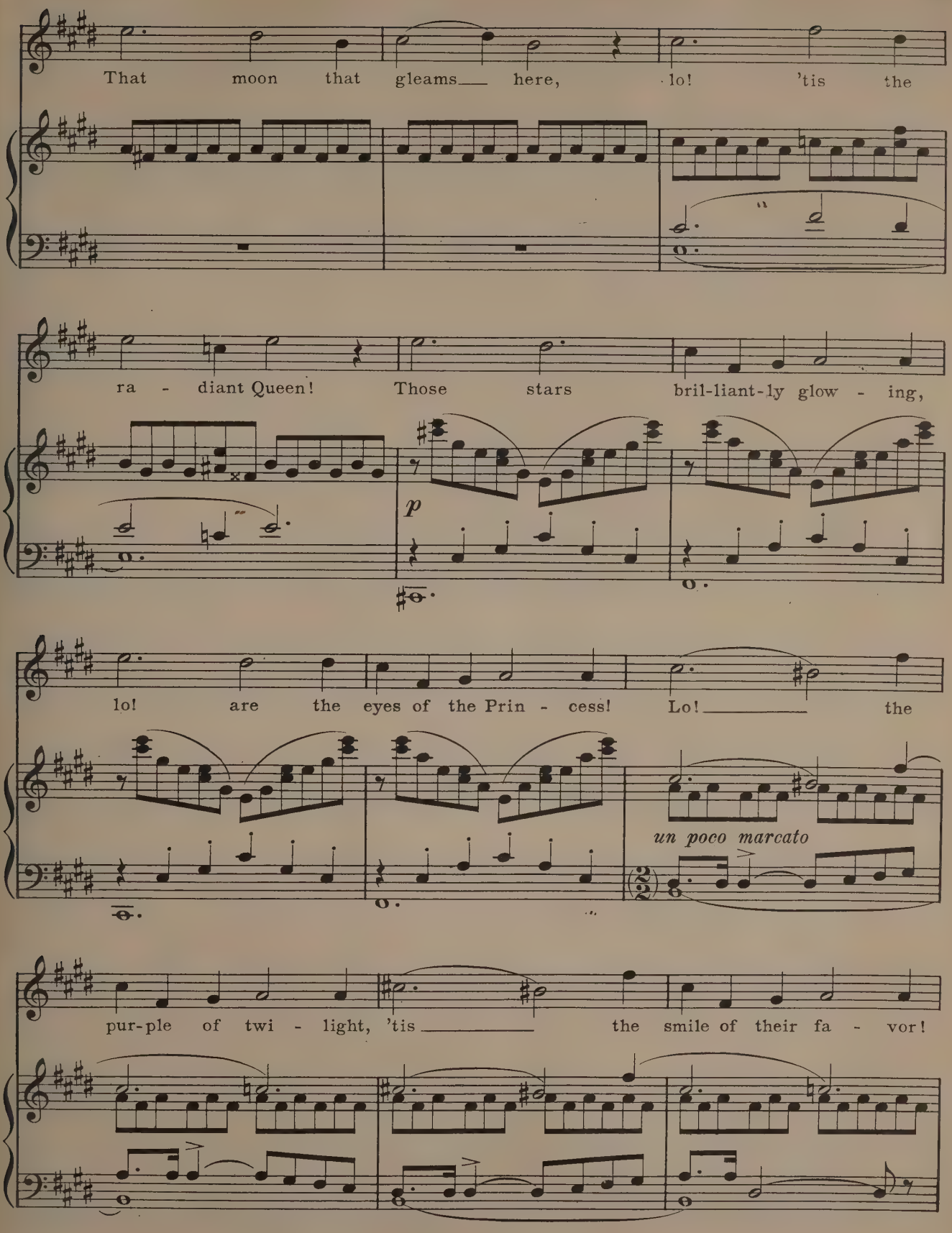
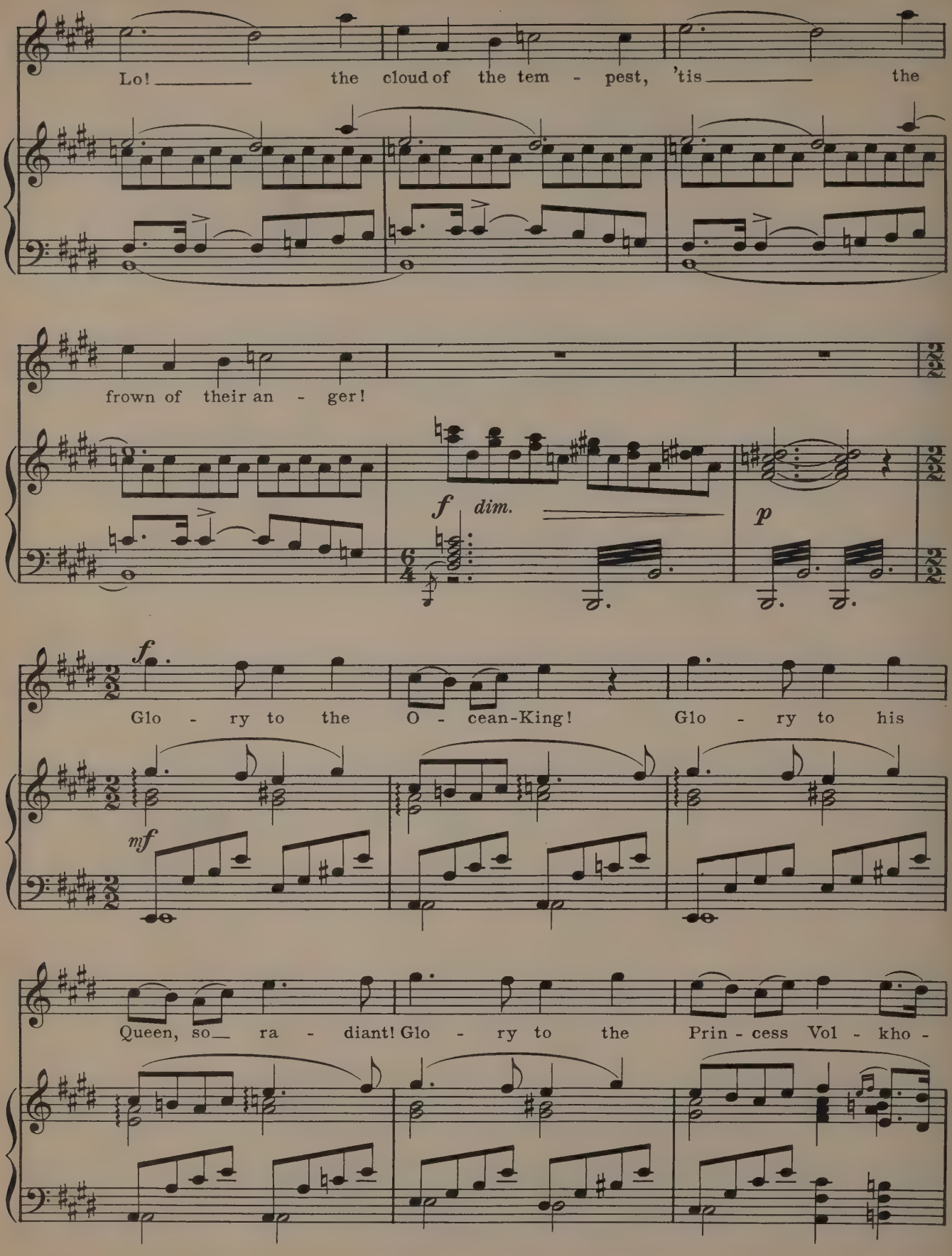
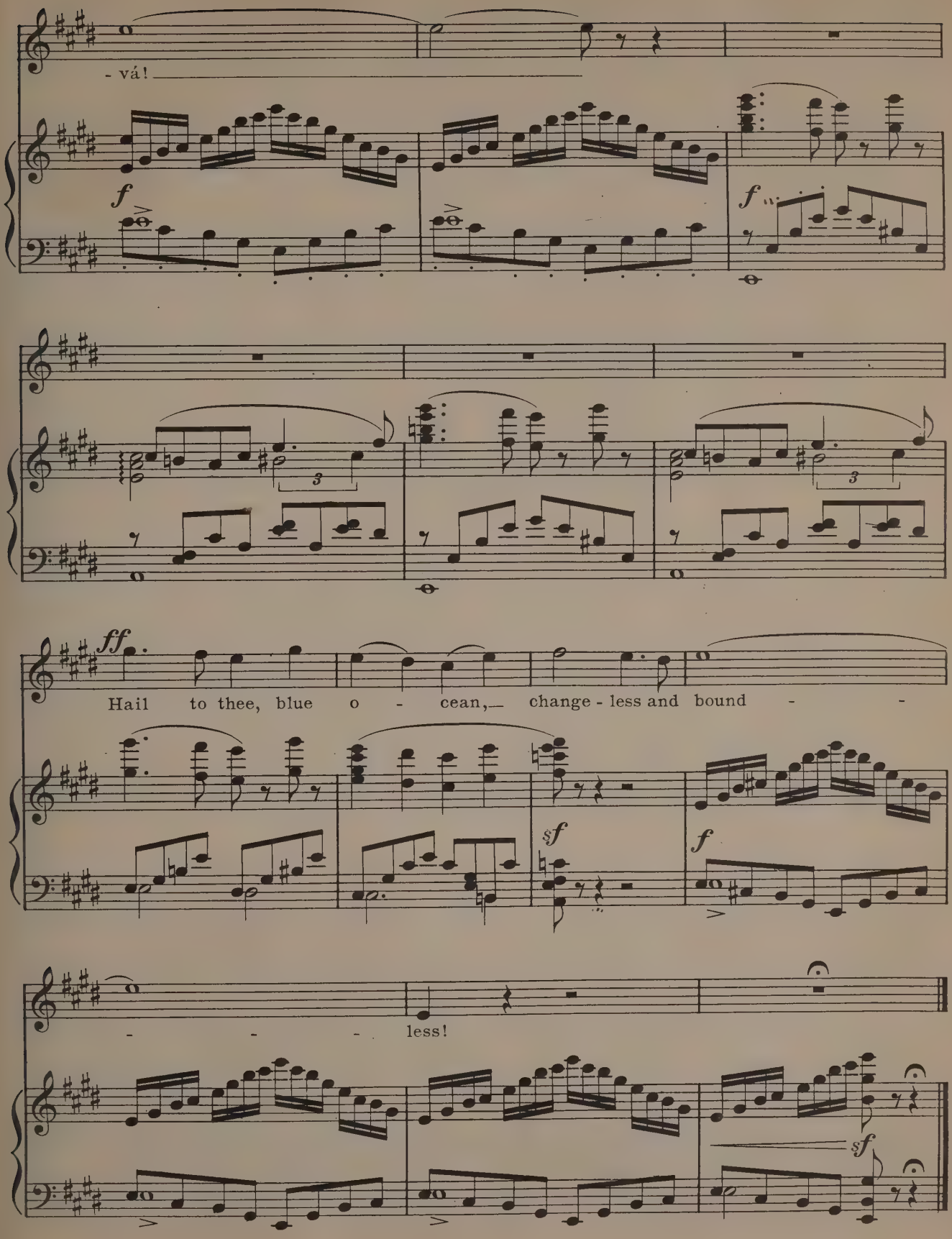

più f
sun - less and sound - less. Vast realms of
down here is moon - light; Heav'n glows with
mf
p
o - cean, what man shall mea - sure?
star - light, down here is star - light;
pp
cresc.
Dark glow-ing cav - erns, em-'rald and a - zure, Who was your build - er?
Heav'n has its twi - light, down here is twi - light; Heav'n has its thun - der,
cresc. poco
Who is your mas - ter? 'Tis the do - main of the O - cean-King!
down here is thun - der: All that is force in the U - ni-verse!
f
dim.


f
1-2. Glo - ry to the O - cean-King! Glo - ry to his Queen,so_ ra - diant!
f
Glo - ry to the Prin - cess_ Vol - kho - vá!
cresc.
sf
3. That sun that burns_ here, lo! 'tis the ar - dent King!
p
sempre legato


That moon that gleams here, lo! 'tis the
ra - diant Queen! Those stars bril-liant-ly glow - ing,
p
lo! are the eyes of the Prin - cess! Lo! the
un poco marcato
pur-ple of twi - light, 'tis the smile of their fa - vor!


Lo! the cloud of the tem - pest, 'tis the
frown of their an - ger!
f dim.
p
f
Glo - ry to the O - cean-King! Glo - ry to his
mf
Queen, so ra - diant! Glo - ry to the Prin - cess Vol - kho -

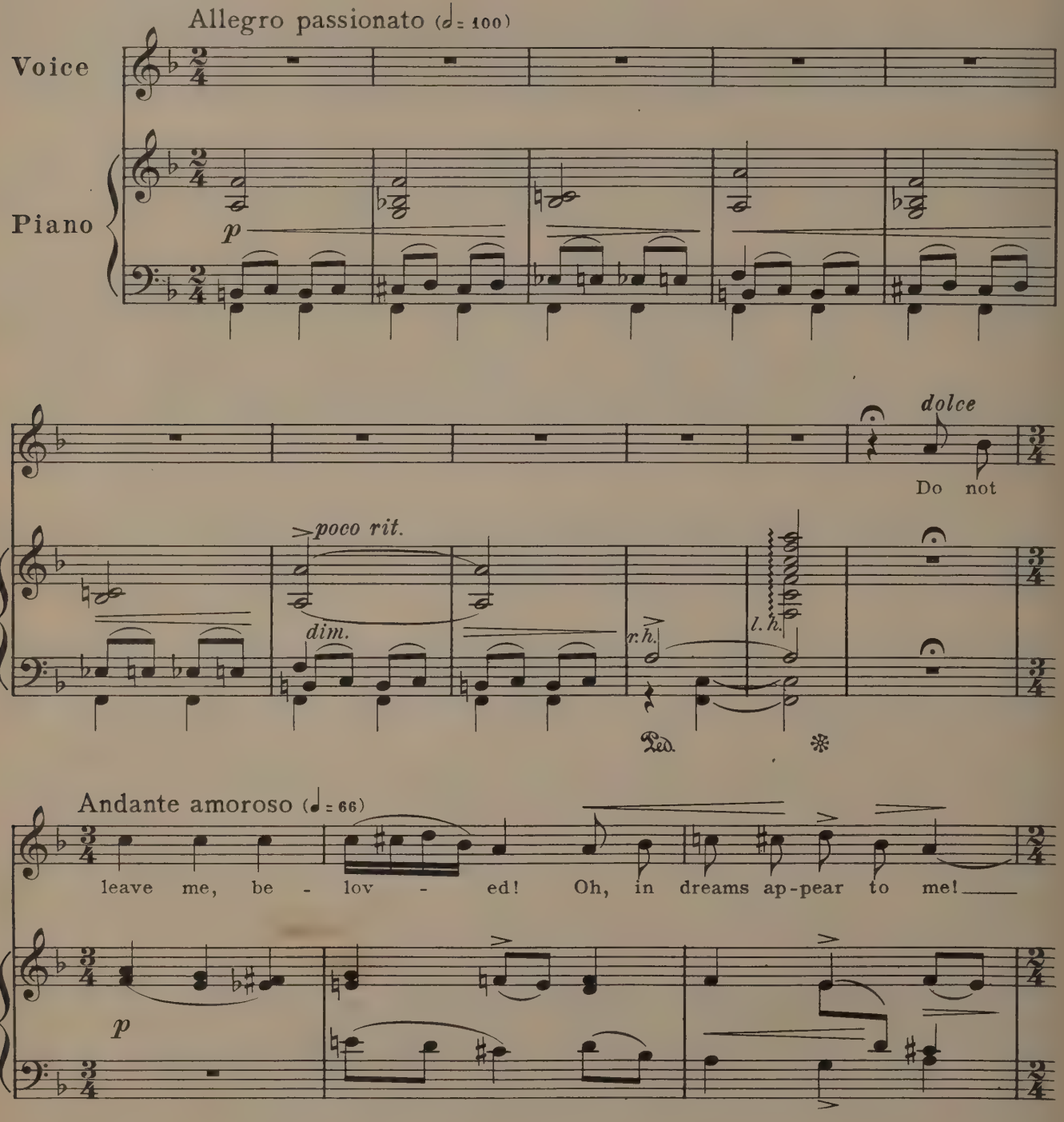

- vá!
f
f
3
3
ff
Hail to thee, blue o - cean,_ change - less and bound - -
sf
f
- - - less!
sf

Arabian Melody

(Arábskaya Melódia)

English version by
Deems Taylor and Geo. Harris, Jr.

Words and Music by
Alexandre Borodine



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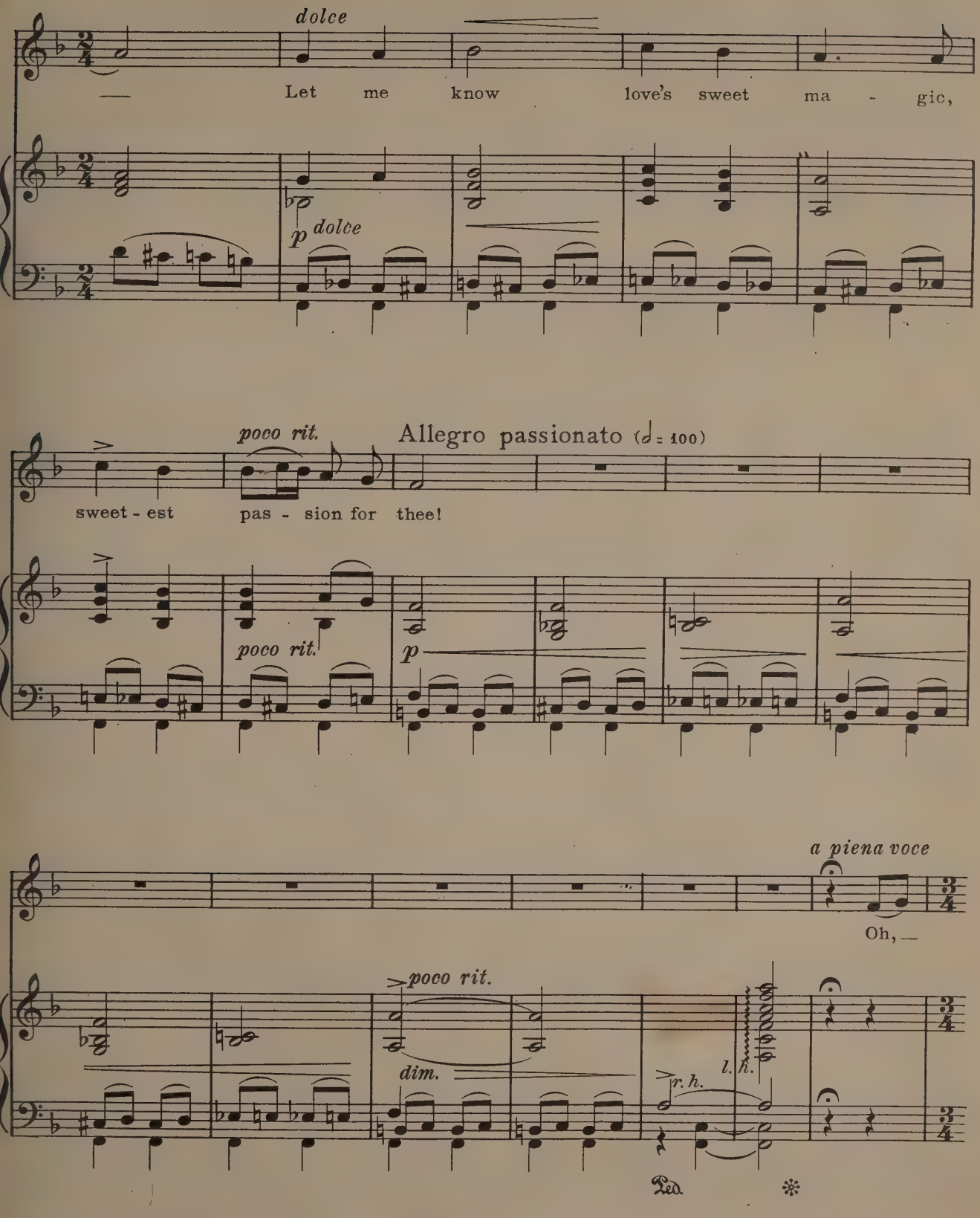
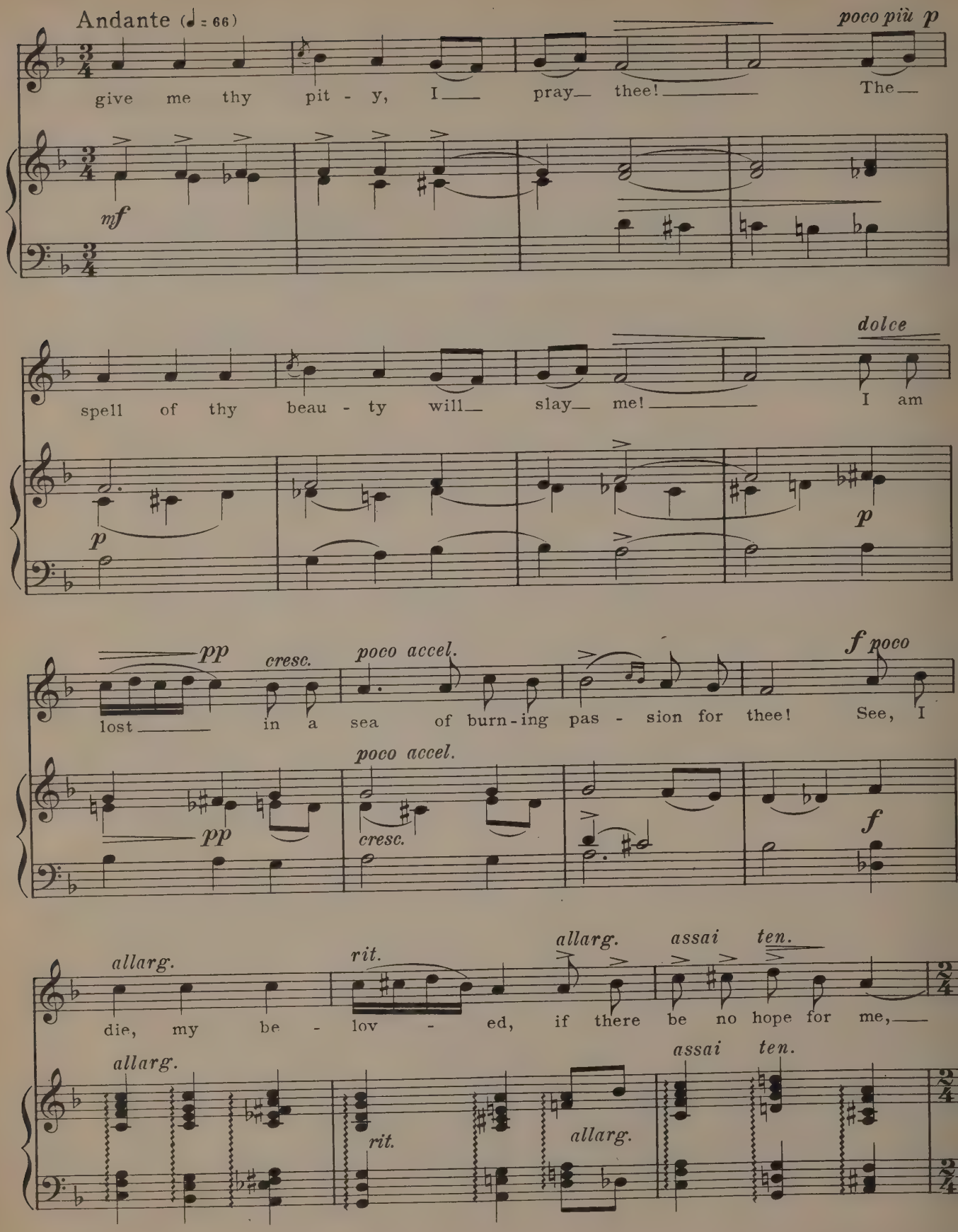
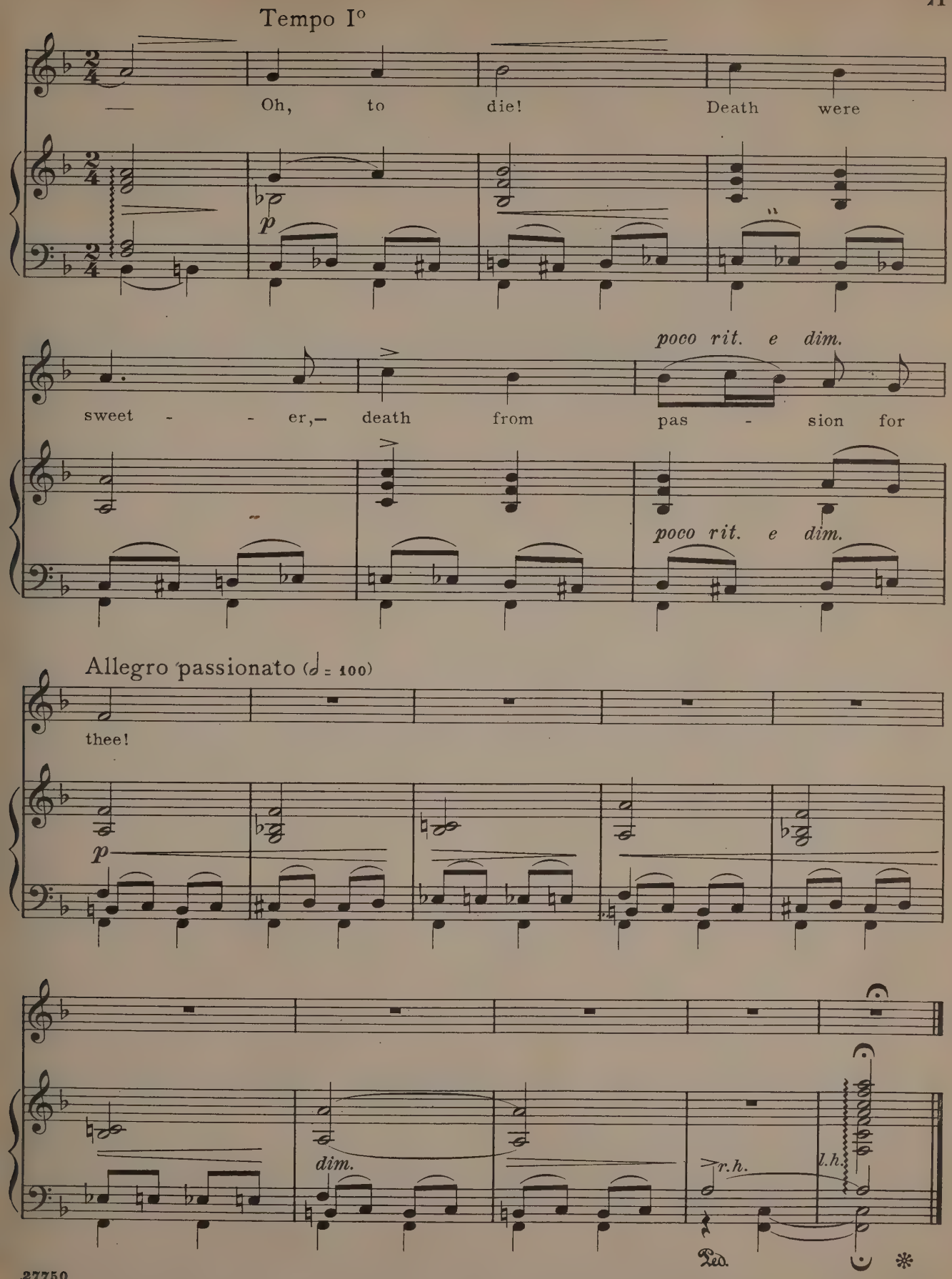

dolce
Let me know love's sweet ma - gic,
p dolce
poco rit.
Allegro passionato (♩= 100)
sweet - est pas - sion for thee!
poco rit.
p
a piena voce
Oh, —
poco rit.
dim.
r. h.
l. h.
Ped.
*


Andante (♩ = 66)
poco più p
give me thy pit - y, I pray thee! The
mf
dolce
spell of thy beau - ty will slay me! I am
p
p
pp
cresc.
poco accel.
f poco
lost in a sea of burn-ing pas - sion for thee! See, I
poco accel.
pp
cresc.
f
allarg.
rit.
allarg.
assai ten.
die, my be - lov - ed, if there be no hope for me,
allarg.
assai ten.
rit.
allarg.

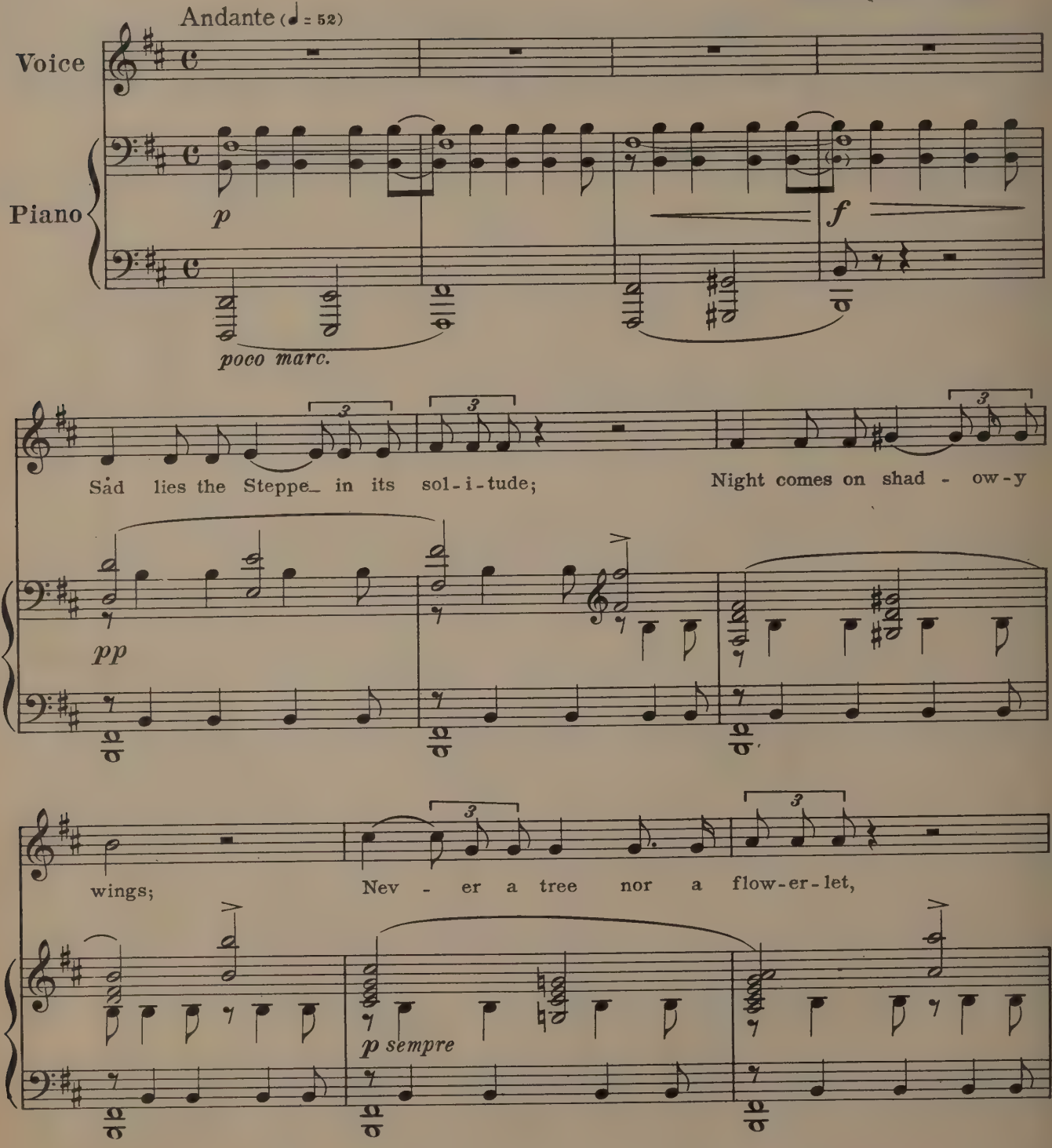

Tempo I°
Oh, to die! Death were
p
poco rit. e dim.
sweet - - er,— death from pas - sion for
poco rit. e dim.
Allegro passionato (♩ = 100)
thee!
p
dim.
r.h.
l.h.
Ped.

Over the Steppe

(Styépyu idōō ya ōonúiloyu)

Poem by A. Pleshtchéïeff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchaninoff
Op. 5, No. 1
Edited by Kurt Schindler



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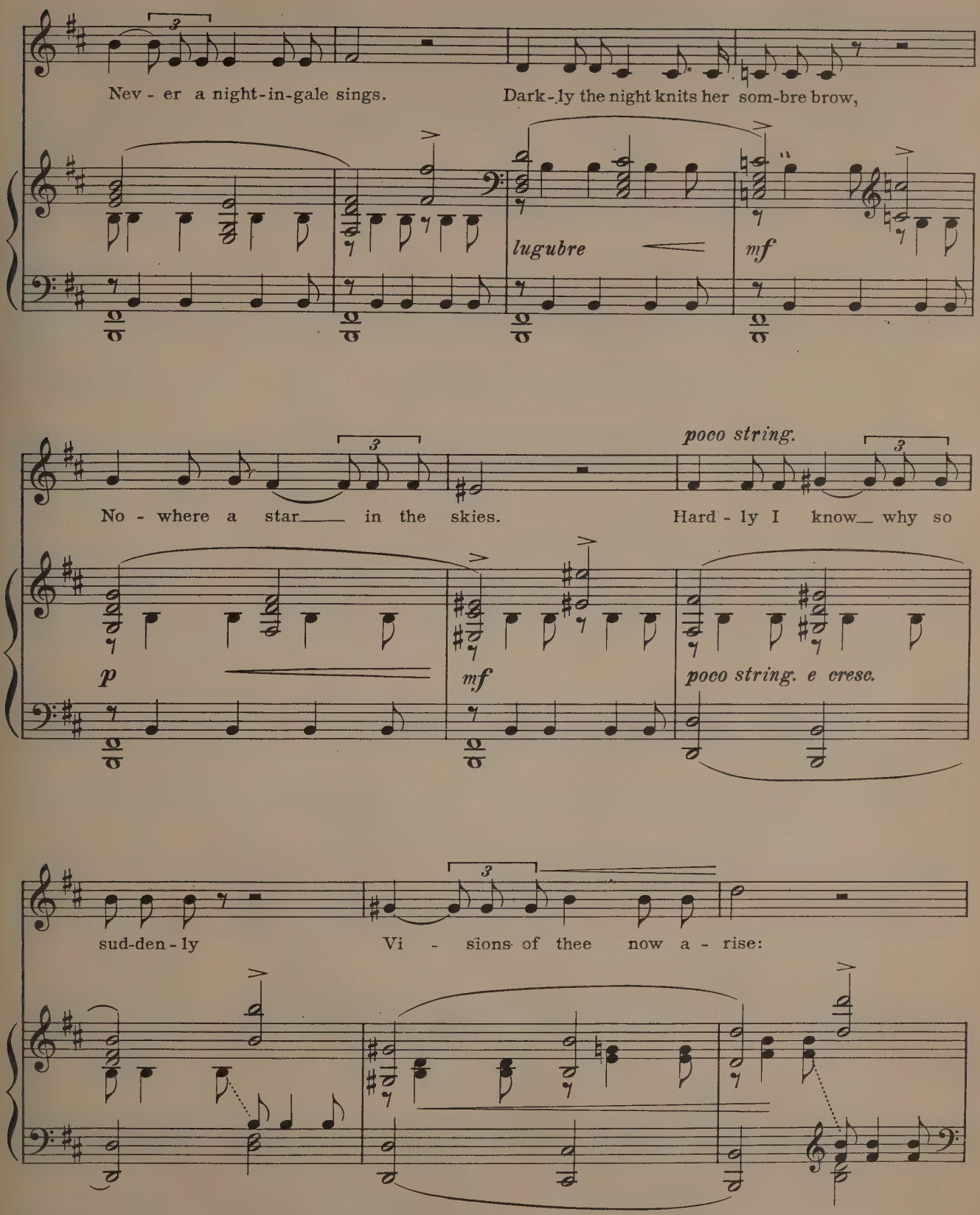
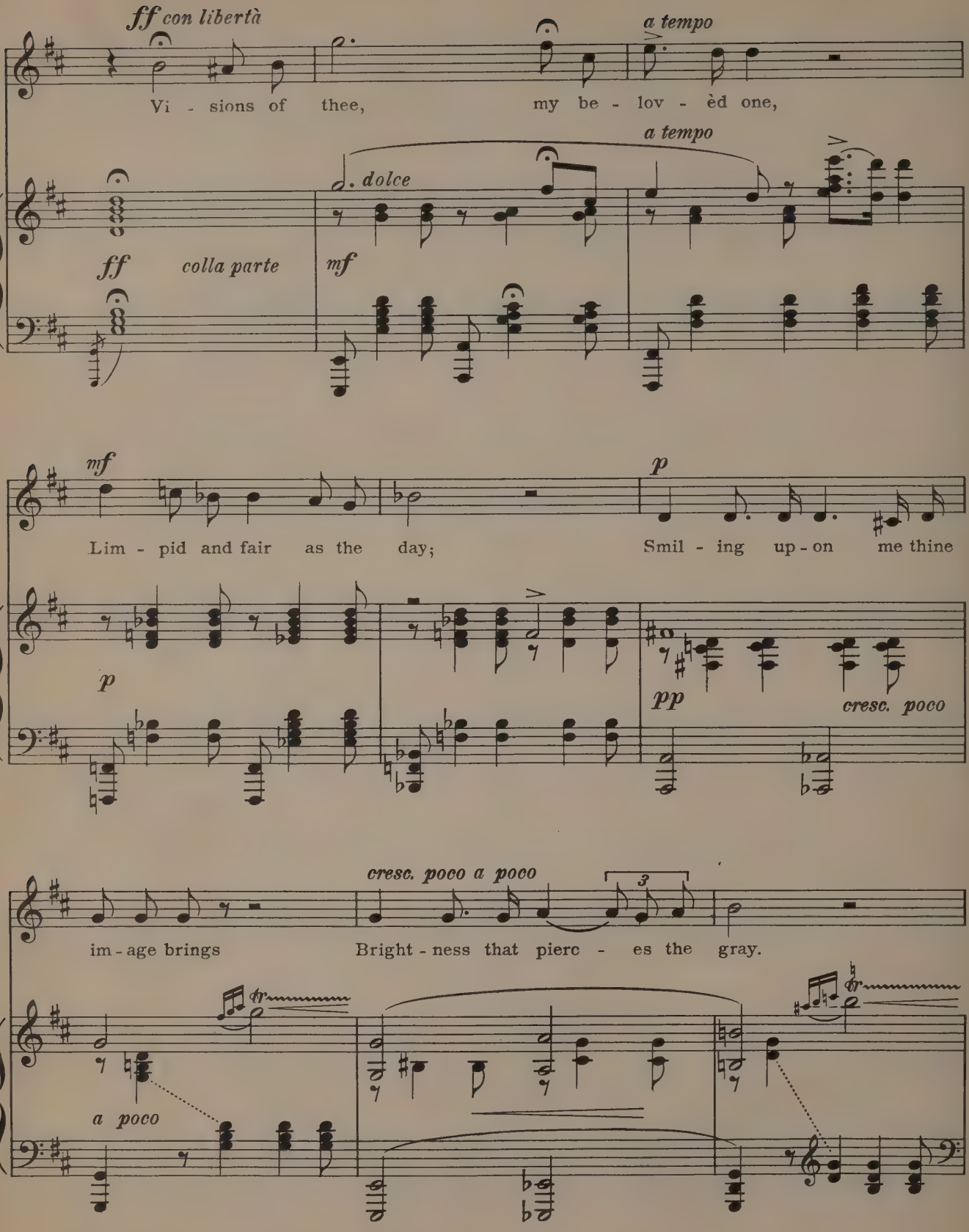
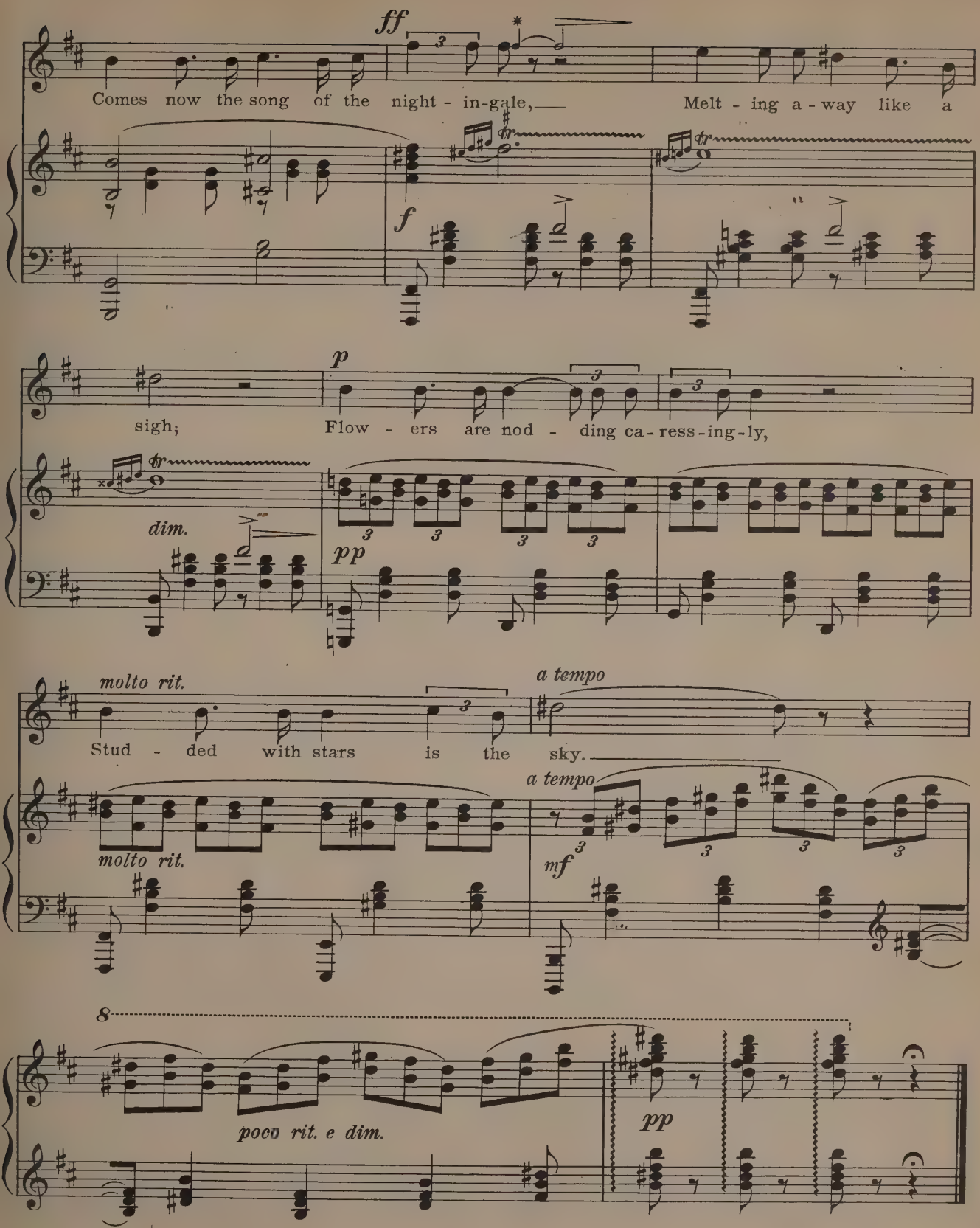

Nev - er a night-in-gale sings.
Dark-ly the night knits her som-bre brow,
lugubre
mf
No - where a star in the skies.
Hard - ly I know why so
poco string.
p
mf
poco string. e cresc.
sud-den - ly
Vi - sions of thee now a - rise:


ff con libertà
a tempo
Vi - sions of thee, my be - lov - èd one,
a tempo
dolce
ff colla parte
mf
mf
p
Lim - pid and fair as the day; Smil - ing up - on me thine
p
pp
cresc. poco
cresc. poco a poco
3
im - age brings Bright - ness that pierc - es the gray.
tr
tr
a poco



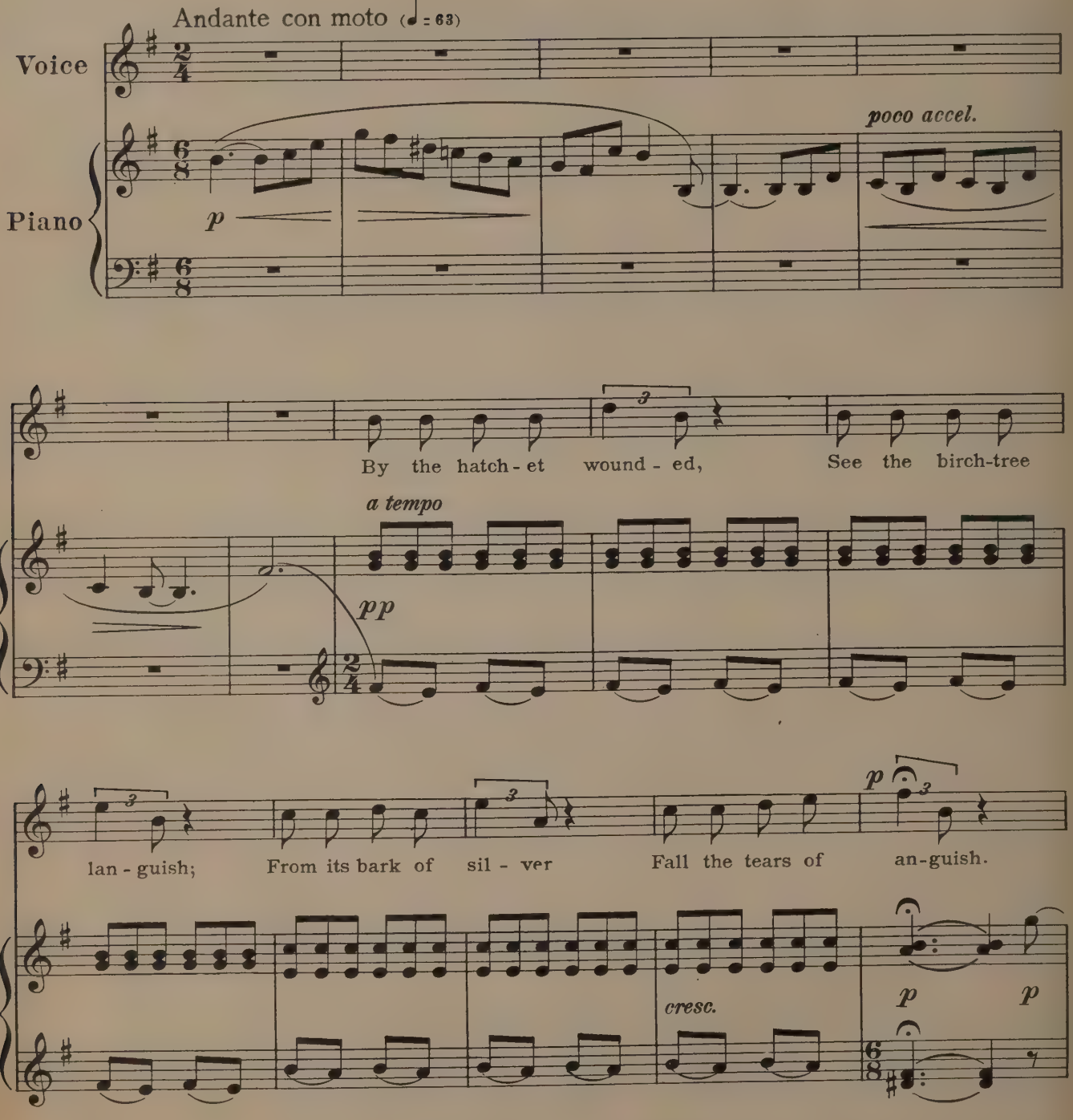
* It is a custom of singers in Russia to hold this note and make a gradual decrescendo with no break before the next phrase. The effect will be found very appropriate.

The Wounded Birch

(Óstroyu syekéēroi)

Poem by Count Alexis Tolstóï
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchanínoff
Op. 1, No. 2



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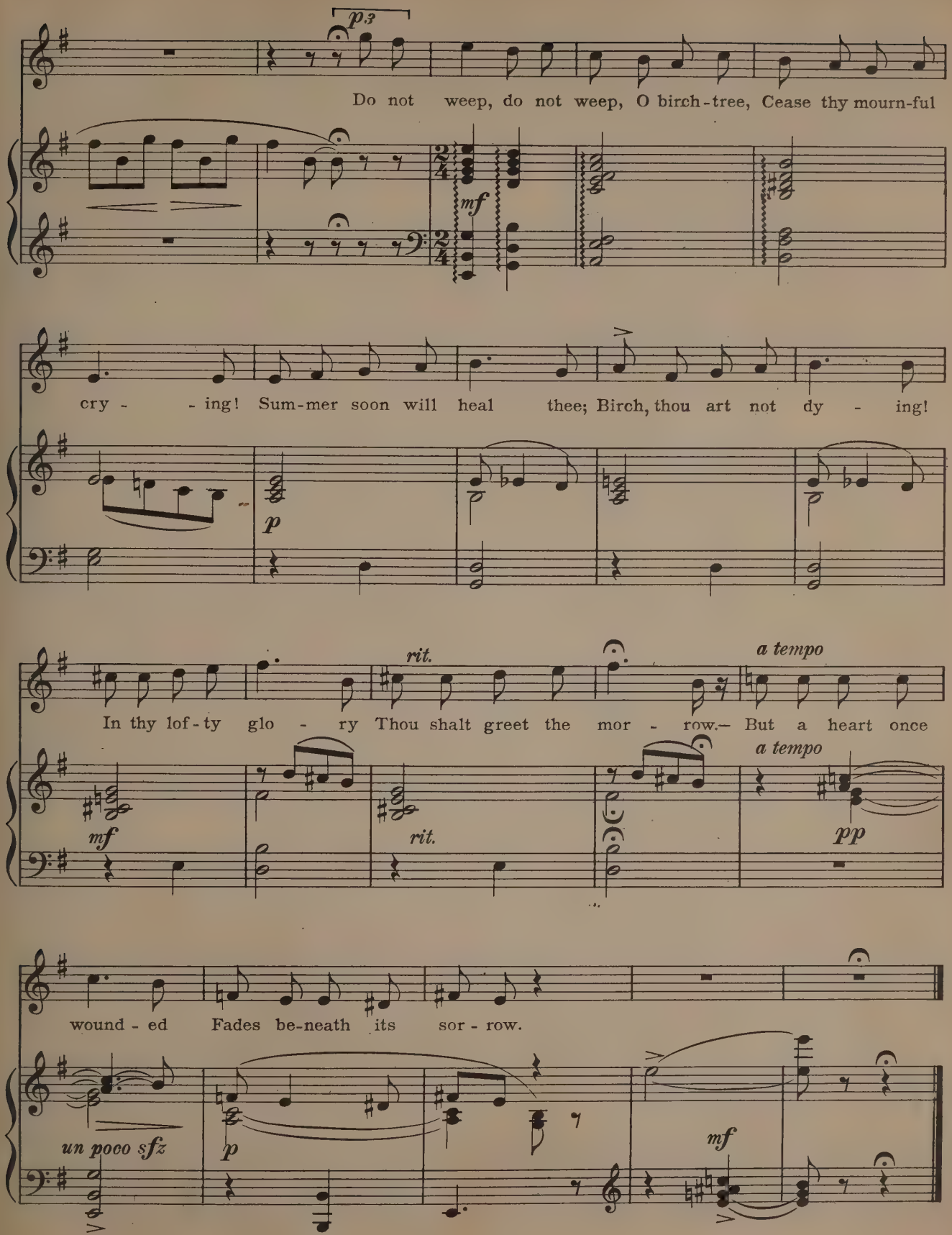
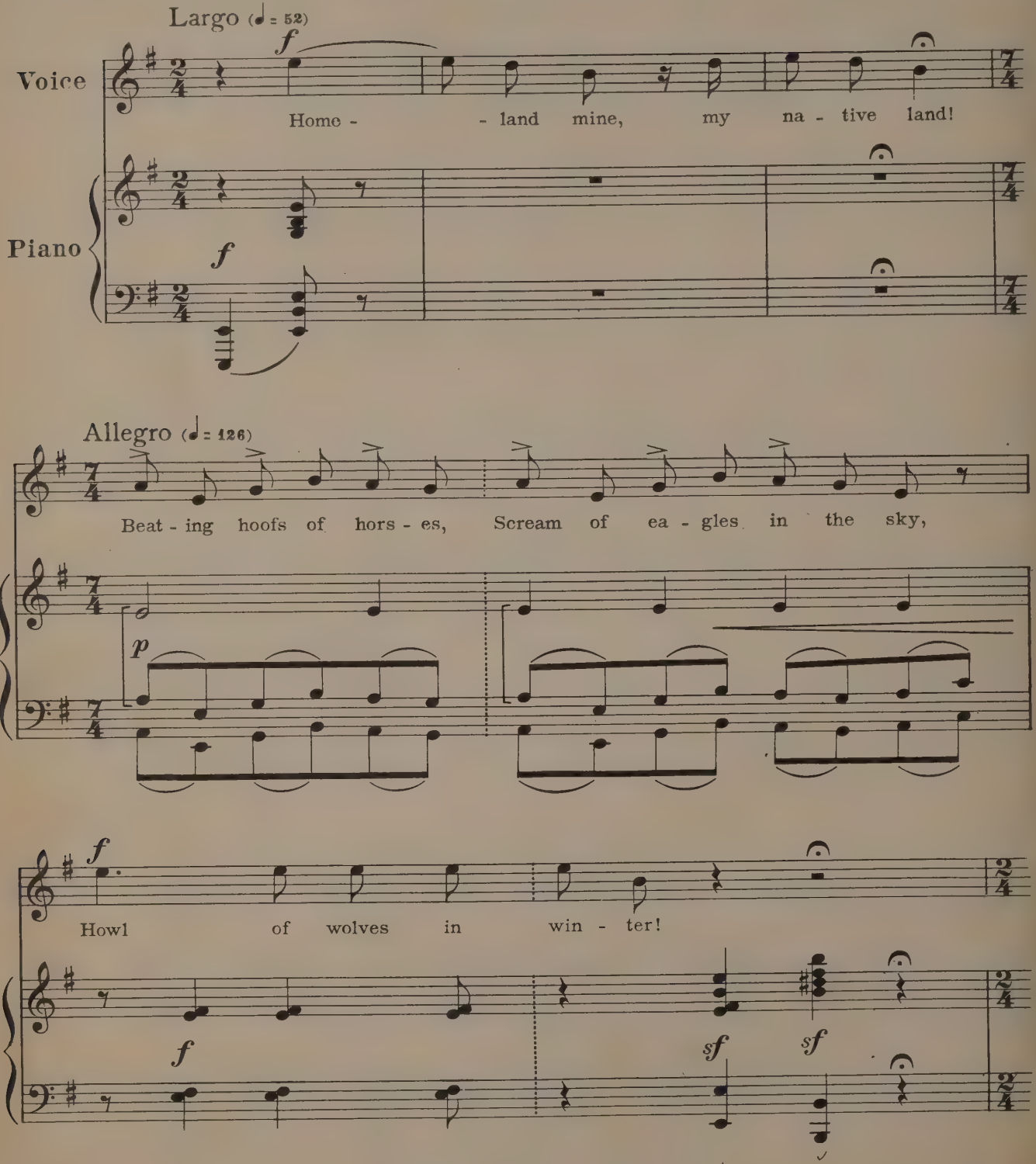

p.3
Do not weep, do not weep, O birch-tree, Cease thy mourn-ful
mf
cry - - ing! Sum-mer soon will heal thee; Birch, thou art not dy - ing!
p
rit.
a tempo
In thy lof-ty glo - ry Thou shalt greet the mor - row.— But a heart once
mf
rit.
a tempo
pp
wound - ed Fades be-neath its sor - row.
un poco sfz
p
mf

My Native Land

(Kraï tui moï)

Poem by Count Alexis Tolstóï
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchaninoff
Op. 1, No. 4


Largo (♩ = 52)
Voice
Piano
f
Home - land mine, my na - tive land!
Allegro (♩ = 126)
Beat - ing hoofs of hors - es, Scream of ea - gles in the sky,
p
Howl of wolves in win - ter!
sf
sf

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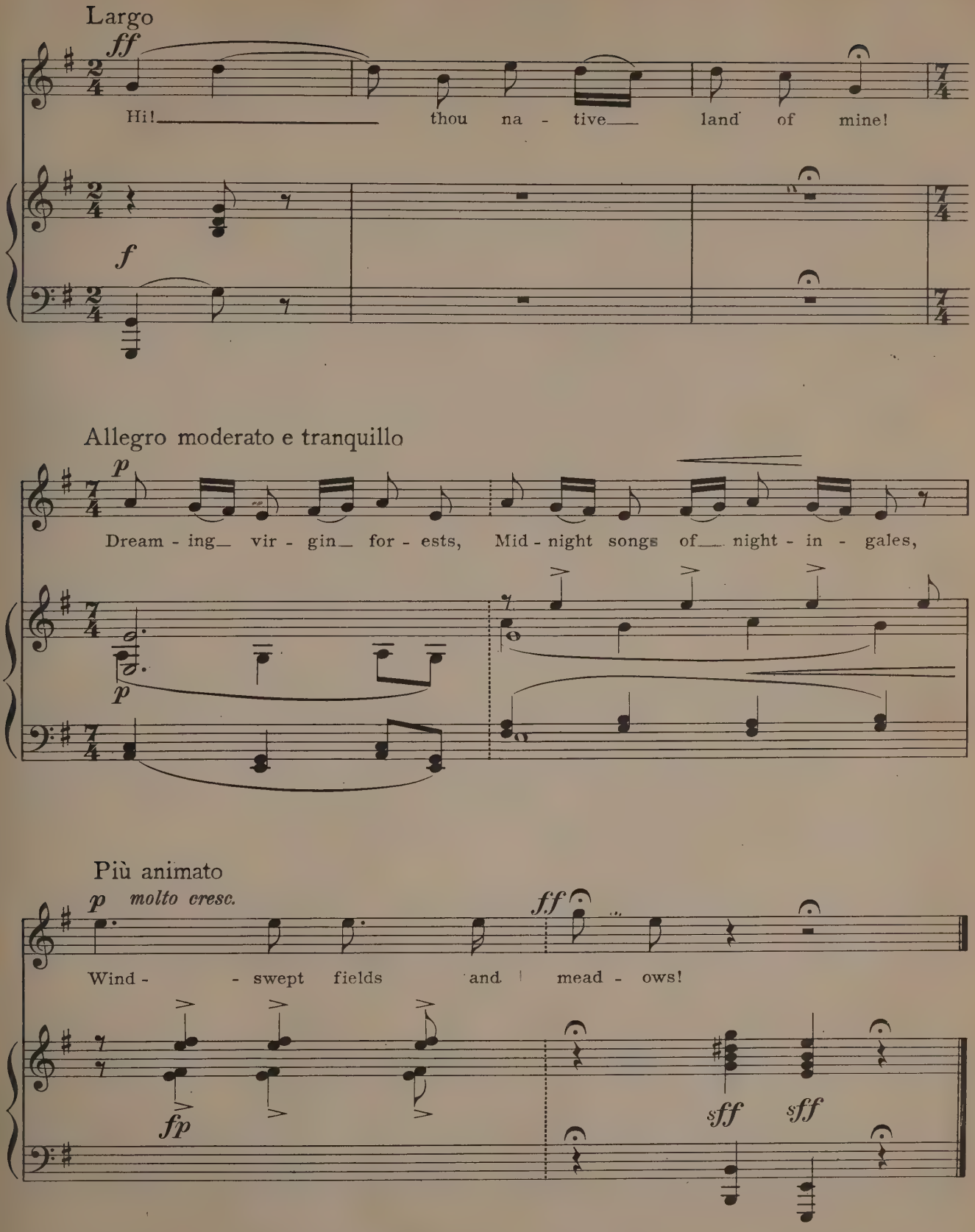
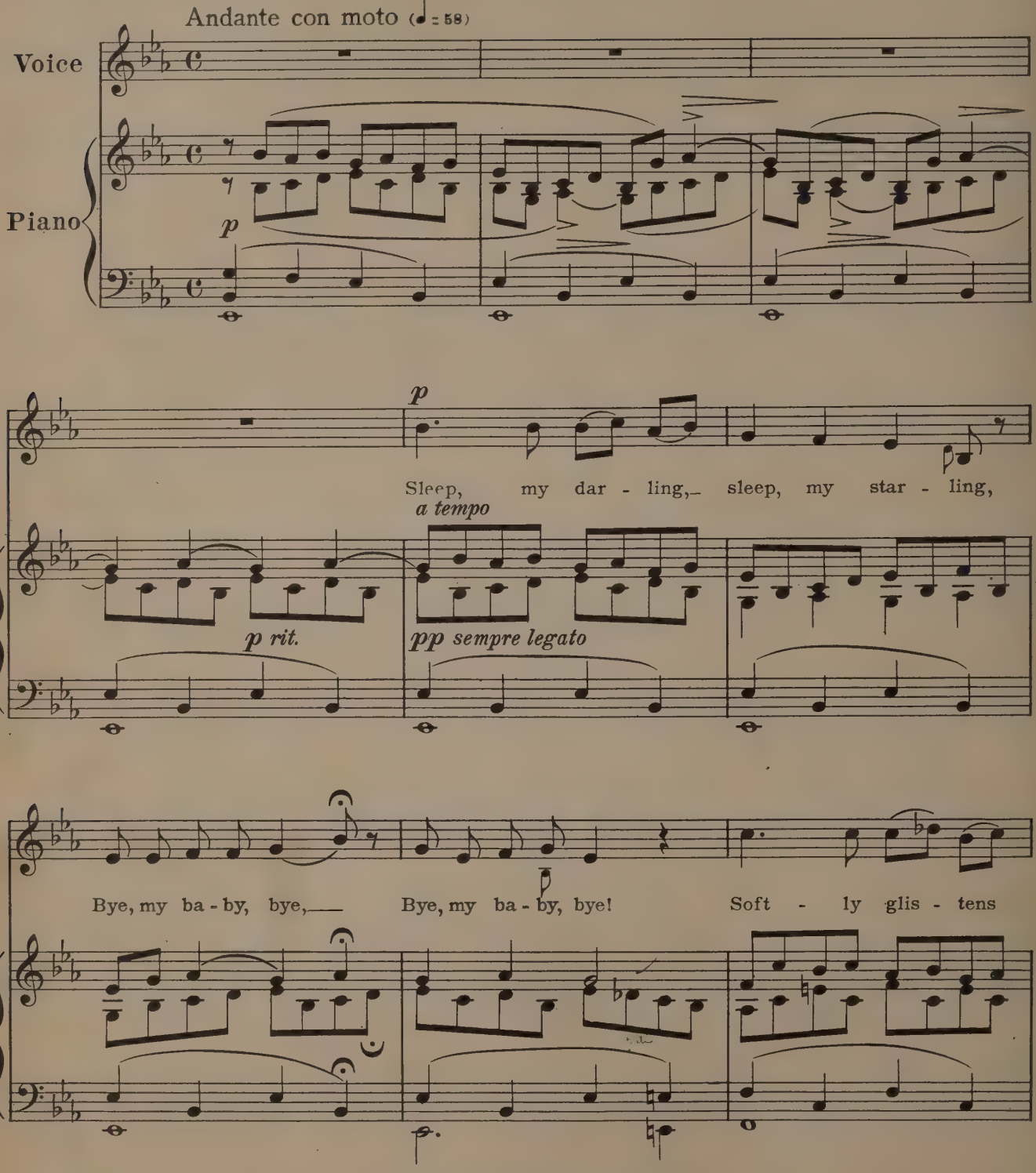

Largo
ff
Hi! thou na - tive land of mine!
f
Allegro moderato e tranquillo
p
Dream - ing vir - gin for - ests, Mid - night songs of night - in - gales,
p
Più animato
p molto cresc.
ff
Wind - - swept fields and mead - ows!
fp
sff
sff

Cradle-Song

(Koluibélnaya)

Poem by A. Lérmontoff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Alexandre T. Gretchaninoff
Op. 1, No. 5


Andante con moto (♩ = 58)
Voice
Piano
p
Sleep, my dar - ling,– sleep, my star - ling,
a tempo
p rit.
pp sempre legato
Bye, my ba - by, bye,—— Bye, my ba - by, bye! Soft - ly glis - tens

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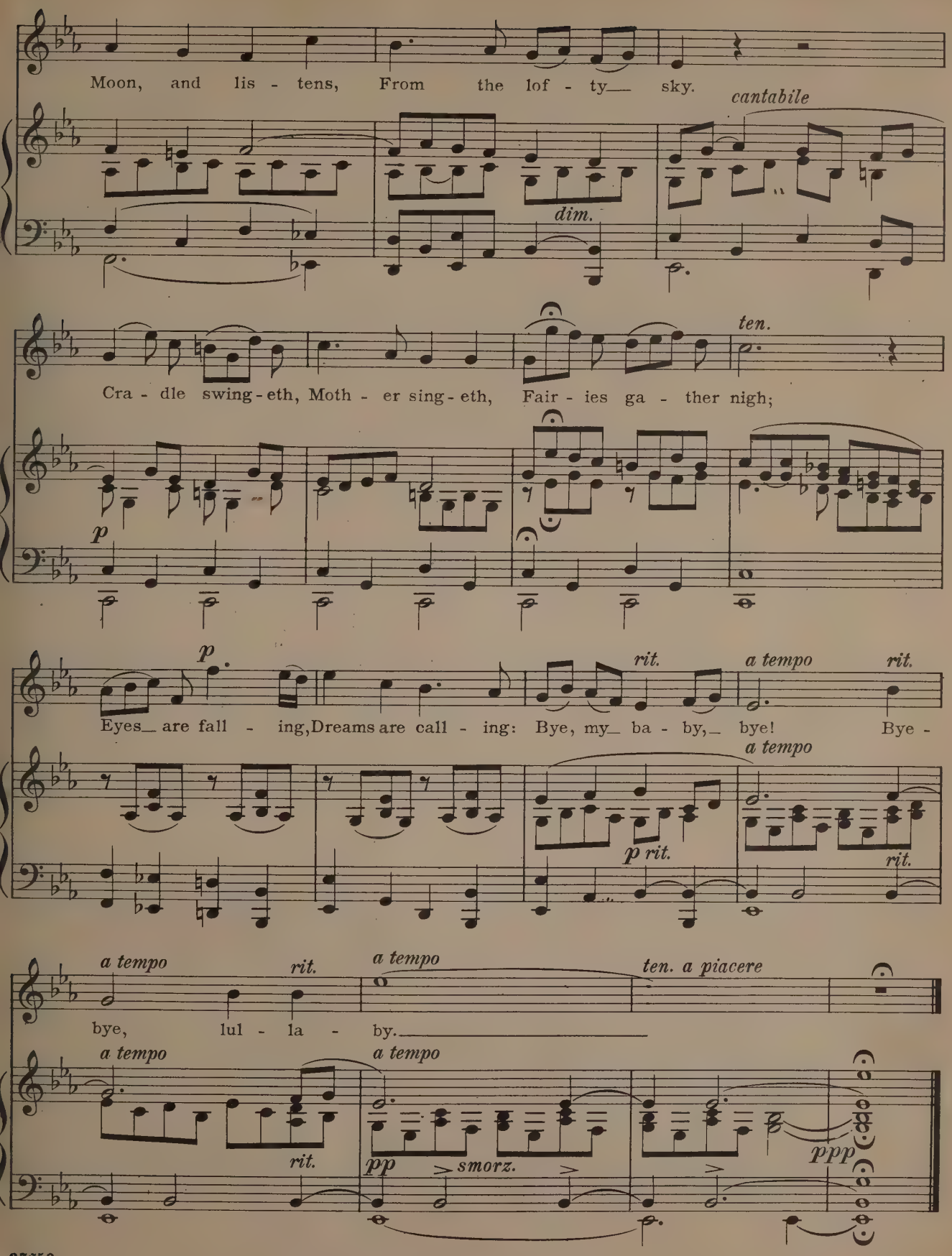
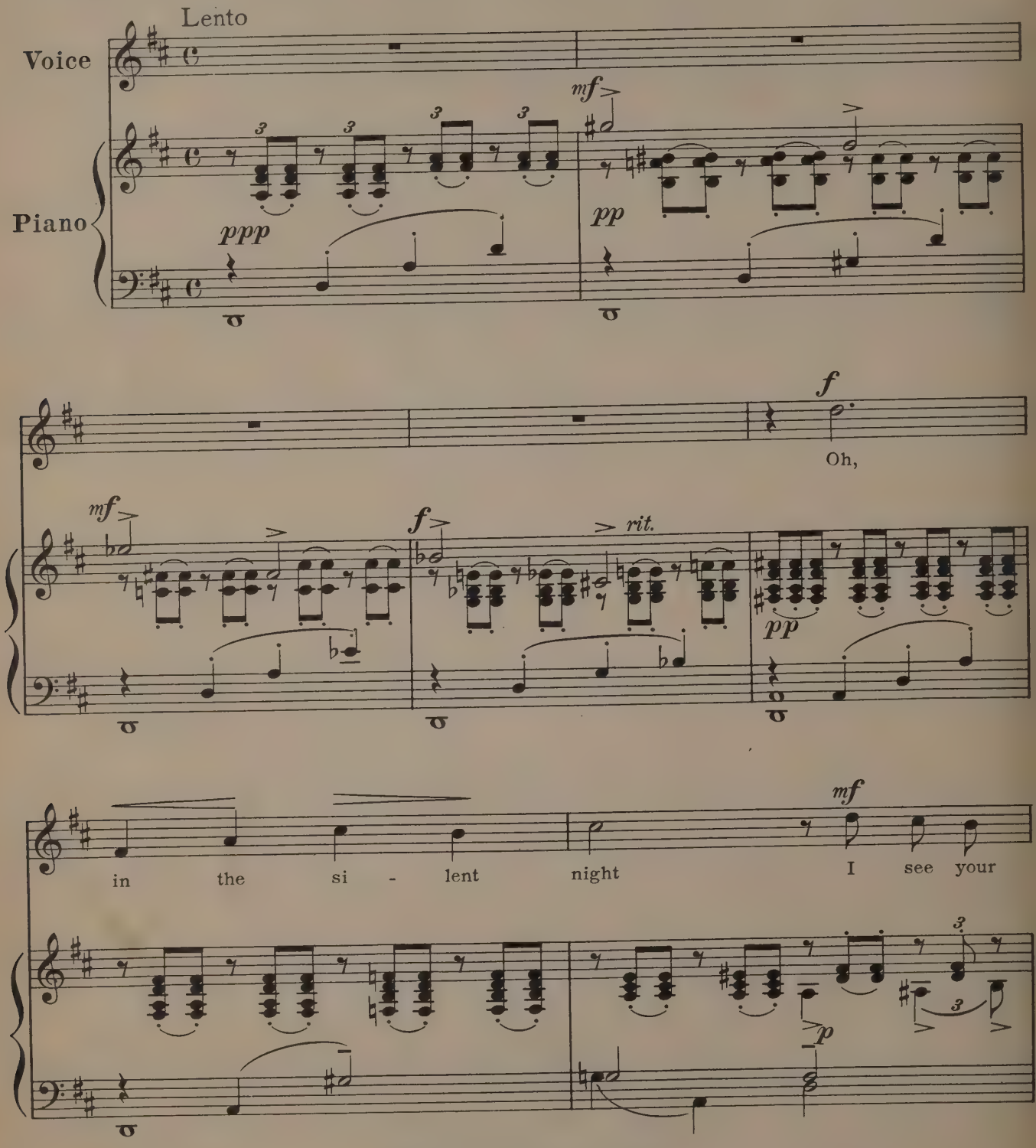

Moon, and lis - tens, From the lof - ty— sky.
cantabile
dim.
ten.
Cra - dle swing - eth, Moth - er sing - eth, Fair - ies ga - ther nigh;
p
p
rit.
a tempo
rit.
Eyes— are fall - ing, Dreams are call - ing: Bye, my— ba - by,— bye! Bye -
a tempo
p rit.
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
ten. a piacere
bye, lul - la - by.
a tempo
a tempo
rit.
pp
smorz.
ppp

In the Silence of Night

(V' moltchányi nótchi táïnoi)

Poem by Fet
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 4, No. 3



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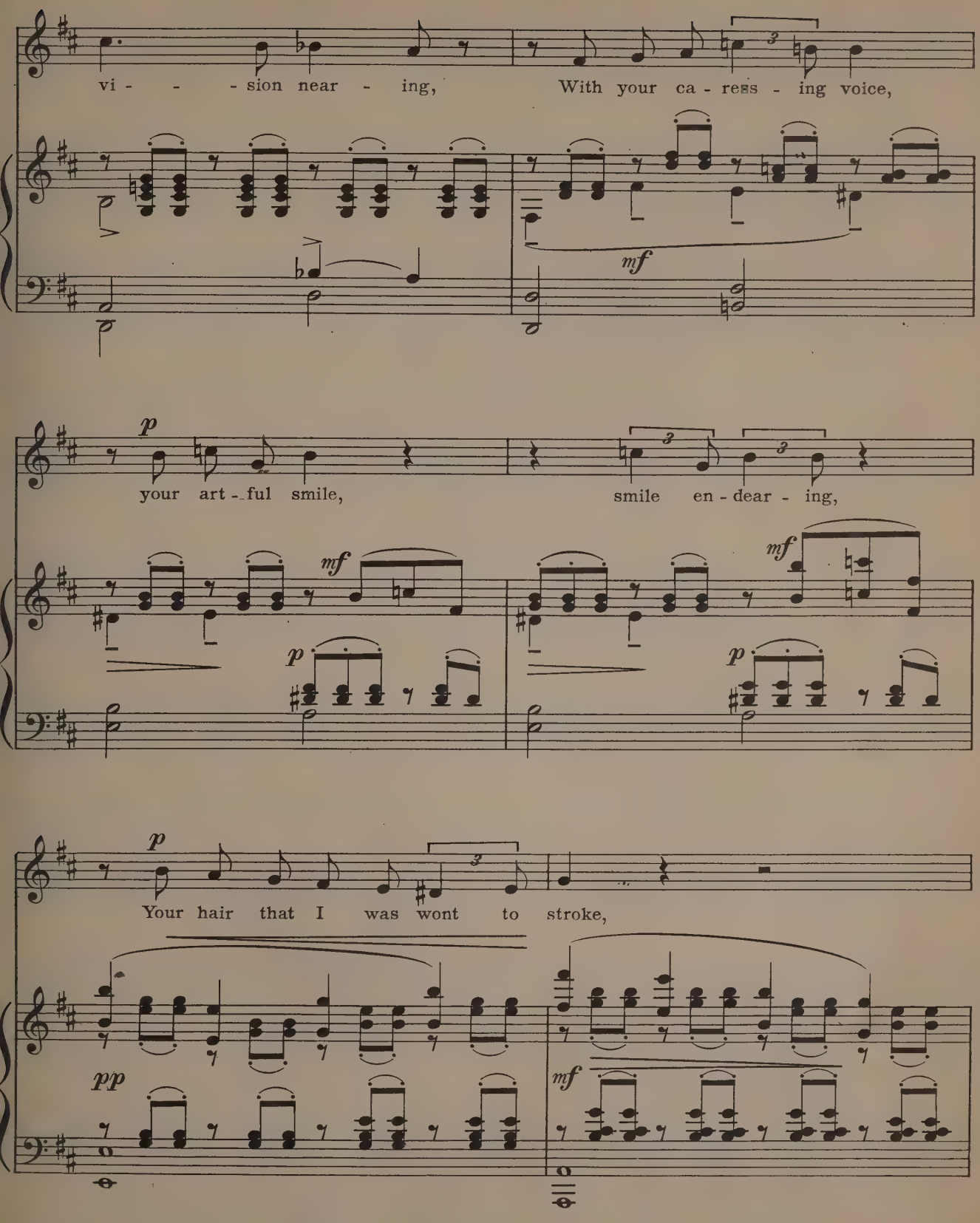
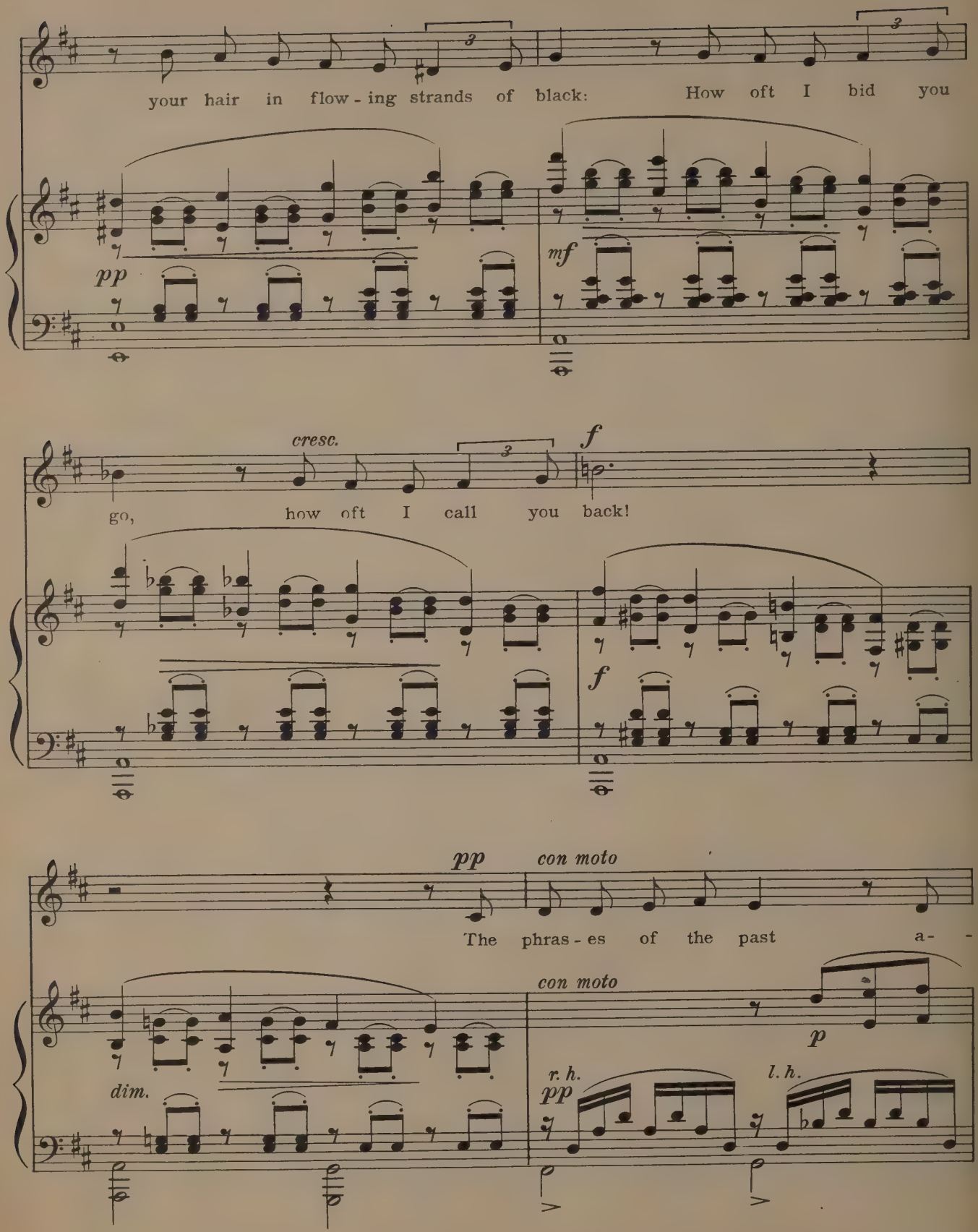
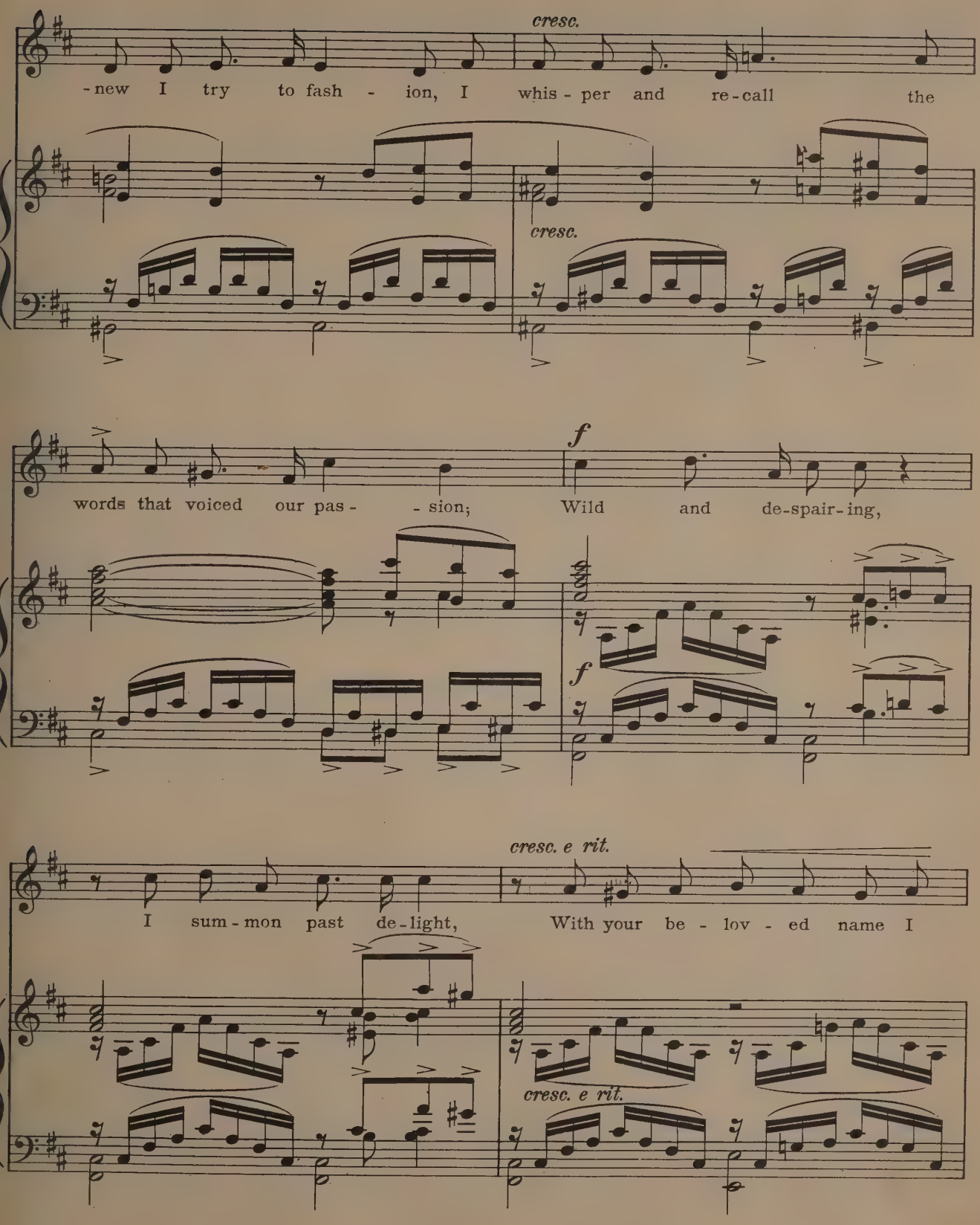
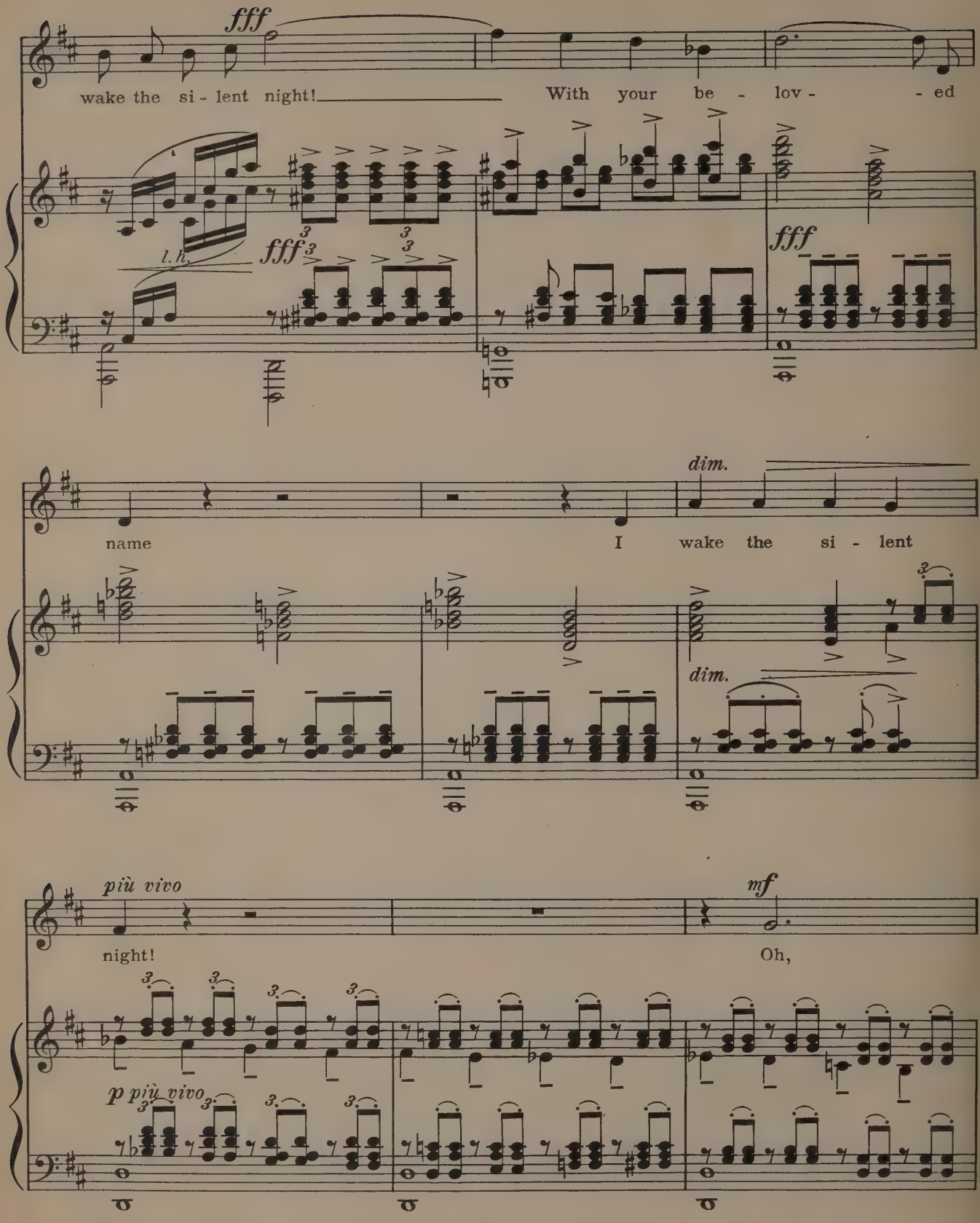
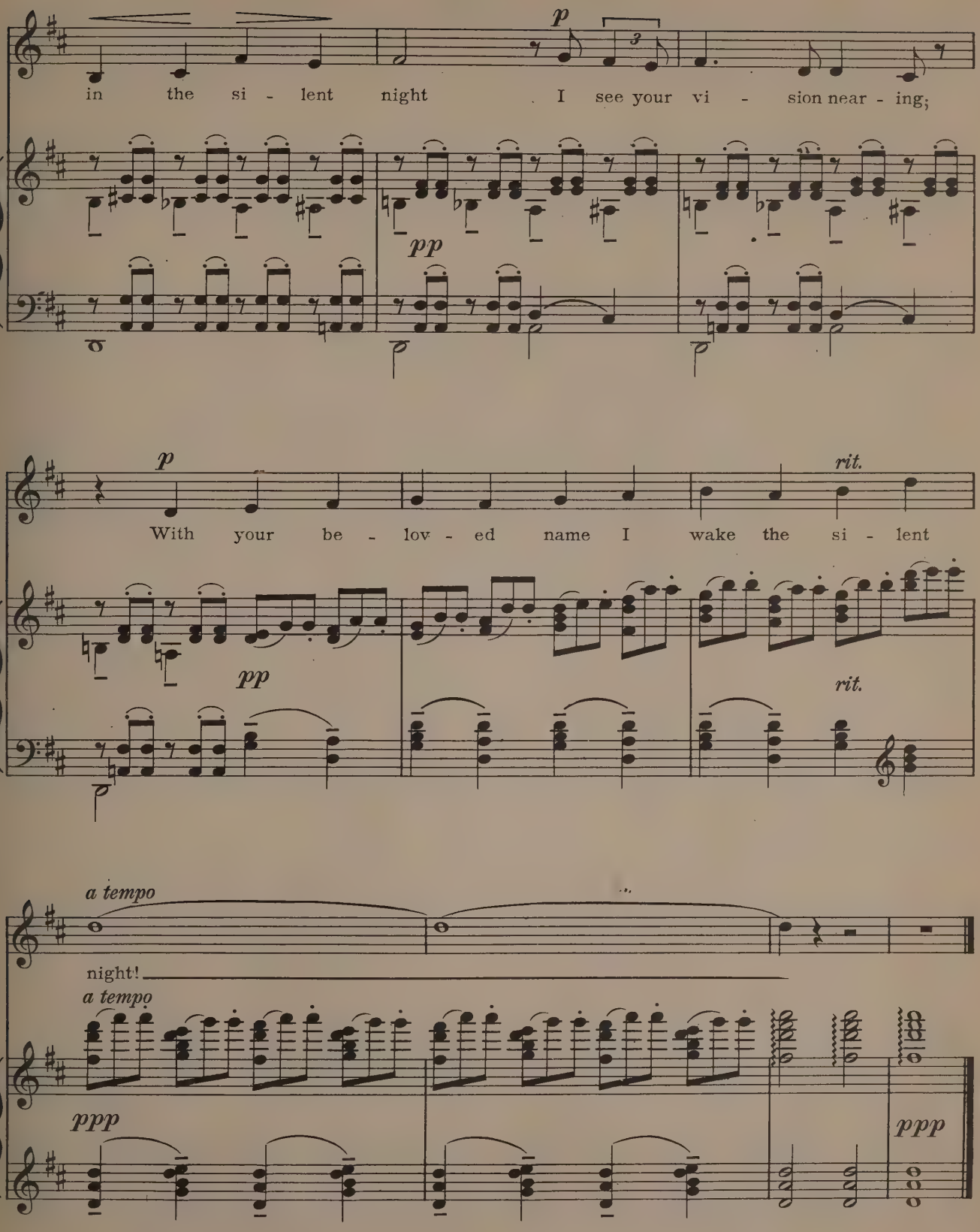

vi - - - sion near - ing,
With your ca - ress - ing voice,
mf
p
your art - ful smile,
smile en - dear - ing,
mf
p
mf
p
Your hair that I was wont to stroke,
pp
mf


your hair in flow - ing strands of black: How oft I bid you
pp
mf
cresc.
f
go, how oft I call you back!
f
pp
con moto
The phras - es of the past a-
con moto
p
dim.
r. h.
pp
l. h.


cresc.
-new I try to fash - ion, I whis - per and re - call the
cresc.
f
words that voiced our pas - - sion; Wild and de-spair-ing,
f
cresc. e rit.
I sum - mon past de-light, With your be - lov - ed name I
cresc. e rit.


fff
wake the si - lent night!
With your be - lov - - ed
l.h.
fff
fff
dim.
name
I wake the si - lent
dim.
più vivo
night!
mf
Oh,
p più vivo


p
in the si - lent night I see your vi - sion near - ing;
pp
p
With your be - lov - ed name I wake the si - lent
rit.
pp
rit.
a tempo
night!
a tempo
ppp
ppp

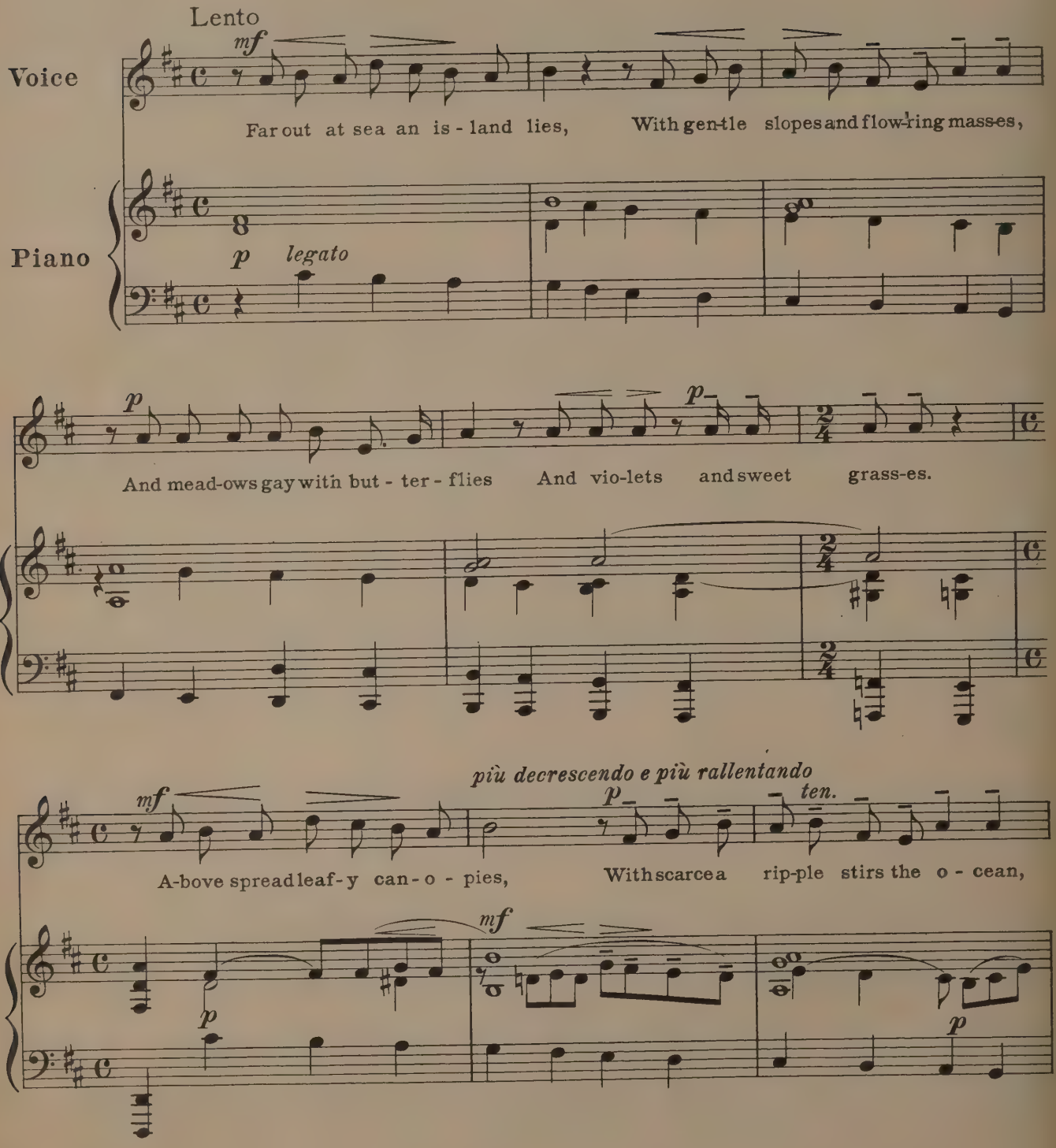
The Isle

(Ostrovók)

Poem by Konstantín Bálmont
(after Shelley)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 14, No. 2


Lento
mf
Voice
Far out at sea an is - land lies, With gen-tle slopes and flow-ring masses,
Piano
p legato
p
And mead-ows gay with but - ter - flies And vio-lets and sweet grass-es.
più decrescendo e più rallentando
mf
p
ten.
A-bove spread leaf - y can - o - pies, With scarce a rip-ple stirs the o - cean,
mf
p
p

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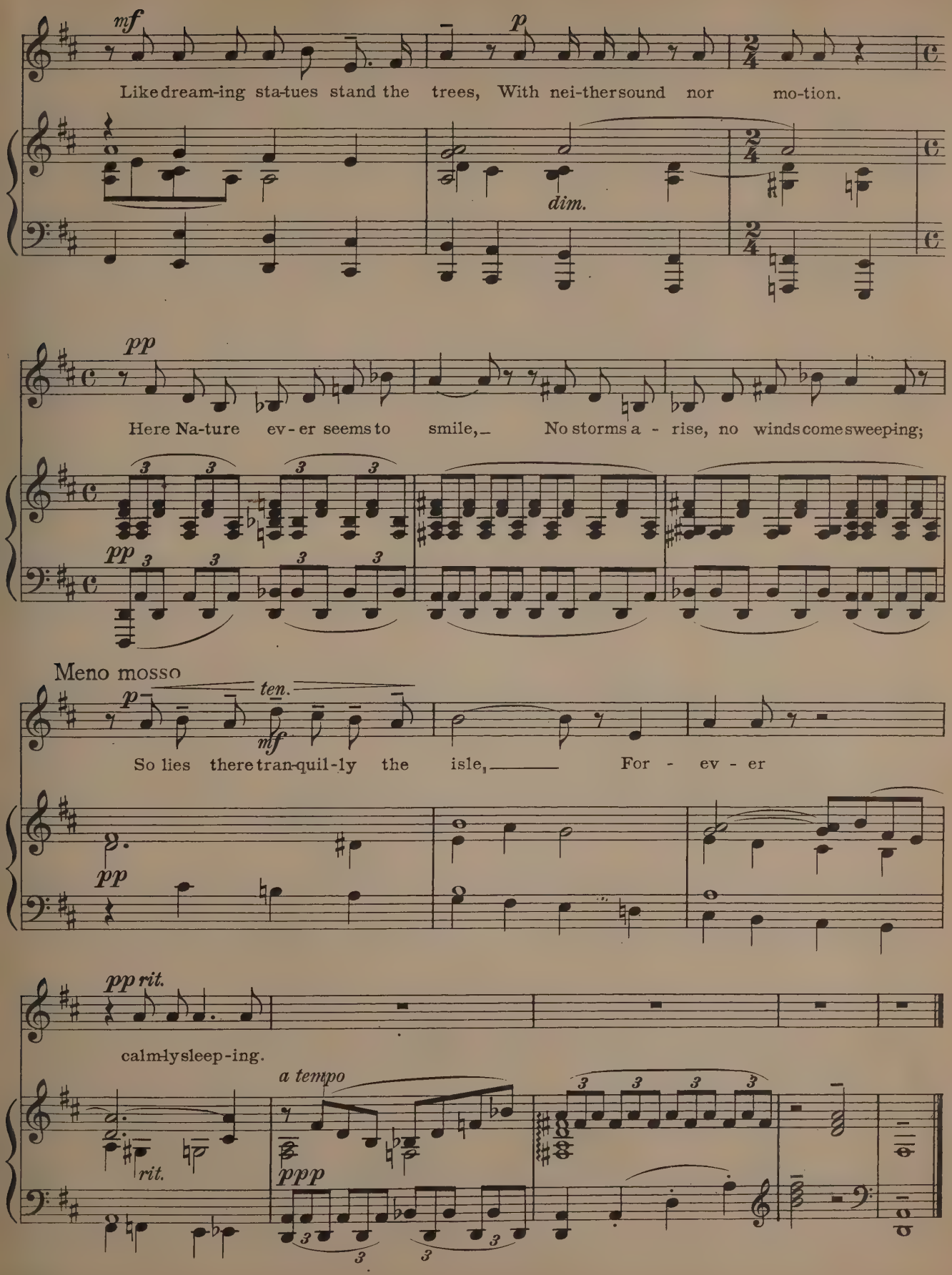
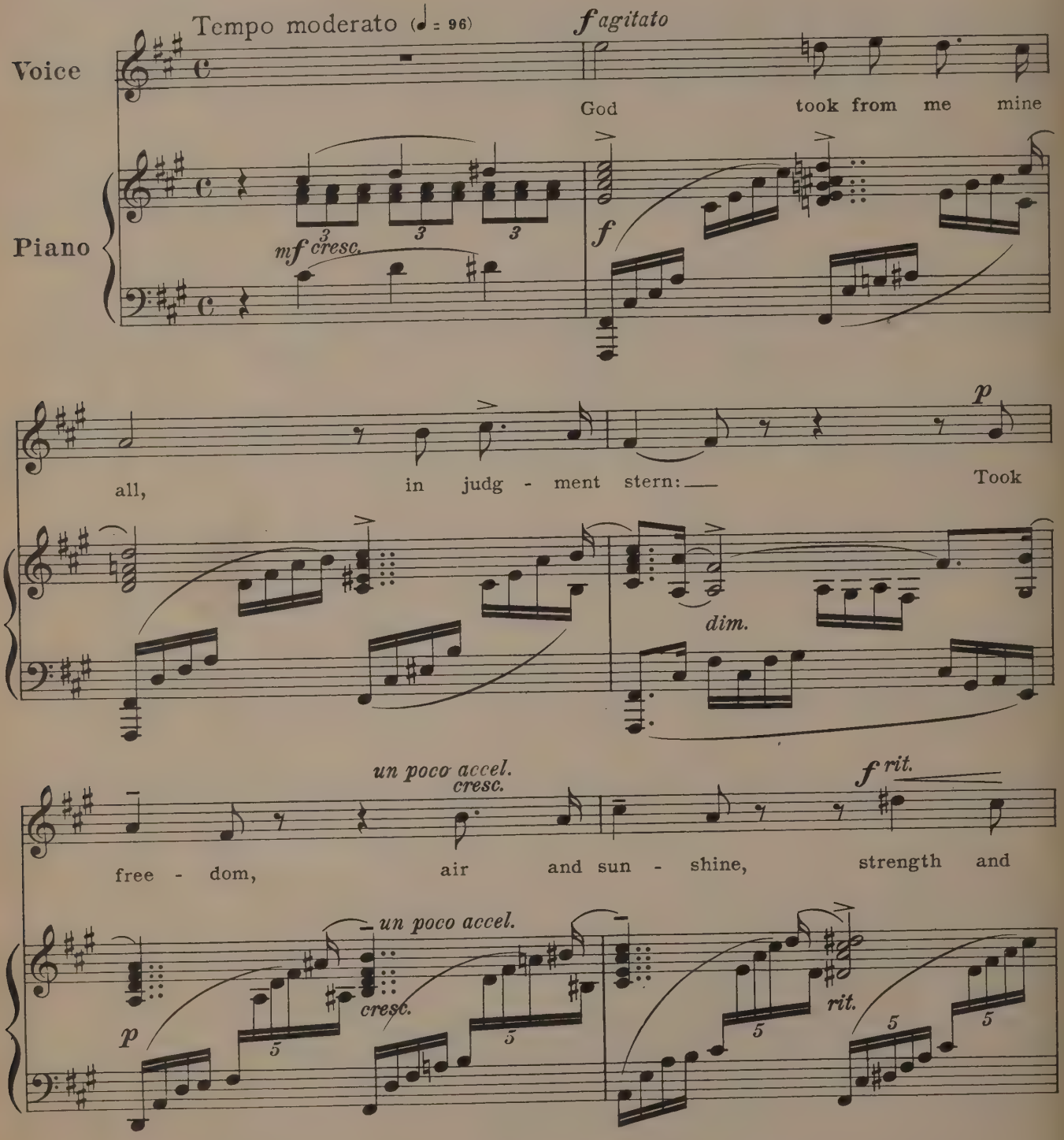

mf
p
Like dream-ing sta-tues stand the trees, With nei-ther sound nor mo-tion.
dim.
pp
Here Na-ture ev-er seems to smile, No storms a-rise, no winds come sweeping;
Meno mosso
p
ten.
mf
So lies there tran-quil-ly the isle, For-ev-er
pp
pp rit.
calm-ly sleep-ing.
a tempo
rit.
ppp

"God Took from Me Mine All"

(«Vsyo ótnyal o͞o minyá»)

Poem by Fyódor Tyútcheff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 26, No. 2



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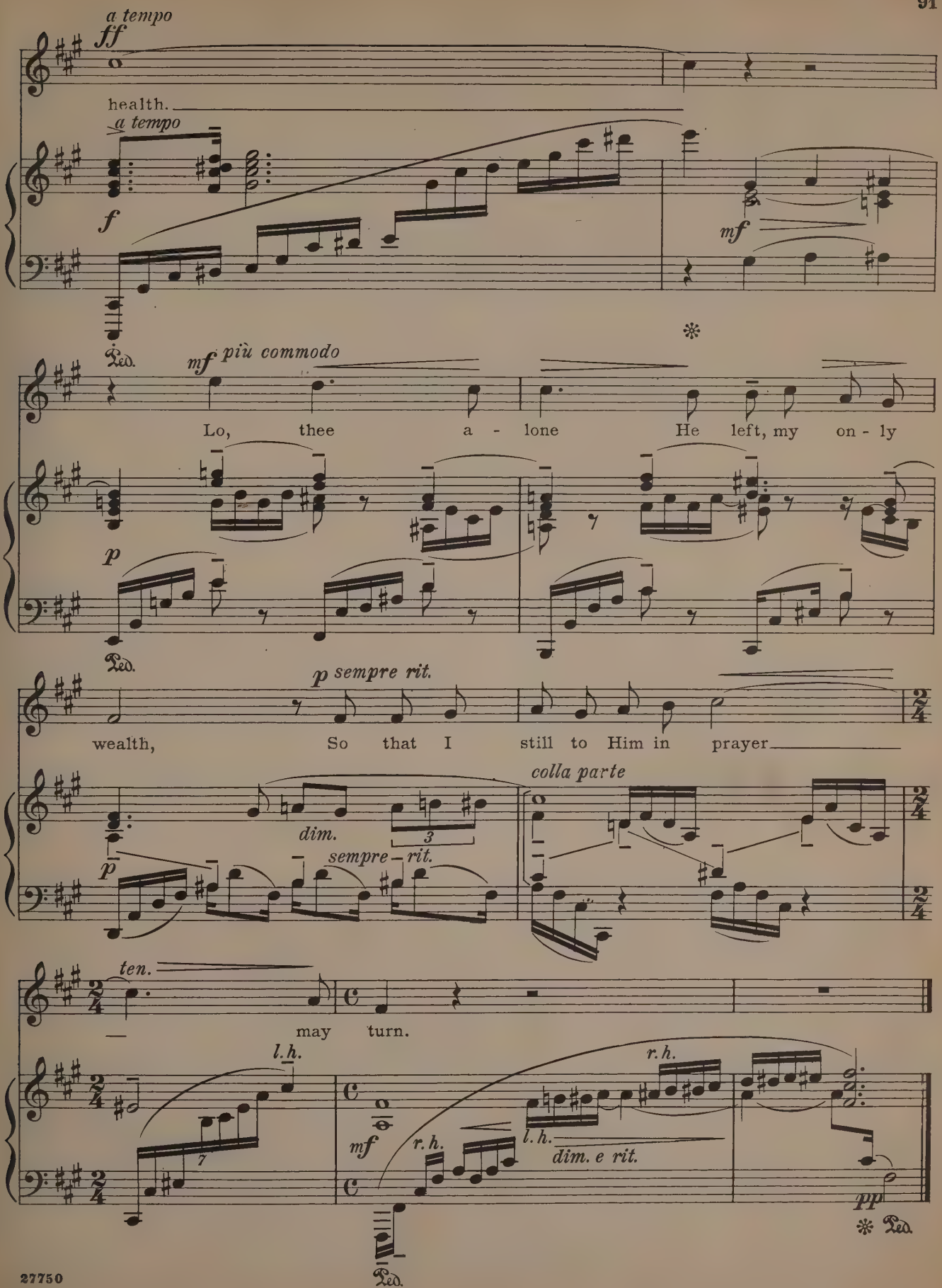
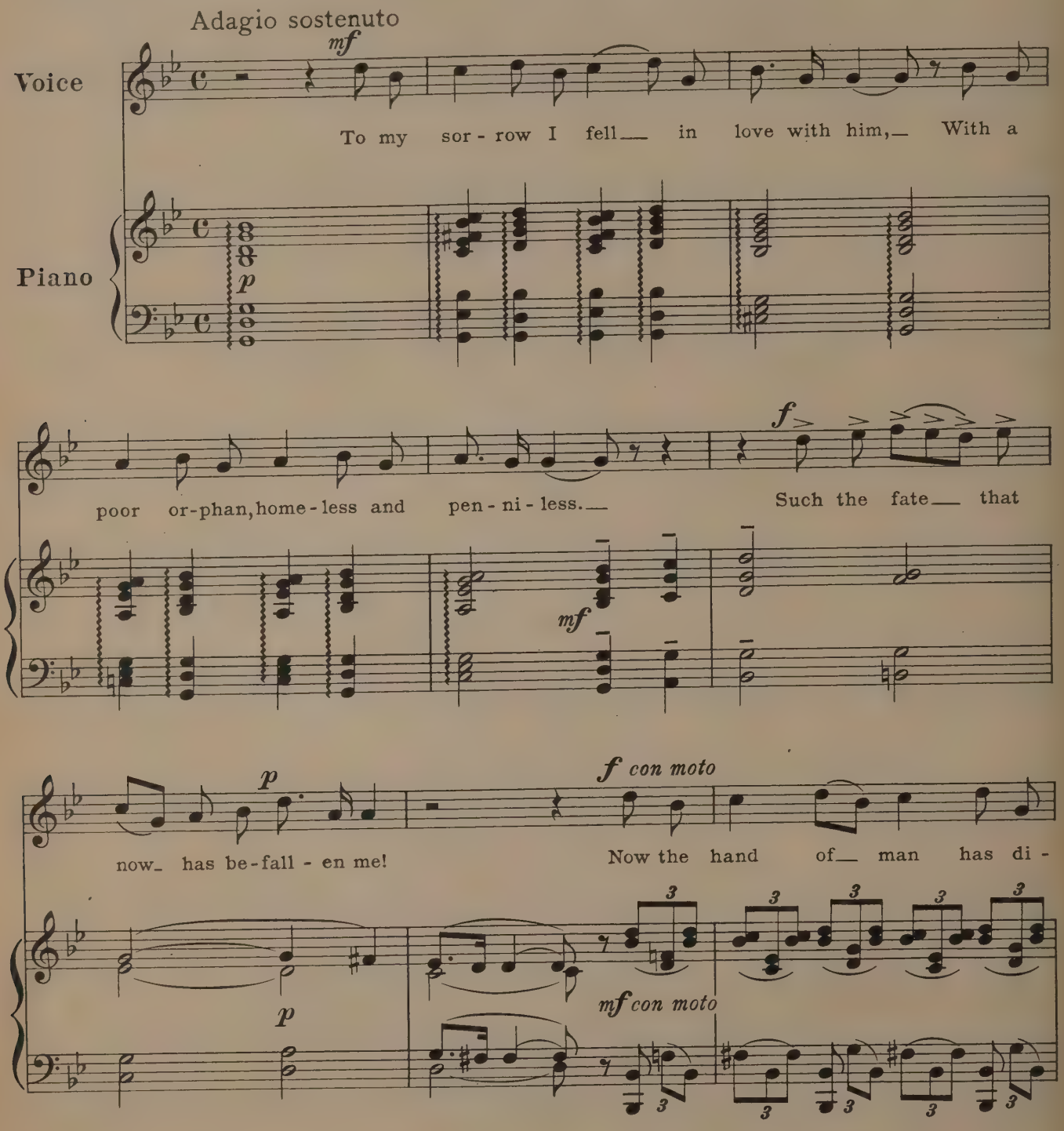

a tempo
ff
health.
a tempo
f
mf
Ped.
mf più commodo
Lo, thee a - lone He left, my on - ly
p
Ped.
p sempre rit.
wealth, So that I still to Him in prayer
colla parte
dim.
3
sempre rit.
p
ten.
may turn.
l.h.
7
mf
r.h.
l.h.
dim. e rit.
r.h.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

The Soldier's Bride

(«Poloobēēla ya na petchál svayú»)

Poem by A. Pleshtchéïeff
(after the Little-Russian of Shevtchénko)
English version by
Deems Taylor and Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 8, No. 4


Adagio sostenuto
mf
Voice
To my sor - row I fell in love with him, With a
Piano
p
f
poor or-phan, home-less and pen - ni - less. Such the fate that
mf
p
f con moto
now has be-fall - en me! Now the hand of man has di -
p
mf con moto

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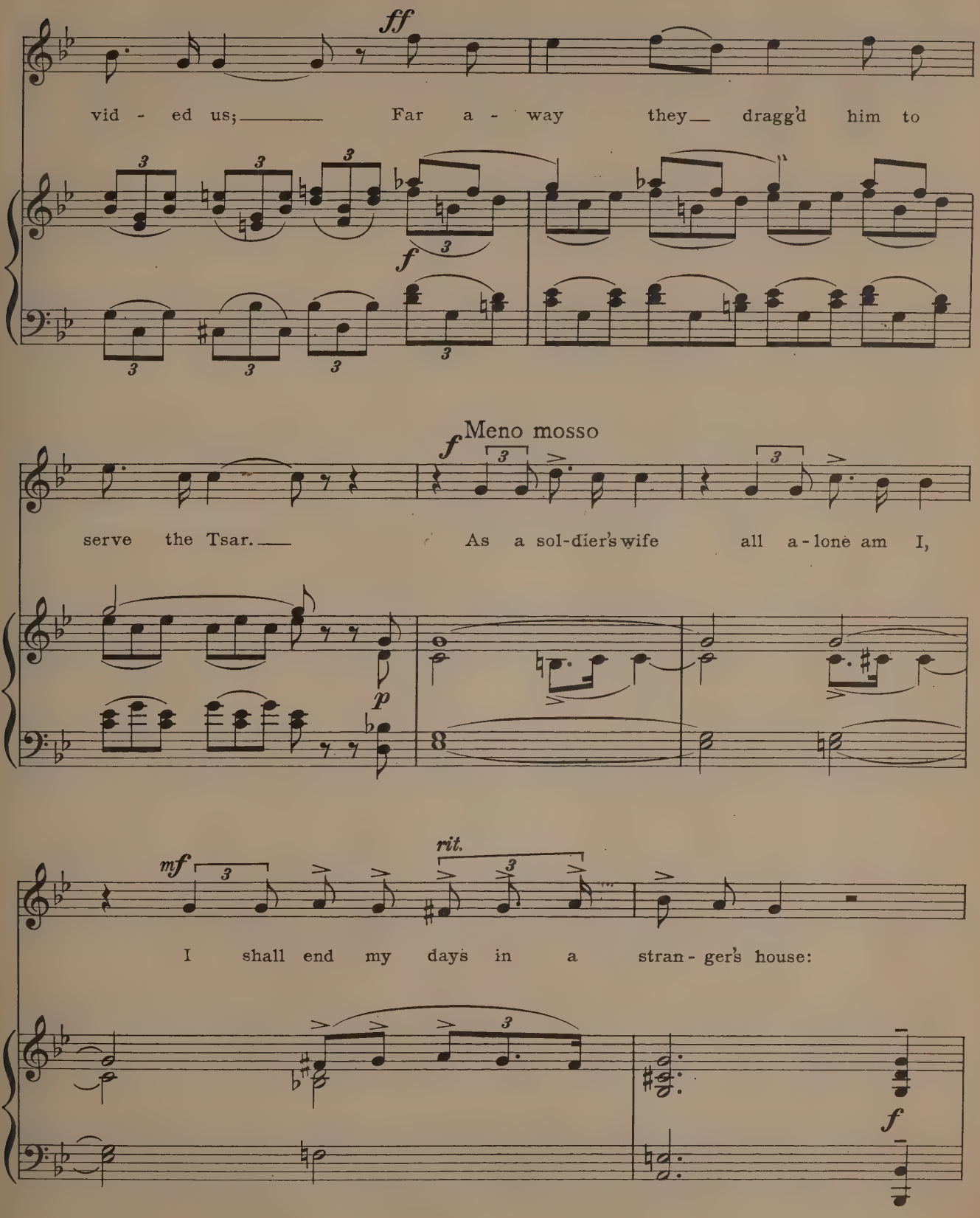
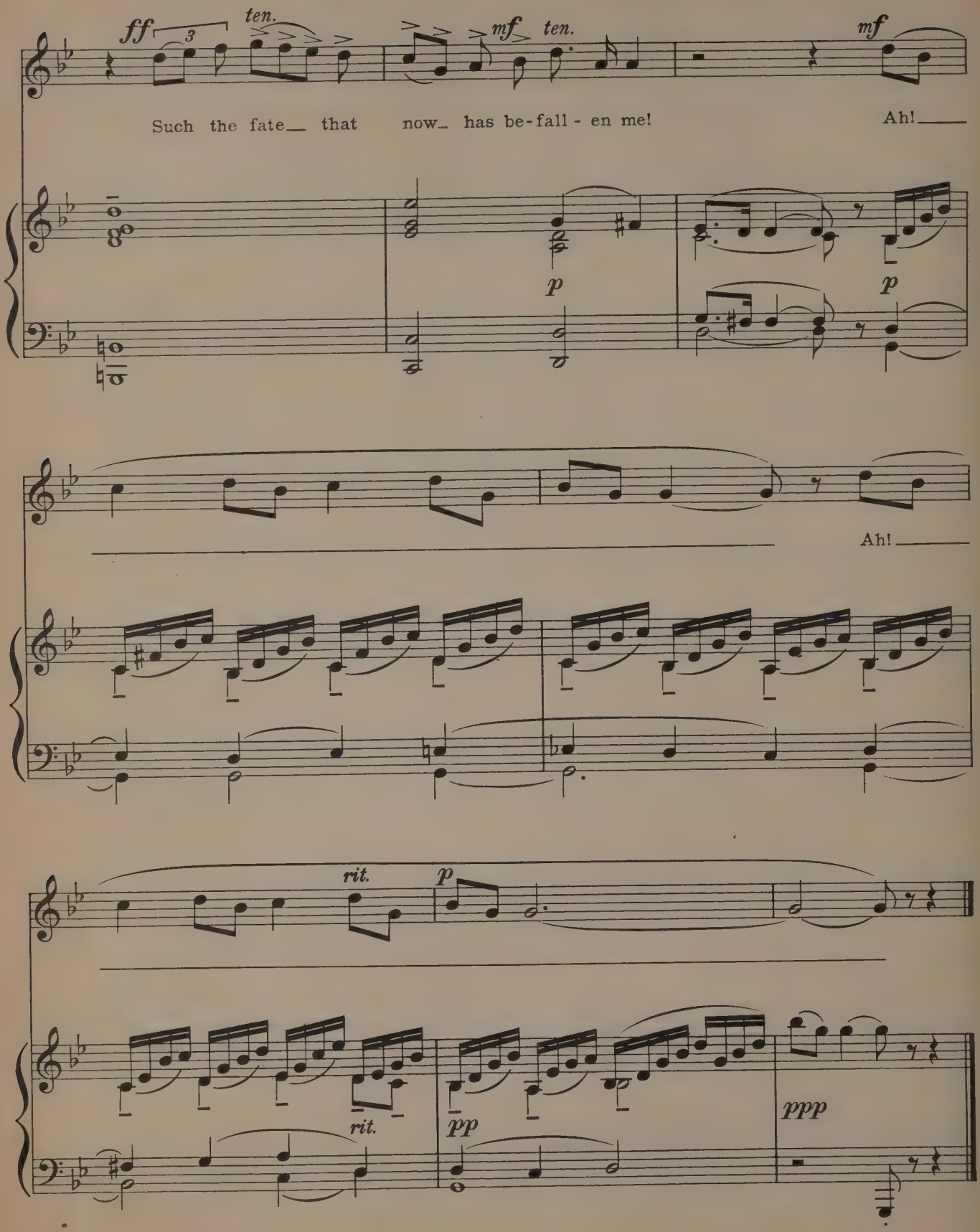

ff
vid - ed us; Far a - way they dragg'd him to
f
Meno mosso
f
serve the Tsar. As a sol-dier's wife all a-lone am I,
p
mf
rit.
I shall end my days in a stran - ger's house:
f

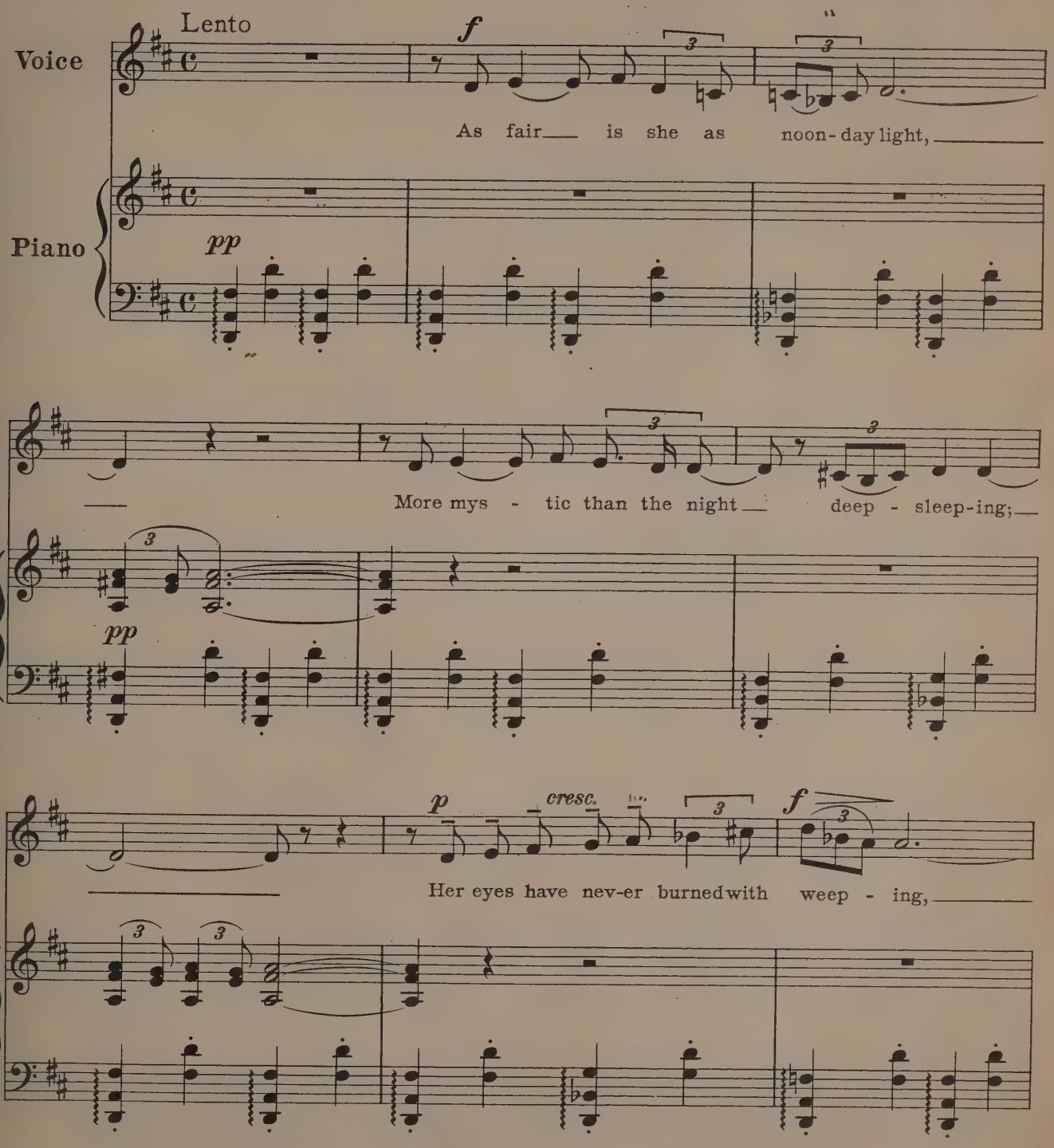

ff
3
ten.
mf
ten.
mf
Such the fate__ that now_ has be-fall - en me!
Ah!____
p
p
Ah!____
rit.
p
rit.
pp
ppp

"As Fair is She as Noonday-Light"

("Aná, kak póldyen, kharashá")

Poem by N. Minsky
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 14, No. 9



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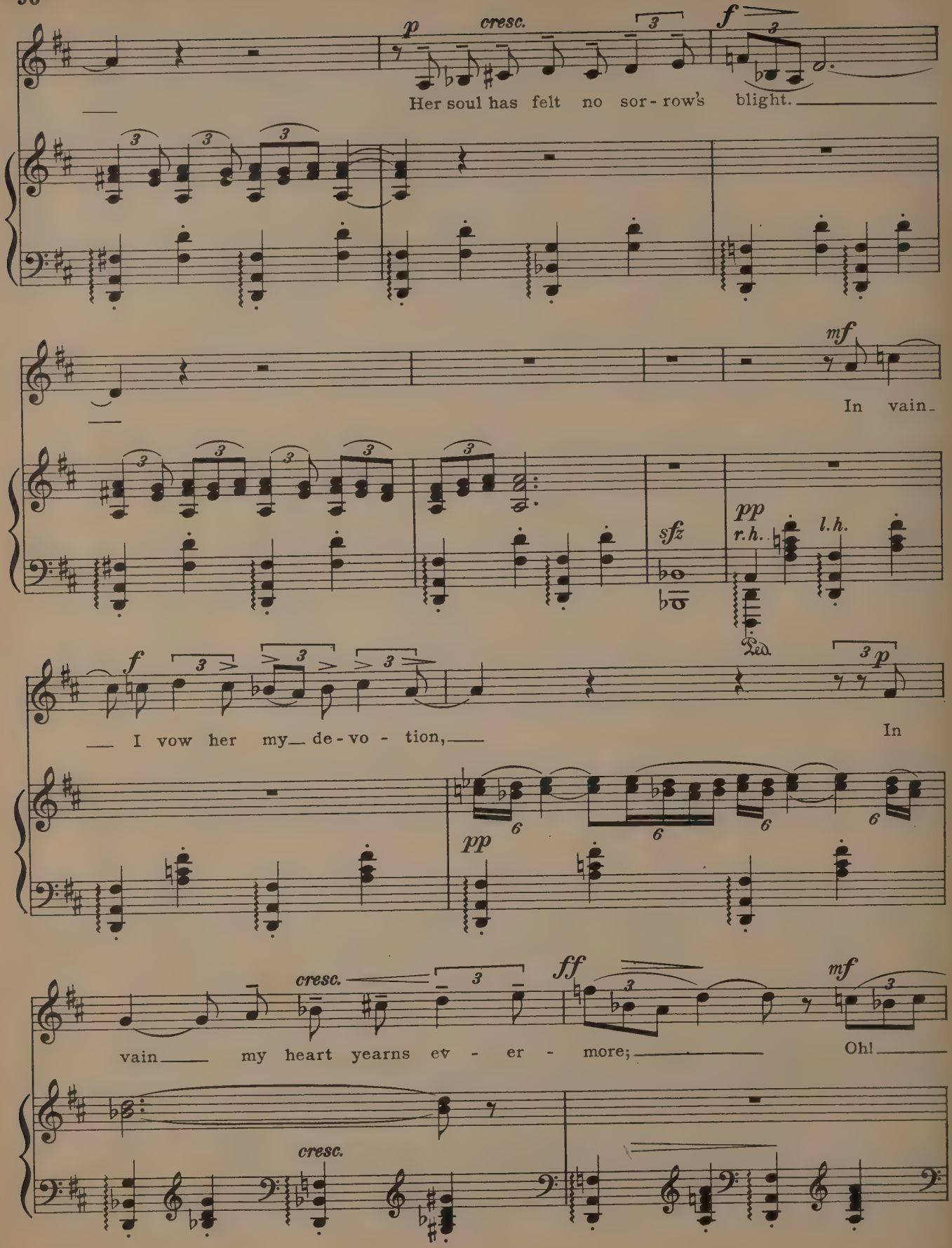
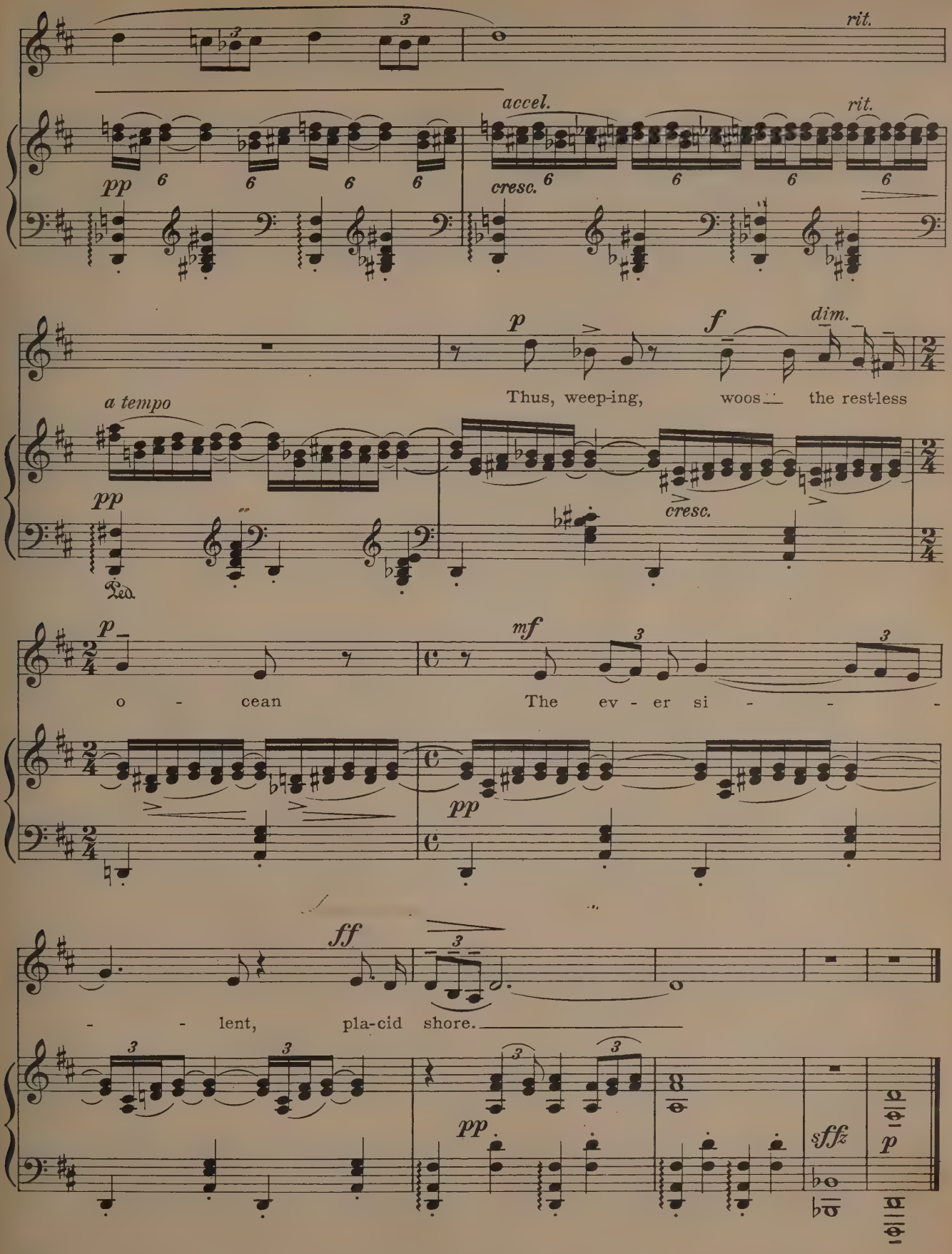

p
cresc.
f
Her soul has felt no sor - row's blight.
mf
In vain.
sfz
pp
r.h.
l.h.
f
I vow her my de - vo - tion,
In
pp
cresc.
ff
mf
vain my heart yearns ev - er - more;
Oh!
cresc.


rit.
accel.
rit.
pp
cresc.
p
f
dim.
Thus, weep-ing, woos - the rest-less
a tempo
pp
cresc.
Ped.
p
mf
o - cean
The ev - er si - - -
pp
ff
- - lent, pla-cid shore.
pp
sffz
p

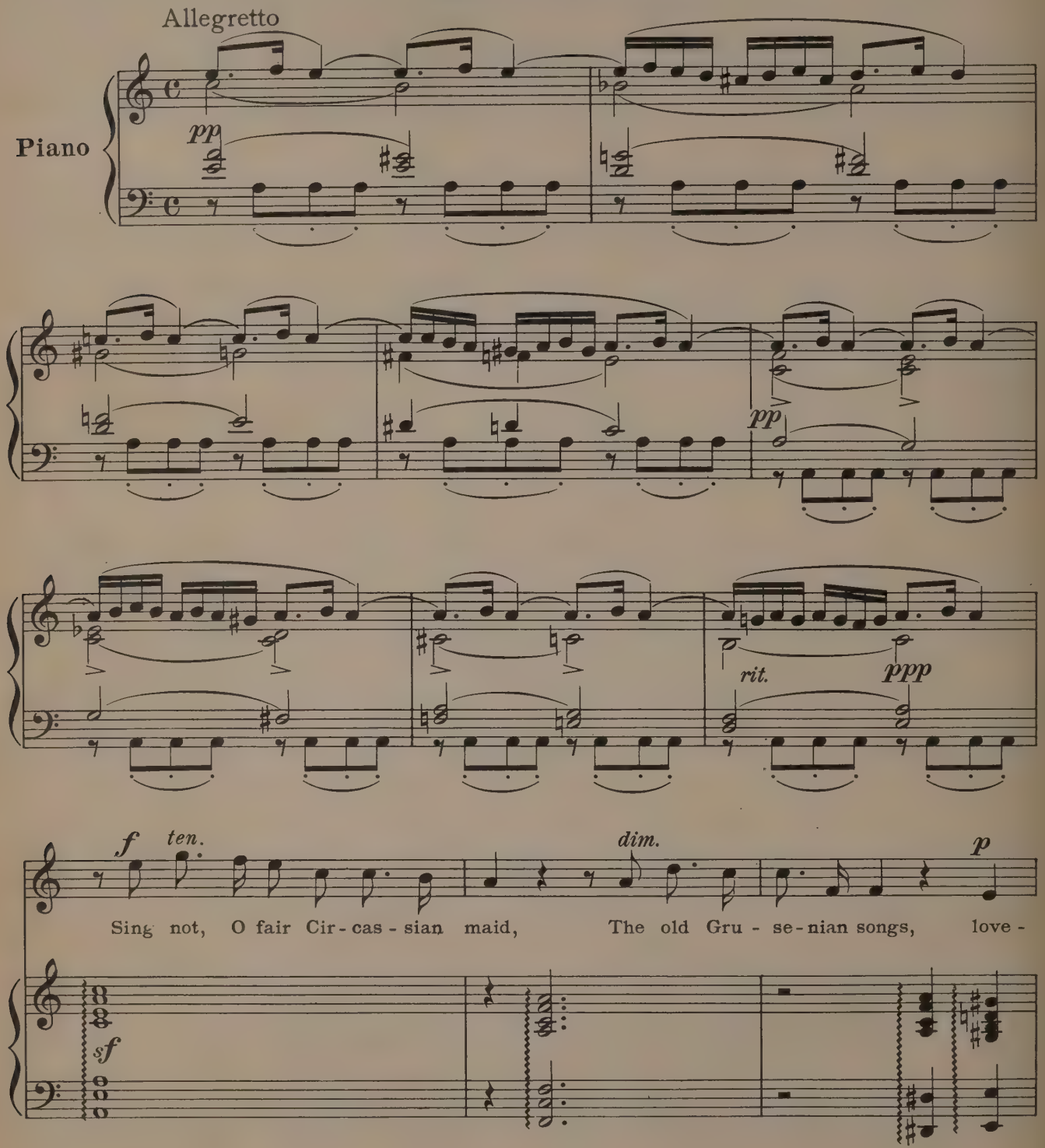
The Songs of Grusia

(«Nye poi, krasávitza»)

Poem by Púshkin
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Sergéï Rachmáninoff
Op. 4, No. 4

НЕ ПОЙ, КРАСАВИЦА



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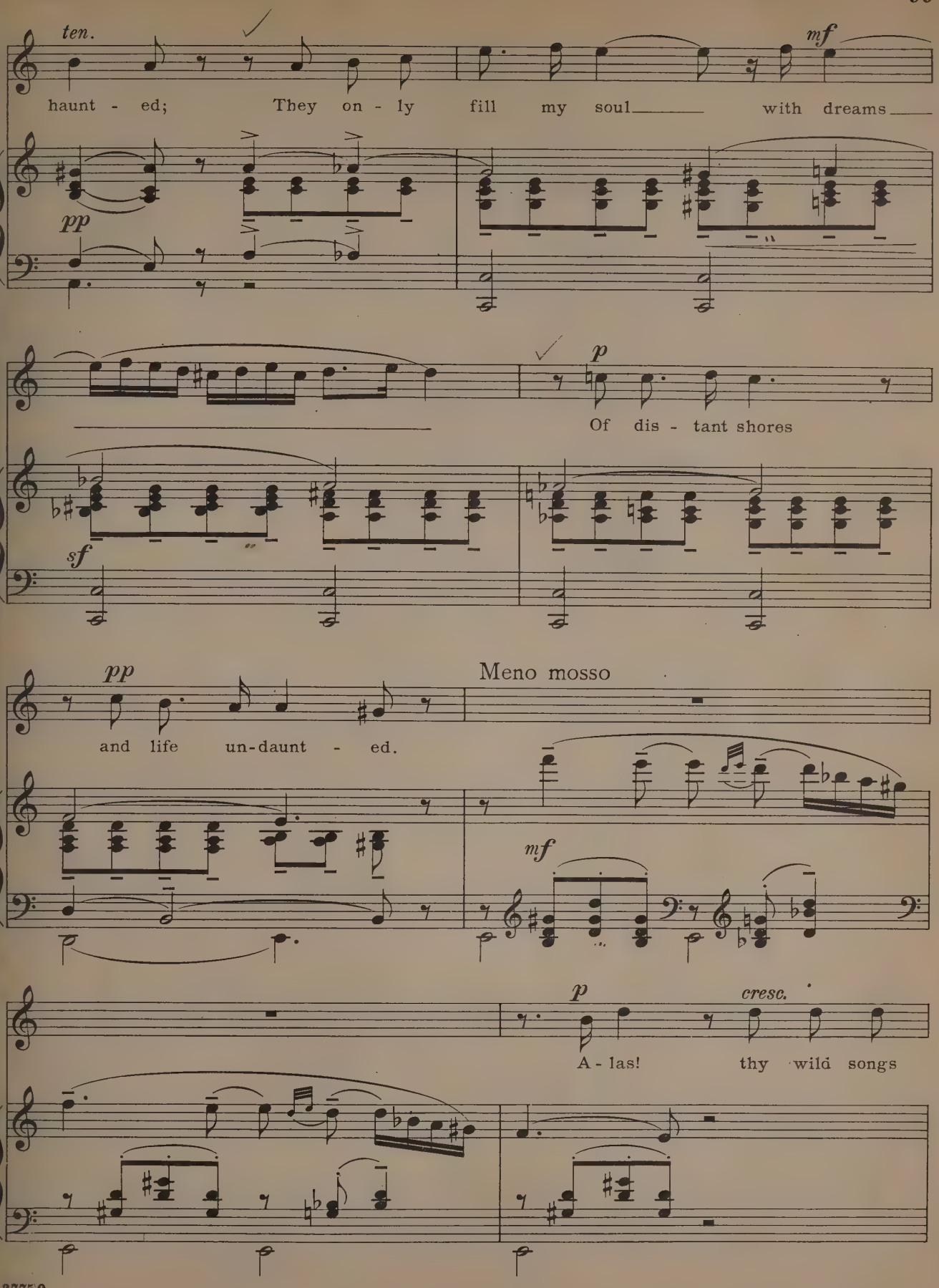
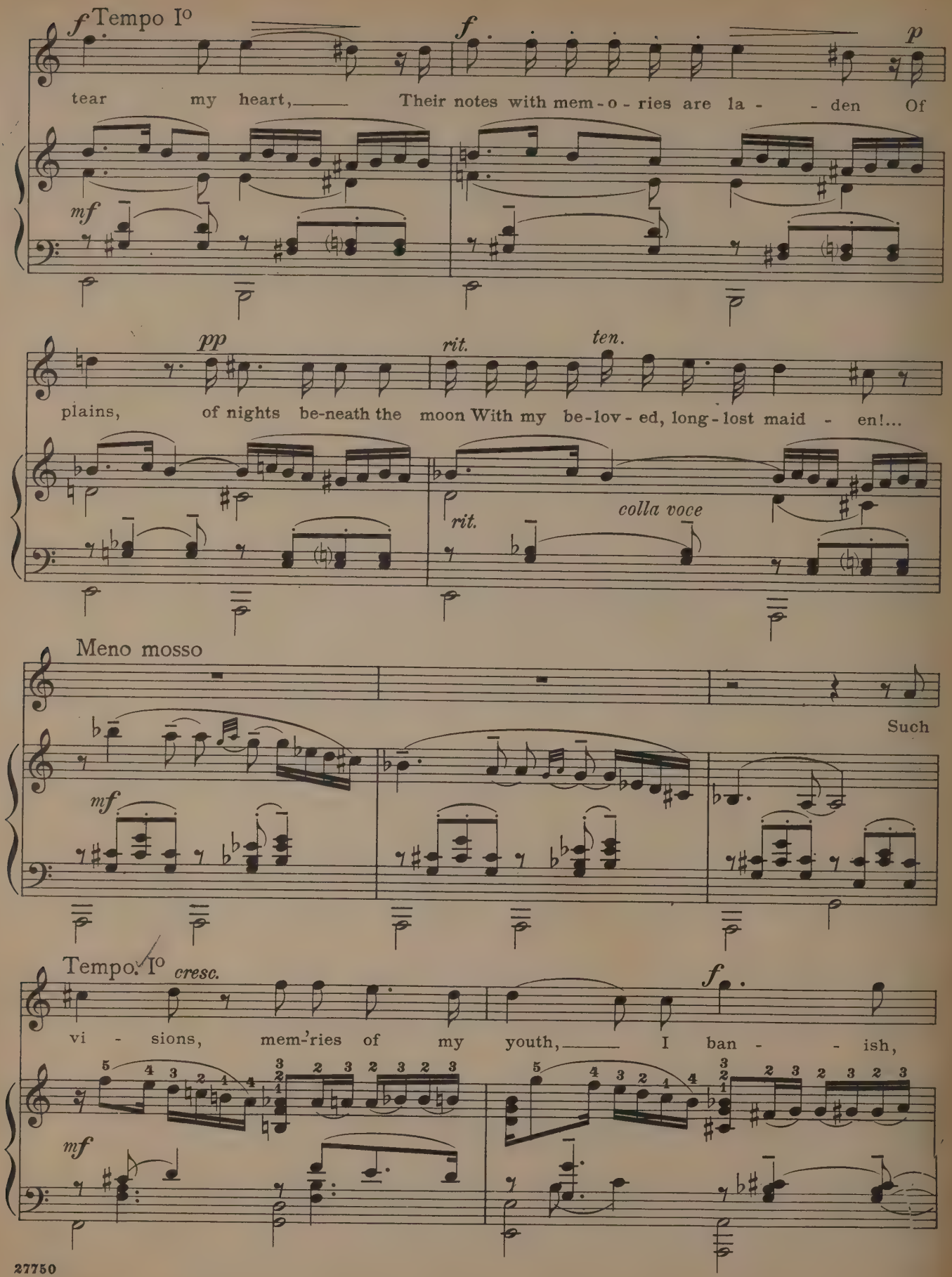
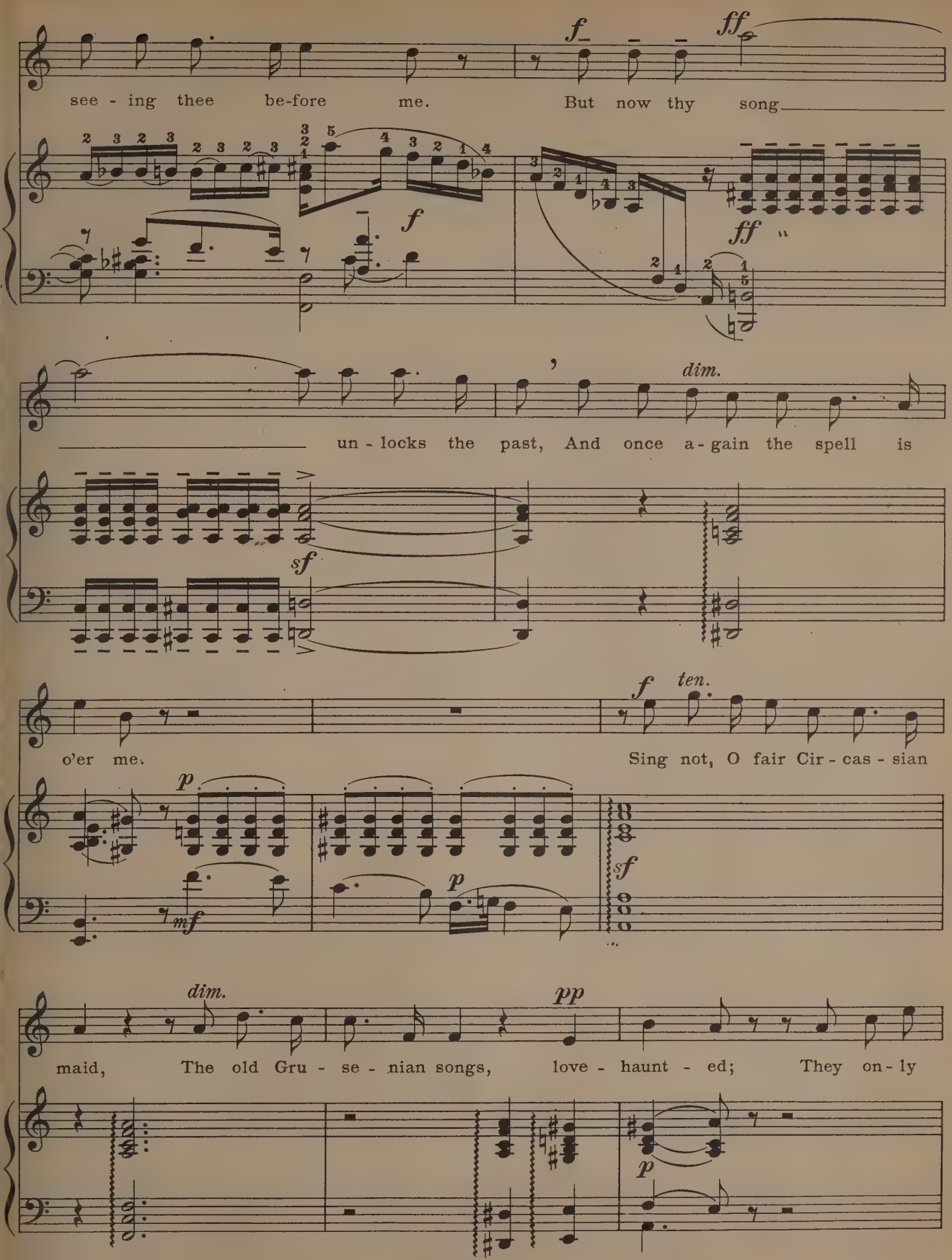
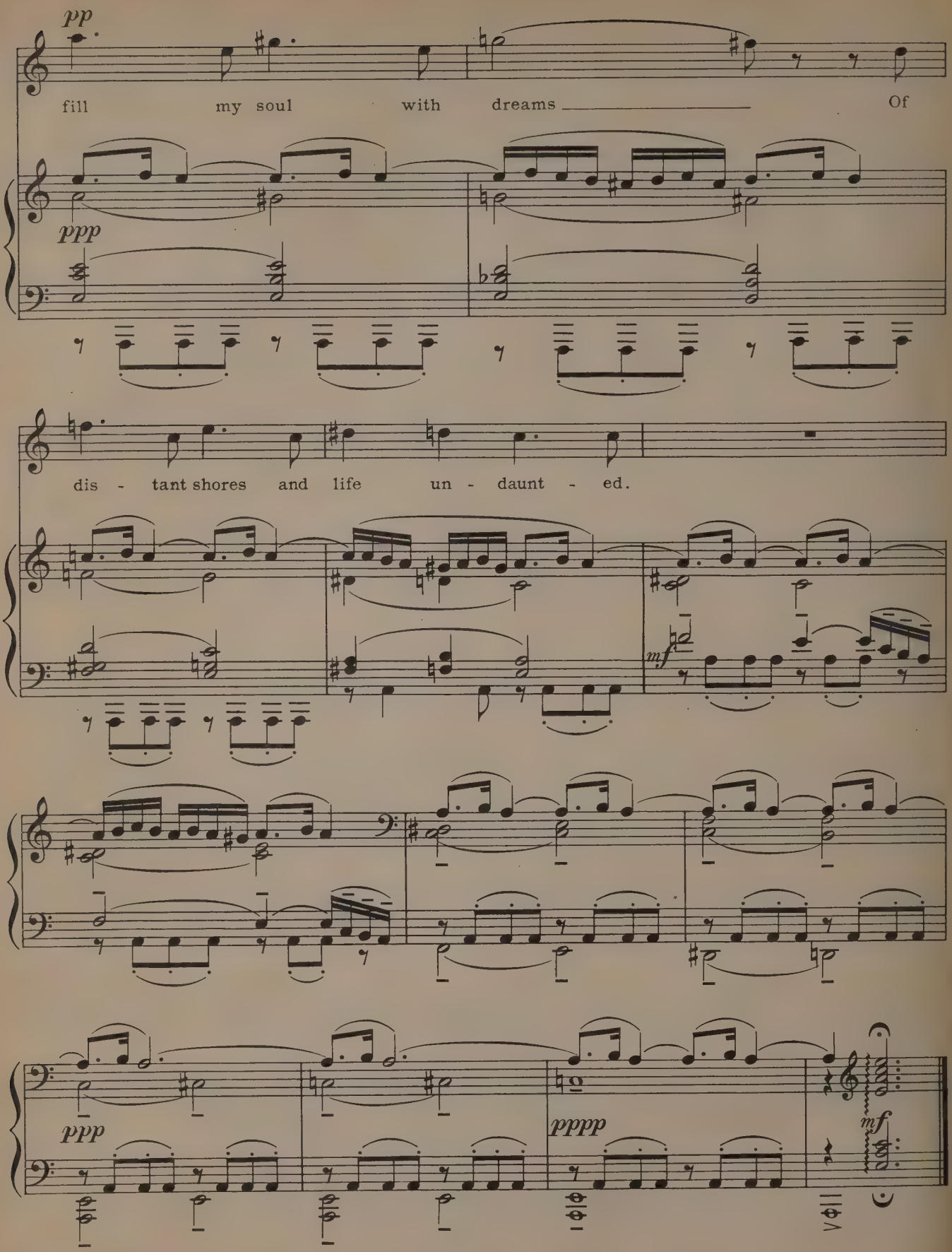

ten.
mf
haunt - ed; They on - ly fill my soul with dreams
pp
p
Of dis - tant shores
sf
pp
Meno mosso
and life un-daunt - ed.
mf
p
cresc.
A - las! thy wild songs


f Tempo Io
f
p
tear my heart, Their notes with mem-o-ries are la- den Of
mf
pp
rit.
ten.
plains, of nights be-neath the moon With my be-lov-ed, long-lost maid- en!...
rit.
colla voce
Meno mosso
Such
mf
Tempo Io
cresc.
f
vi- sions, mem'ries of my youth, I ban- ish,
mf


see - ing thee be-fore me. But now thy song
f
ff
f
ff
dim.
un - locks the past, And once a - gain the spell is
sf
f ten.
o'er me. Sing not, O fair Cir - cas - sian
p
mf
p
sf
dim.
pp
maid, The old Gru - se - nian songs, love - haunt - ed; They on - ly
p

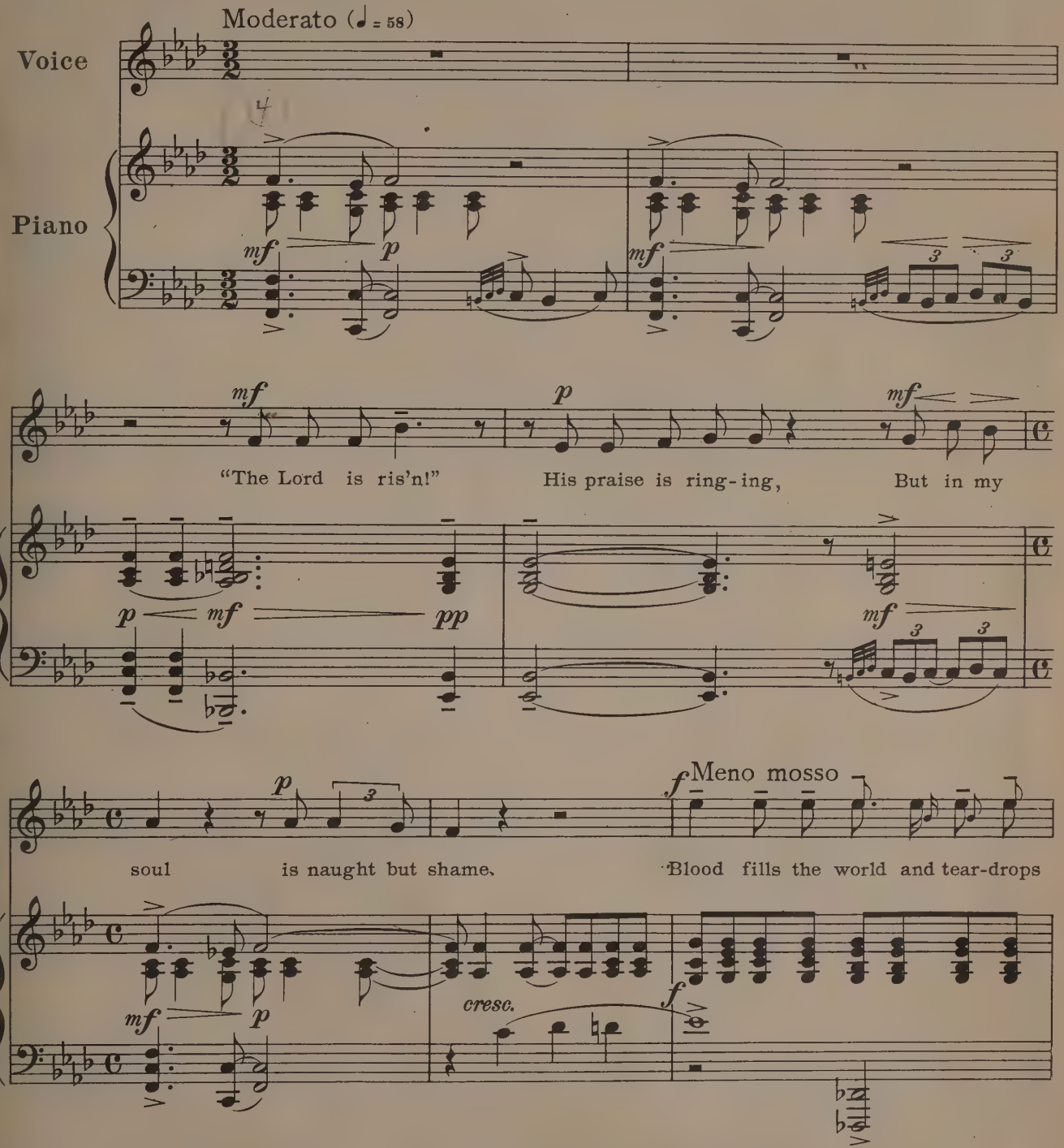

pp
fill my soul with dreams Of
ppp
dis - tant shores and life un - daunt - ed.
mf
ppp
pppp
mf

"The Lord is Risen"

(«Christós voskrés»)

Poem by
Dmitri S. Mereshkóvsky
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Sergéï Rachmaninoff
Op. 26, No. 6



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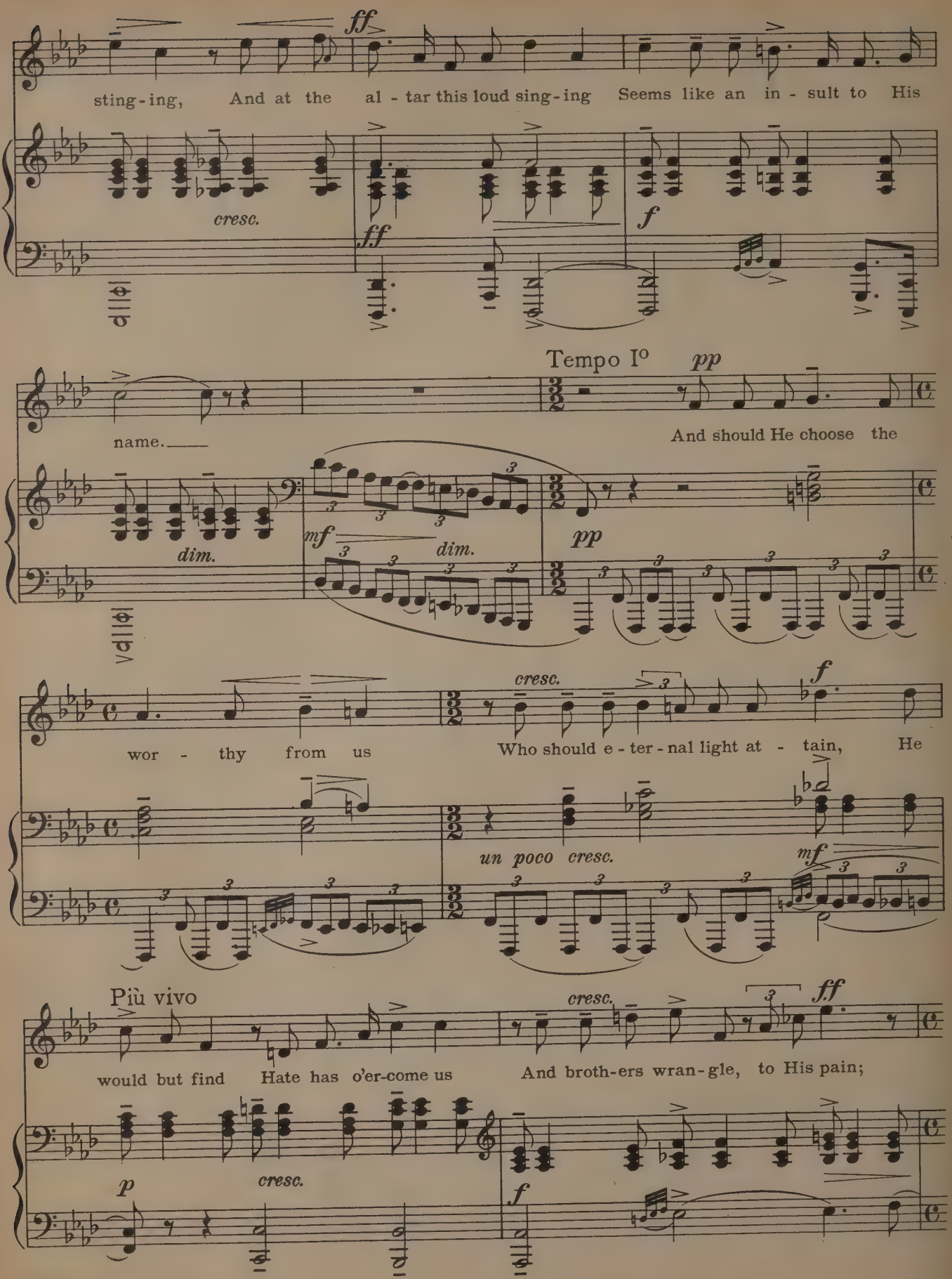
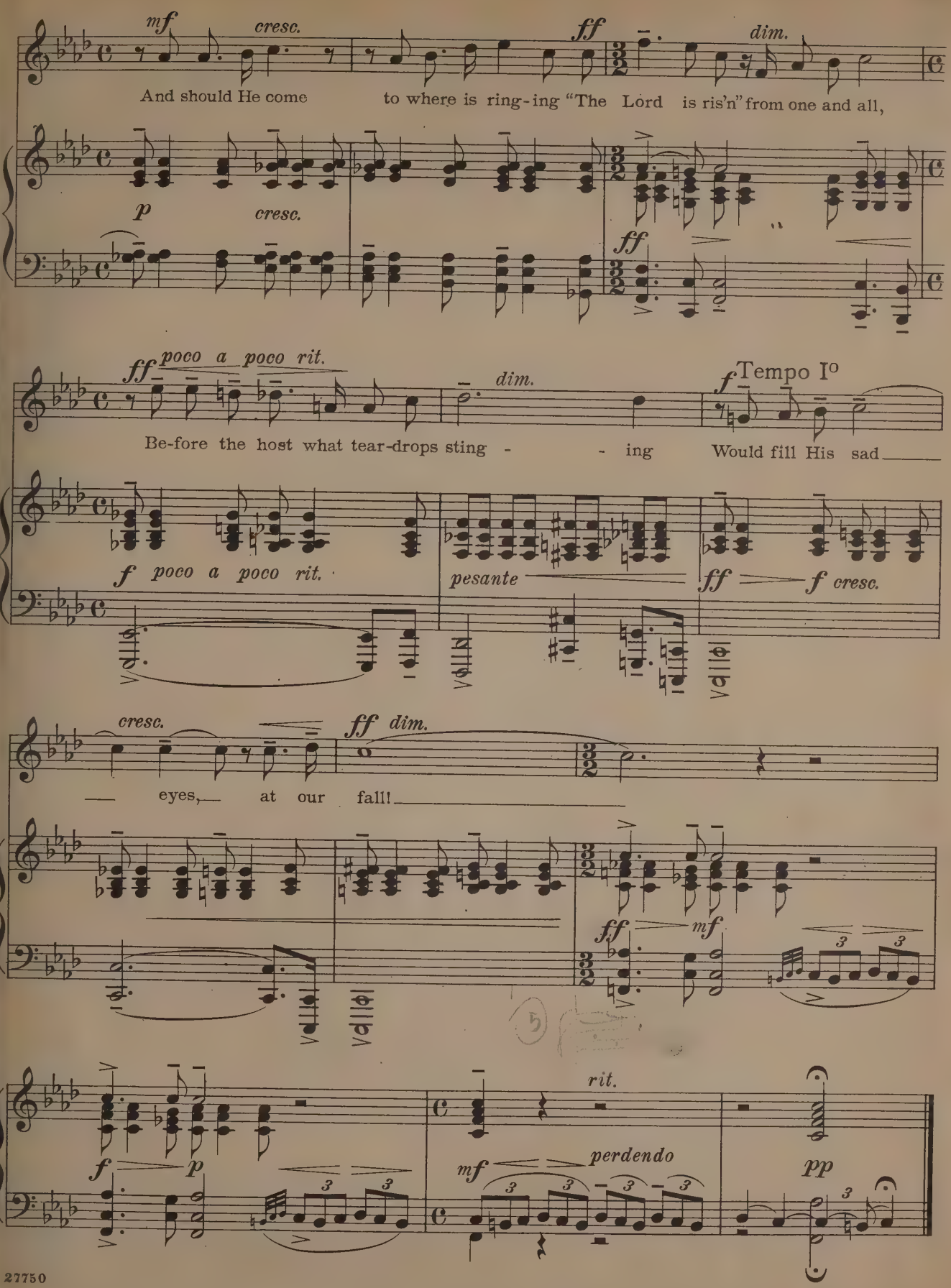
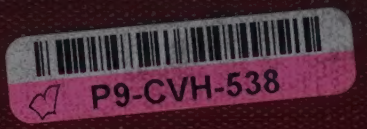

ff
sting-ing, And at the al - tar this loud sing-ing Seems like an in - sult to His
cresc.
ff
f
Tempo Io
pp
name.
And should He choose the
dim.
mf
dim.
pp
cresc.
f
wor - thy from us
Who should e - ter - nal light at - tain, He
un poco cresc.
mf
Più vivo
cresc.
ff
would but find Hate has o'er-come us
And broth-ers wran-gle, to His pain;
p
cresc.
f


mf
cresc.
ff
dim.
And should He come to where is ring-ing "The Lord is ris'n" from one and all,
p
cresc.
ff
ff
poco a poco rit.
dim.
f Tempo Io
Be-fore the host what tear-drops sting - - ing Would fill His sad
f poco a poco rit.
pesante
ff
f cresc.
cresc.
ff dim.
eyes, at our fall!
ff
mf
f
p
rit.
mf
perdendo
pp

The Romance -

10-12-4-6-1


P9-CVH-538